

1935

August

THE WAR INDEMNITIES

by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The American
Mercury

Vol 35 # 140-

THE TWILIGHT OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

by W. BÉRAN WOLFE

THE SMALL PRODUCER

LIFE ON RELIEF

GUAYANA GOLD. *A STORY*

THE UNWRITTEN LAW

WINGS OVER JAPAN

DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT. *A STORY*

THE OLD ARMY GAME

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TORRENT OF DARKNESS. *A STORY*

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
140

August, 1935

THE TWILIGHT OF PSYCHOANALYSIS	W. Béran Wolfe	385
THE WAR INDEMNITIES	George Bernard Shaw	395
THE UNWRITTEN LAW	Newman Levy	398
LADY WITH ARROWS. <i>Verse</i>	Margaret Marks	404
TORRENT OF DARKNESS. <i>A Story</i>	S. S. Field	405
LIFE ON RELIEF	Anonymous	419
A DOUBLE STAR. <i>Verse</i>	David McCord	428
WINGS OVER JAPAN	Arlington B. Conway	429
JAMES JOYCE AND THE NEW FICTION	L. A. G. Strong	433
DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT. <i>A Story</i>	Richard Sherman	438
THE SMALL PRODUCER	Ford Madox Ford	445
LIFE INSURANCE FRAUDS	Kenneth Brown Collings	451
TO A CHILD WATCHING SPRING. <i>Verse</i>	Kathryn Worth	457
THE OLD ARMY GAME	Chester T. Crowell	458
GUAYANA GOLD. <i>A Story</i>	Thomas Rourke	464
OUR WEAKLY PRESS	Albert S. Keshen	472
THE CLINIC:		
In Defense of Uncivilized Drinking	Malcolm Logan	477
The Present State of Television	Thomas Coulson	480
The Gentle Art of Selling Manuscripts	Berton Braley	482
Tropical Weather at the South Pole	Lincoln Ellsworth	485
The Truth About Hangovers	Jerome W. Ephraim	487
THE LIBRARY:		
Down the Rabbit Hole	Laurence Stallings	493
The New Fiction	Frances C. Lamont Robbins	499
The New Poetry	Louis Untermeyer	503
Check List of New Books		506
THE CONTRIBUTORS		510
INDEX TO VOLUME XXXV		512
THE OPEN FORUM		iv
RECORDED MUSIC	Irving Kolodin	xiv

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Paul Palmer, *Editor.*

Laurence Stallings, *Literary Editor.* Gordon Carroll, *Managing Editor.* Louis Untermeyer, *Poetry Editor.*

iii

THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

THE ANGLO-SAXON MYTH

SIR: While the frenzied hammering of the Hitler gang, as they carpenter the myth of Aryan superiority, has been duly noted and laughed at in the public prints, a diligent search of the editorial pages will fail to yield a single criticism of another myth-building campaign, presently being prosecuted, which is just as transparently ridiculous as that of the Germans. I allude to the valiant efforts being made in Washington, London and Ottawa by propagandists to convince the rest of the world that the Anglo-Saxon is a peace-loving race. The orators for the Anglo-American Mutual Admiration Society, no matter where domiciled, all go through the same motions. They take one look at the European or Sino-Japanese situation and rush into print with the declaration that such-and-such an action is incomprehensible to "the peace-loving Anglo-Saxon race." And when Canadians meet Americans at Rotary conventions or diplomatic confabs the opportunity is never lost to refer to the 3000 miles of unguarded frontier as "a monument to the peace-loving nature of Anglo-Saxon neighbors."

In plain truth, no myth ever invented had less foundation on fact. Indeed, as recourse to the records will show, there has never been a more warlike, bloodthirsty race than these same Anglo-Saxons. Consider England first, going back but 200 years. (In the preceding 1000 years our peace-loving Anglo-Saxon ancestors divided their time about equally between extraneous warfare and slaughtering each other.) Since 1735 England has engaged in no less than fifteen major wars of aggression which occupied her attention for eighty out of a possible 200 years. She prepared for war one year, fought it the next, recovered for a year, and then started to prepare all over again. Her armies have wandered back and forth across Europe, in and out of Africa, North America, India, China, Afghanistan and Russia. She has engaged in war with and without provocation, for and against every nation on

the Continent. During all these years only one major war—the Franco-German—was fought in Europe with England on the sidelines. And if Europe kept the peace British armies kept in practice by shooting tribesmen in the Sudan, Negroes in Zululand, Boers in the Transvaal, Chinese in Hong Kong, and half-breeds in Western Canada. By dint of rigorous application of the rule that might is right and by shooting first and arguing afterward, England has built up the greatest empire the world has ever seen.

The case against the United States is similar. She has invaded the soil of all her immediate neighbors at least once, officially, and engaged in no end of unofficial warfare in the Central American republics. She spent 100 years slaughtering Indians and took time out for four years to fight a civil war. The United States has invaded Germany, Spain, China, Russia, and has fought naval engagements on every sea.

That the Canadian branch of the family has managed to live in relative tranquillity may be attributed almost entirely to a scarcity of enemies, certainly not to any love of peace. Canadians, even without enemies, have managed to do their share of blood-letting since the War of 1812. We have had one rebellion, slaughtered our Indian and half-breed population, horned into a war in South Africa, 10,000 miles away, and rushed into the World War almost before it was started. It is significant that the only province in Canada to resist conscription of cannon fodder, when the voluntary supply was running low, was the French province of Quebec. The eight Anglo-Saxon provinces plumped unanimously for the idea.

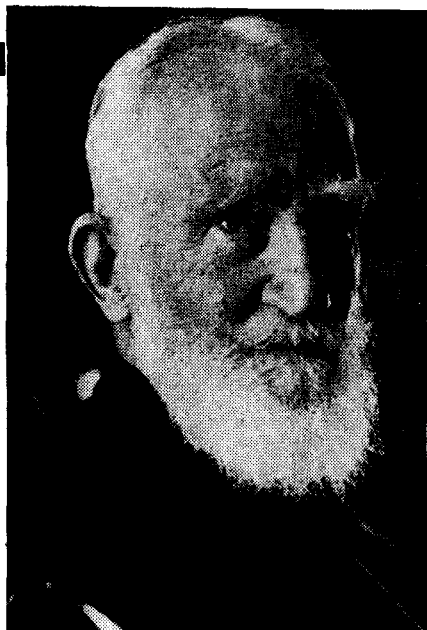
And today, England, shaking with senile decay, but wishing to prolong the impression that hers is an empire upon which the sun has never set, concocts this Anglo-Saxon myth which she hopes will convince her colonials, when another war comes, that she is not to blame and

(Continued on page vi)

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BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



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This striking photograph of Mr. Shaw is one of a number taken by the veteran editor, Bob Davis, whose hobby is portrait photography.

"While focussing on the picture," he writes, "the object being to capture the clear, steady gaze that is characteristic of Mr. Shaw, I said: 'Curious, isn't it, that every great man resembles in some particular a greater man.'

"'It doesn't apply in my case,' Shaw replied, without a flicker. 'There is none.'

"'I was thinking of Moses.'

"G. B. S. had the good grace to laugh heartily, and let it go at that."

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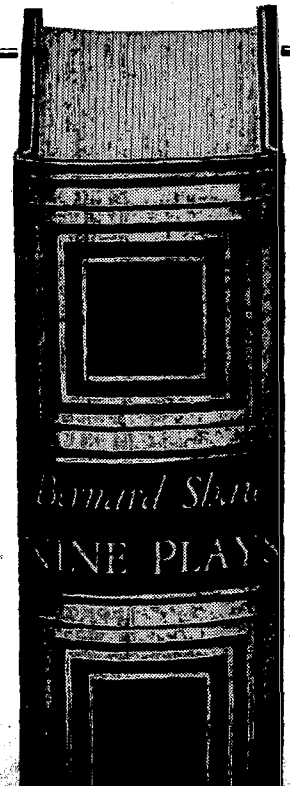
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page iv)

is again waging war for them and for humanity. Of course America, most egotistical and hence most gullible of nations, seizes the myth as fact and clasps it to her breast.

J. E. GREY

Winnipeg



NOT A FASCIST

SIR: Any political party arising in our country which dares to be American will at once be labeled Nazi or Fascist by representatives of the existing political parties. That explains the reference of Selden Rodman in his story in the May issue of *THE MERCURY* entitled "The Insurgent Line-up for 1936," in which he calls me a "full-fledged fascist."

The Third Party which has come into existence in Illinois is a militant party. It is evidently too nationalistic for Mr. Rodman. He is fearful that "Huey Long with the support of Jenkins, Langer, Coughlin and other rabble-rousers" will make the election of 1936 a fight between "a party fascist in everything but name" and the old political parties. I am not a fascist, the new Third Party in Illinois is not fascist. It proceeds upon the conviction that all the existing political parties are European-minded and have lost their American viewpoint. The Socialists, the Progressives, the Democrats and the Republicans may be relied upon to join forces to fight any fundamental movement which becomes powerful enough to cut directly across the old worn-out political cleavages which afflict our country.

The Third Party is prepared to do that in 1936, and it will not be frightened from its purpose by false epithets hurled by the youthful Mr. Rodman.

NEWTON JENKINS

Chicago



WORMWOOD AND ABSINTHE

SIR: It is not surprising that your contributor on "The Shaky Case Against Absinthe" in your May issue failed in his search for the dangerous ingredient of absinthe since the sources of such information are not readily available. The reason that wormwood is implicated lies in the fact that it contains thujone which is a powerfully



THE OPEN FORUM

convulsive drug. Indeed, the well-known convulsive properties of wormwood have been made use of in many investigations on experimental epilepsy. The statement by your contributor that wormwood has a therapeutic value because it is listed in the National Formulary surprised me, particularly since I could not find the drug listed in the 1926 edition. On consulting the Dispensatory of the United States of America, a much larger work, wormwood was listed in Part II which includes "unofficial" drugs. It states that wormwood "is no longer recognized by either the United States Pharmacopoeia or the National Formulary."

One suspects that the formal prohibition of absinthe by the French is based on a very practical point of view, dictated, perhaps, by the Parisian cafe owners. The sight of a guest suddenly falling to the floor might not interfere with business, but the spectacle of such an individual staging a generalized convulsion in full view of the other customers might prove to be seriously objectionable. I know of at least one such episode in a perfectly normal young man who must surely have been susceptible to the drug. If absinthe has the power, as your contributor claims, "to carry the connoisseur into ecstasies" without any wormwood at all, then by all means let wormwood be omitted, unless, of course, the ecstasy is of a kind that demands the execution of an epileptic fit.

ROBERT ELMAN, M.D.

St. Louis



DEATH FROM THE AIR

SIR: There is a great deal in what Captain Kernan says in his article "Our Reception for Bombers." The slightest acquaintance with the new anti-aircraft gunnery is a revelation; the new fire directors accomplish feats that are little short of black magic. What is more, if you give an aviator enough drinks he will usually end by admitting that the chances of still further developments in anti-aircraft gunnery are far greater than those for further improvement in bomb sites.

But entirely outside the technical aspect there is the political aspect. Wars are political opera-
(Continued in back Advertising Section, p. x)

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THE TWILIGHT OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

BY W. BÉRAN WOLFE

IN THE forty years that have elapsed since Sigmund Freud first announced his revolutionary thesis that the neuroses of modern life were products of sexual frustration, the world has had ample time to test the validity of the psychoanalytic doctrine in the crucible of clinical practice. In these forty years psychoanalysis has undergone many changes and modifications, but the changes in doctrine are as nothing compared to the changes that have occurred in public opinion. The first shock of the impact of the Viennese professor's discoveries on the exposed nerve-ends of the Victorian civilization has passed. Psychoanalysts now read papers about the relation of anal-eroticism to gastric ulcers before conventional medical societies without fear and without reproach. Mothers, no longer horrified by the notion of infantile sexuality, unblushingly listen to discussions of penis-envy in their young daughters. Novelists and dramatists freely utilize the jargon of phallic symbolism, unconscious motivation, narcissism, regression and fixation; the libido is mentioned by name, and Oedipus, in modern dress, limps with impunity before the footlights.

In the very beginning all nice people condemned Freud as a modern Antichrist and labeled his doctrine as an invention of the Devil. The Freudians countered with a period of fanatical evangelism which was met by an equally fanatical condemnation of psychoanalysis on the part of the conservative laity and most orthodox members of the medical profession. In the intolerable emotional heat of conflict the Freudians anathematized the unbelievers with the thunderbolts of "Resistance!" while those who found themselves outside the magical circle of the psychoanalyzed pointed the finger of scorn and shame at the psychoanalysts and spat-tered them with such vituperative epithets as "Pansexualists!" With time the Freudians, encouraged by financial and literary success, became slightly less arrogant, and the first blind resistance of public opinion changed from hate to skepticism, and from skepticism to toleration. Finally the Freudian revolution established a *de facto* recognition of itself when, last year, psychoanalysis was voted a legitimate medical specialty and was admitted as an accredited section within the sacrosanct struc-

ture of the American Psychiatric Association. This, briefly, is the story of the apotheosis of the Freudian depth psychology from the nadir of Victorian excommunication to the apogee of medical and social canonization.

The result of this scientific apotheosis is that Freudian psychoanalysis has invaded almost every conceivable field of human thought and conduct, and is, at present, attempting to impose its dicta of authoritative interpretation on almost every known discipline. Anthropology, sociology, religion, penology, jurisprudence, pedagogy, medicine, art and literature have all succumbed in some degree to the magical blandishments of the Viennese sage and his many disciples. Even politics and economics have been analyzed in terms of father-fixations and anal-sadistic urges. The psychoanalysts march on, seeking new worlds to conquer. Their theory has proved itself a keener weapon than the sword of the Prophet Mohammed, and we can be reasonably certain that the disciples of Freud, unlike their Moslem predecessors, will not be satisfied with winning the world for their cause. The device of the Freudians, *Oedipus über Alles*, must be written in the very stars.

Forty years—at the pace that time flies in this frenzied age—ought to be a fair test period for any theory. Society now has the right to demand that the Freudians render an account of their services to medicine and to society. Has psychoanalysis proved to be the panacea that its evangelists promised? Has it changed the face of the world? Specifically, has psychoanalysis solved the problem of the neurosis, that besetting plague of modern civilization? Despite the fact that psychoanalysis has made some valuable contributions to modern life, despite the fact that it has been accepted as a legitimate technique in

the body of medicine, despite its widespread dissemination in lay thought and writing, and despite the fact, even, that many individuals have been helped out of their difficulties by the Freudian treatment, it must finally be admitted that psychoanalysis is today an egregious failure.

This does not mean that the Freudian doctrine is either a fraud or a delusion. Sigmund Freud is surely one of the great pioneers of human thought, and psychoanalysis, his brain child, one of the most significant epistemologies of modern times. A courageous pioneer, Freud set out to discover and to map the *terra incognita* of the human soul, and in the course of his journeys of discovery stumbled upon certain indubitably important landmarks. He invented heuristic fictions, such as the unconscious, the libido, the id, the super-ego, sublimation and regression, which will remain as useful explanations for many a long year. He discovered the laws of psychic determinism, infantile sexuality, and the technique of dream interpretation, which have enriched psychiatry for all time.

But Freud, like most pioneers, is an unhappy man because he failed to find what he sought. He sits in his study in Vienna today, a somewhat surly and haughty onlooker, completely unwilling and psychologically incapable of reconciling himself to the discoveries of the lesser explorers who have followed in his footsteps. So long as he lives and so long as he breathes his inspiration into psychoanalysis, the movement will continue in more or less unitary fashion, cemented by respect and fear of the Unanalyzed One. After his death, the movement will disintegrate into a hundred warring camps actuated by belligerent narcissisms. The *Ur-Vater* of psychoanalysis is beginning to nod, as anyone who has carefully read the latest writings, the second volume of the *Introductory Lectures in*

Psychoanalysis, can see for himself. And the kaiser of the unconscious has left no crown prince.

This twilight of psychoanalysis is conditioned by three fundamental etiologic determinants. The first failure, and perhaps the most critical, lies in the derisive attitude of psychoanalysts toward the positive findings of psychoanalysis. There is little doubt that the historians of the future will single out Freud's discovery of infantile sexuality, and the pathological effects of sexual repression on the human spirit, as his outstanding contributions to human understanding. But if Edison, after discovering the electric light bulb, had continued to use kerosene lamps, his attitude would have bespoken no greater lack of social vision than that which characterizes the psychoanalysts who, having discovered the facts of infantile sexuality, neglected to translate these facts into social practice. Having discovered that the repression of normal sexuality in childhood and adult life leads to neurotic behavior, the psychoanalysts have consistently failed to follow through and either rid us of our puritan sexual complexes, or give us a brave new morality to replace the hush-hush ethics of an ascetic Christianity.

Some psychoanalysts have become aware of this inconsistency in their dogma; many intelligent laymen have called it to their attention. But the orthodox psychoanalysts have usually replied to lay questionings by begging the question themselves. It became a point of medical ethics to rationalize their social cowardice by disclaiming all social responsibility with the specious plea that, as physicians, they were not called upon to prevent the diseases of a repressive society, but only to study their pathology, and occasionally to heal a sick individual.

By their own words the psychoanalysts stand accused. Universal condemnation

would be heaped on any scientist who retained an important scientific discovery as his private plaything; it is impossible to conceive of Ehrlich keeping salvarsan as a private patent, or Banting withholding the knowledge of insulin from all but his private students. Yet psychoanalysts see no inconsistency in retaining their insight into human nature as a sort of secret guild formula, available only to the initiated. Nor have they felt any moral compulsion to change the conditions which they recognized as psychopathologically and socially morbid. The true color of psychoanalysis can be best understood when we compare it analogically with the history of malaria control. The discovery of the relation of the *plasmodium malariae* to both mosquito and human beings would have remained forever sterile had not the same scientists who discovered the role of the mosquito in this now controlled disease rolled up their sleeves and helped to screen houses and drain swamps.

The psychoanalysts are psychologically so scotomatized that they are incapable of evaluating the futility of their own work, just as they are incapable of recognizing that they are traitors to their own insight. And psychoanalysis is dated, as dated as the horsehair sofas, the marble topped tables, the gilded cattails, the horsecars and kerosene lamps in whose stuffy milieu it was born. The words of the brilliant Viennese editor, Karl Kraus, who wrote that "psychoanalysis is the disease whose symptoms it purports to cure," are the best epitaph that can be found for a dying science.

II

Viewed objectively, psychoanalysis is a mechanistic system of demonology whose demons and imps are dignified with pseudoscientific nomenclature, thus cam-

ouflaging the underlying demonological mechanism so effectively that all but a few critical thinkers have been completely enthralled by its specious paralogsms. In order to understand the magical success of psychoanalysis we must go back to certain historical aspects which affected the course and evolution of medicine in general, and psychology in particular, toward the end of the nineteenth century. For many hundreds of years both medicine and psychology were held in disrepute because they were not exact sciences. The beautiful discoveries of the mathematicians, physicists, chemists and engineers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had built up the physical sciences' enviable reputation for exactness. In these centuries exactness became the hallmark of true science.

Medicine smarted under the humiliation of being called the "healing art." It wanted to be the "healing science." Suddenly a group of great scientists, Darwin, Virchow, Pasteur, to name but a few of the most celebrated, made discoveries which put medicine, so to speak, on the glory road. Pasteur, in particular, gave medicine a new claim to the name of science. The bacterial theory of the etiology of disease finally gave medicine a basis for competition with mathematics and physics. The whole medical world was in a fever of excitement, hunting for obscure germs which when found, cultured, understood, and adequately attacked, would finally push back the boundaries of disease and death. Doctors, spurring their old nag, the *vis medicatrix naturae*, were leveling their platinum loops at the bacterial enemy like so many lances pointed at dragons, and with each discovery of a new germ, loud huzzahs issued from the throats of the Aesculapians.

There was but one dark spot in this bright picture. That was the problem of mental and nervous disease. The germs

that caused depressions, manias, hysterias, dementias, obsessions, compulsions and the like, eluded the bacteriologists. At the end of the nineteenth century, Sigmund Freud, a bright-eyed student in the clinic of Pierre Janet in Paris, was dissatisfied with the prevailing ideologies. He was seeking for a mechanistic, but non-bacteriological, explanation of the peculiarities of human conduct. He returned to Vienna full of fire and the ambition to solve this knottiest of medical problems.

You must remember that Freud was a typical son of a bourgeois family. He had suffered the rigors of middle-class repression, common to all nice boys brought up in nice families in the age of the blessed Victoria. Through a series of fortunate accidents, which need not concern us here, he hit upon the fact that the generalized repression of normal sexual instincts prevalent in that day was responsible for many of the so-called nervous aberrations of human conduct. Freud thereupon invented two magnificent fictions, the *unconscious* and the *libido*, and, being dominated by the prevalent urge to find mechanistic explanations for everything in the cosmos, built up the theory of psychoanalysis in close analogy to the theory of energy then accepted in physics. The libido, with which term he labeled the basic life energy which streamed through all living things, was the force of sex, the primitive, archaic, undifferentiated, unconscious motivator of all human acts.

In a world which had invested sex with a transcendental magic, because it forbade most normal expressions of this imperious urge, it is not unnatural that Freud should have found this suppressed force so very important, and made it the basis of all human conduct. Freud simply succumbed to the *Zeitgeist* of the Victorian Age. What if Freud had been a Samoan savage, sex-

ually unrepressed but always hungry? He could certainly have built up his psychoanalytic theory just as well on the premise that the tyranny of hunger was the moving force in life. What if he had been an insomniac? Is not the tyranny of Hypnos as great as the tyranny of Eros? Men and women can live without love, but has anyone ever lived without sleep? Could not Hypnos be substituted for the libido as the basic drive of life? Do we not have neurotic conflicts when we want to sleep late and our super-ego spurs us to awaken and go to the office? Or if Freud had suffered from asthma, and deified Pneuma, the desire to respire, as the ultimate energy drive of life, could he not have invented a whole psychoanalytic theory on the repression of free breathing by the steel and concrete of urban life?

But Freud was no hungry Samoan savage, no tossing insomniac, no wheezing asthmatic. He was a Viennese brought up in a bourgeois family, sexually suppressed as all other boys of his time. And so he built up his psychoanalytic theory on the primacy of the libido, and millions of similarly repressed men and women all over Christendom threw hats into the air and cheered the new Messiah through whose words they were to be saved.

More parsimonious than Caesar in Gaul, Freud divided the world into two parts. Everything became either a phallic or a cunninc symbol. Sex was everywhere and everything was sex. The libido streamed through all living matter. When given free play, it resulted in coitus and procreation. When dammed up it squeezed through the interference disguised as a dream, as a neurotic symptom, as a perversion, or as a work of art. The analogy to electricity was perfect. Like electricity, the libido could not be annihilated; just as electricity could be transformed into heat, light, radio waves

or X-rays, so the libido, when frustrated by external circumstance, manifested itself in neurotic symptoms. The fact that individuals whose sex life was completely normal and satisfactory occasionally manifested profound neuroses, did not deter Freud from claiming a universal applicability of his energy-analogy. He simply dismissed such neuroses as superficial and unworthy of his attention and left their cure to the despised ego-psychologists who dealt with such superficial aspects of life as work, social relations, inferiority feelings, dishonor, the strain of competition in an acquisitive society, old age, financial insecurity, unemployment and the like.

When, on occasion, such cases presented themselves to Freud or his disciples, and were accepted, the analysis proceeded to disregard the superficial aspects and search for hidden sexual causes. Or, when it was possible to do so, the Freudians simply changed the ordinary terminology of everyday life into their pansexual jargon. Years after Adler discovered and described the inferiority complex, the facts of which were of such universal validity that even Freud could not deny them, The Master suddenly discovered the "castration complex," while Adler's other brilliant discovery, the "masculine protest in female neurotics" became "penis-envy" in the Freudian terminology. Adler's "aggressive ambition" became "oral-sadism" when it was borrowed by the Freudians. The "pampered child" complex, which could be understood by any intelligent laymen, became the "Oedipus Complex" after proper psychoanalytical sexification. Since sex was at the bottom of everything, Freud very properly called his psychoanalysis "depth psychology," and any system of psychotherapy which stopped short of discovering a sexual etiology was branded as superficial. Thus psychoanalysis may be called mental hygiene *ad libido*.

Freud's discoveries soon led him to believe that this powerful libido was something of an unregenerate demon. It often appeared in socially unacceptable forms. To battle this dragon, Freud set up the St. George of the super-ego, the repository of all the higher, i.e., all the repressive forces of society. The libido, residing in the id, that powerhouse of primitive drives within the human personality, was forever rearing its ugly head and crying for expression. The Censor was the lance of St. George; the fore-conscious, the sub-conscious, and the unconscious were the stratified infernos into which the libido was hurled when defeated. A neat architectonic scheme of levels of activity was drawn up, like the stairs of a cosmic arena on which the eternal battle between man's better social self and his unregenerate drives was fought.

Borrowing a leaf from Darwin, Freud introduced the concept of the evolution of the libido, which does not come into the world fullgrown. It passes through archaic, polymorphous-perverse, pre-genital and post-genital phases; it matriculates in the oral-erotic phase in the suckling, is promoted to the anal-erotic phase in the child, continues as the homosexual phase in the adolescent, and finally graduates as the heterosexual phase in those fortunate enough to reach this stage. When the heterosexual phase of libido organization is reached, the fullgrown libido usually enters into a life and death conflict with society. This struggle all too often is decided against society, for in eight cases out of ten the libido, battered but unbent, wins out as a psychoneurosis or perversion.

As the Freudian researches pushed forward, all human conduct was explained in terms of the success or failure of the libido to gain its ends against the repressive forces of society. Thus a fascinating new

world was opened up. In the psycho-analytic arena, formerly known as man's soul, the libido, that arch-fiend, found a worthy foe in the death drive. The id glowered at the ego, and both at the super-ego. The Oedipus complex became the basic drama of life, a drama in which the male child first directed his libido toward his mother, hating his father for interfering, on the part of society, in the enjoyment of his incestuous wishes and fantasies. The rest of the child's life was devoted to outwitting the father and society, and possessing the mother, if not actually at least symbolically. The same held for a female child, except that the cathexis of the libido was reversed, and the complex named for the tragic Elektra.

In the course of the development of these concepts Freud discovered certain typical techniques of the unconscious drama. Regression, oral-eroticism, anal-sadism, polymorphous-perverse sexuality, cathexis of the libido, sublimation, Oedipus and Elektra complexes, death drives, oral aggression, and the like were duly described and labeled. Being a man, the whole terminology of psychoanalysis, as well as its theory, was phallic in the beginning. Twitted by his contemporaries for his apparent discrimination against the neuroses of woman, Freud discovered that the basic fact of female psychology was penis-envy, and some exceedingly ingenious explanations and circumlocutions were devised to cover up his basic lack of insight into the processes of the female soul. The reader must not forget that all these explanations of human conduct were based on the original energy-analogy underlying the concept of the libido. The human personality was conceived as a parallelogram of forces, similar to those which used to be illustrated in college textbooks of physics, in which the direction of the personality

could be graphically determined by plotting the mechanical equivalents of the libido, the death drive, the super-ego, the ego, the id, and the super-id.

From all this, psychoanalysis finally emerged as a medical technique for the cure of the evil effects of libido-frustration. The orthodox technique consists in the patient's coming daily to the analyst, who must himself have been analyzed by an accredited Freudian analyst, for a period varying from nine months to nine years, (depending on the patient's income in not inconsiderable part), and living through his libido-evolution with his analyst. Complicated situations, called transference and resistance, depending on whether the patient is docile or refractory, develop. These also are explained mechanistically in terms of libido-cathexis. The patient lies on a couch, the analyst sits impassive at his or her head. Childhood memories are recalled. Dreams are analyzed. The actual situation of the patient is painstakingly and often ingeniously translated into the dynamics of libido-physics.

The patient is not allowed to make important decisions during the analysis; the analyst is not permitted to give concrete advice. The result — if the analysis is successful — is that the patient has learned a whole new language, the psychoanalytical equivalents for medieval demonology, and has succeeded in visualizing the conflicts in his soul in terms of the psychoanalytical jargon. In the end the patient either becomes reconciled to his unfortunate conflict or he succeeds in putting the devil in his proper unconscious hell. Sometimes he goes forth to find a newer and better object for his libido. Occasionally a patient who, because of his timidity has never been able to talk to anyone about himself, gets well because in the course of nine months of uninterrupted exhibitionism and narcis-

sistic self-revelation, he spontaneously discovers the answers to his problems. Sometimes the patients get well in order to buy the good will of the analyst. Not infrequently the process is so painful to the analysand, as the patient is called, that he interrupts the treatment abruptly. This is called resistance by the analyst, who is technically infallible because he has been analyzed himself. The patient may take up golf or a new lover as a compromise solution of his conflict. If the analysis has succeeded in mobilizing the death drive sufficiently the patient may commit suicide. This is also known as resistance.

III

It is apparent that both the philosophy and the dynamics underlying psychoanalysis are mechanistic. Certain forces fight other forces for the domination of the human soul. What a human being does and feels and thinks is entirely the result of the interaction of these forces. The forces are personified, and treated as if they possessed independent intelligence and will. The libido is endowed with supernatural, but very human, cunning. The Censor has both the brutality and the unreasoning pedantry of an ordinary police detective. The super-ego is an Episcopal clergyman, slightly grey at the temples, polishing his pince-nez while he clucks "Tch! Tch!"

Anthropologists who study savages would call such a philosophy animism. Psychoanalysis is nothing but the pseudoscientific animism of modern society. Instead of saying that a Trobriander is sick because he has crossed a tabooed river or eaten of his totem, the psychoanalysts say a woman is hysterical because her frustrated libido has found a narcissistic cathexis and has turned in on her own body

—an action that bespeaks not only considerable ingenuity, but even forthright intelligence on the part of her bottled libido.

Compared to the psychoanalytic theory, the doctrine of infant damnation is an innocuous pleasantry. In this troubled and repressive world no one can find the right outlets for his libido. In the mechanistic maelstrom of conflicting forces a psycho-neurosis is the best possible outcome anyone can expect. Most psychoneuroses are extremely unpleasant. To get rid of your neurosis you must be psychoanalyzed by an orthodox and accredited Freudian. To be an orthodox and accredited Freudian you must have been analyzed by another orthodox and accredited Freudian. At the tip of the hierarchy stands the Unanalyzed One. To be analyzed by an orthodox and accredited Freudian requires at least nine months, and costs from two to ten thousand dollars, depending upon how close to the Unanalyzed One your orthodox and accredited analyst may be. If the Freudian doctrine is true, and the salvation of man's conflicts lies only in universal and catholic psychoanalysis, then the Freudians stand accused of being the most avaricious men in the world.

But let us not commit the supreme sin of moralizing or sentimentalizing about the social aspects of psychoanalysis. Let us rather apply strictly scientific criteria in our judgment of the Freudians. The real crux of our criticism of the psychomechanics of the Freudian animistic psychology is that the twentieth century has discredited mechanism and mechanistic interpretations of life *in toto*. Not only in medicine, where we speak of constitution, *Gestalt*, endocrine types, the allergic diathesis, and the like, but also in physiology, in pathology, in biology, in anthropology, in sociology, even in psychology, the concept of the totality which dominates the

parts has displaced the medieval concept that the parts configure the whole. The physical sciences, moreover, those noble and beautiful ideals of scientific exactitude which the social and medical sciences worshipped as models in the nineteenth century, have, in the twentieth century, relinquished mechanistic theories for totalitarian and relativistic ones. Imagine the tragic plight of the poor psychoanalysts who staked their all on their claim to being scientific because of their analogic imitation of physics and mathematics, when they listen to Einstein talking about purpose in the universe, Jeans and Eddington discussing God in textbooks of astrophysics. How ludicrous the good old mechanical libido appears in a new world where matter is a function of speed, and time, the most ineluctable of all fictions, has become the most important dimension. How absurd the mechanical bludgeoning of the id, that Don Quixote of the unconscious, against the windmills of the super-ego must appear in an age which has given us *Gestalt* in psychology, the Heisenberg principle of unpredictability in physics, the Einstein unit-field theory in electrodynamics.

You may well ask then why psychoanalysis has been accepted by organized medicine in America as an accredited medical technique. The answer is not difficult. Of all the people in the world we Americans are the most mechanically minded, and this wish to pull levers and shift gears has penetrated into medical thinking and practice. Nowhere in the world are doctors' offices so well equipped with mechanical aids to diagnosis as in our country. Nowhere is the laboratory so glorified as in the United States. Nowhere is the search for mechanical explanations so intense. Nowhere in the world could such medical mumbo-jumbo as Abrams' elec-

tronic diagnosis or Palmer's chiropractic have originated except in California or Iowa. And this accounts for the fact that psychoanalysis, with its mechanistic demonology, should appeal to American physicians. It is no fortuitous circumstance that Freud should have won over the American Psychiatric Association. Did not Watson, with his supermechanical mechanization of life called Behaviorism, take over the American college professors because he promised them he could measure life in his laboratory, and create a new race of fearless robots if the world were only turned over to him? Such socially more mature and artistically more valid theories, such as those of Adler and Jung in psychiatry, and those of Spranger, Stern, Dilthey and Husserl in psychology, have by contrast gained but the scantiest recognition and no appreciable foothold in our country. The medical canonization of psychoanalysis proves only that American physicians prefer to try mechanical magic rather than face the difficult sociological problems presented by the ever-mounting toll of mental disease.

If the twilight of psychoanalysis is conditioned sociologically because it has not translated its actually valid discoveries into social practice, and is determined historically and philosophically because its underlying dogma of mechanistic animism is basically unsound and obsolete, its imminent desuetude is further hastened, practically, by its development into a religious-scientific cult. This is the third dissonant chord in the cacophonous progression of the doctrine.

IV

The history of psychoanalysis is very nearly comparable to the history of any new religion. In the beginning there was

a leader, and a new idea of salvation. The Messiah was Sigmund Freud, the salvation was through conversion and belief in the new doctrine of psychoanalysis. There were early disciples. First Adler, then Jung, then Stekel denied their master and were promptly excommunicated, to form little sects of their own. But despite these animadversions of dissident disciples, the mother church continued to grow. One reason was that its founder was a genius despite his wrong-headedness, irascibility, vindictiveness and isolation. Freud, whatever else one can say about him in derogation, has always been a brilliant student, an exceedingly industrious worker, a man of tremendous erudition, and above all, a magnetic and vital personality. Students who did not violently disagree with his pansexual animism came to Vienna, listened, and were captivated. Others, perhaps more masochistically constituted, fulfilled their Oedipus complexes in their devotion to the Father of psychoanalysis, and were thus only too willing to remain forever dominated by the magic of his personality. Thus his sphere of influence increased.

More than this, the success of psychoanalysis was conditioned by the fact that the world was waiting for the salvation of a pansexualistic doctrine. Psychoanalysis was a Hegelian antithesis to the vitiating repressions of the puritan Victorian age. Freud found sex an outcast in the outhouse, and he left it in the living room, an honored guest. For this he deserves the eternal gratitude of all men, despite the fact that he himself was never aware of the sociological significance or the historical background of his discoveries. Surely, he never envisioned their potential social usefulness.

Victor Hugo once wrote, "No army can withstand the strength of an idea whose time has come." The Victorian Age was

ripe for psychoanalysis. Freud and his disciples, caught in the cosmic current of revolt against the repressive sexual taboos of Christian morality, became the high priests of the new freedom. With the naïveté so characteristic of scientists, the psychoanalysts puffed themselves up with pride because they believed that they had *caused* the new freedom. More than that, they arrogated to themselves all the priestly prerogatives which are the traditional usufructs of those who administer salvation to mere mortals. Thus they built their temples, issued their bulls, walked apart from common men, excommunicated the heretics, and comforted the true believers with all the fervor of a new evangelism.

Little by little, all over the world, they developed their cells, sent their missionaries into the heathen world, proselytized here and there, and celebrated their triumphs in their eucharistic congresses. Little by little, too, they developed their private language, their priestly jargon, their esoteric arcana, their private logic.

Meanwhile a world that panted for the psychoanalytic pardons, paid and paid well to become privy to the new salvation. The priests and their acolytes became more arrogant, their hierarchies more unapproachable, their temples more gaudy, their purses more proud. As with other cults and other forms of salvation, this is the beginning of the end. Soon the Messiah will pass to his reward in a pansexual Elysium. The proud priests will quarrel over the spoils and the succession; disintegration and decay, the faint aroma of which is already sensed by those whose noses are keen, will overtake the temples; and psychoanalysis will become a historical fact, like the magnetizations of Mesmer or the phrenology of Gall and Spurzheim.

The tragedy of Freud is the tragedy of Chanticleer, the tragedy of Columbus. As

Chanticleer believed the sun rose *because* he crowed, so Freud and his disciples believe that the world has changed *because* of the salvation of psychoanalysis. Historians will be as pitiless to Freud as astronomers were to Chanticleer. As Columbus, while searching for the Indies, discovered a new continent whose extent and meaning he never understood, so Freud, while seeking a cure for a hysterical girl, discovered a new continent, the world of the unconscious. Like Columbus he will never know the greatness or the extent of his discovery. This is his tragedy.

In the meantime the world has changed. Even in the most Christian countries birth control clinics flourish, and boys are no longer taught that brimstone and damnation await the secret sinner. In the world of science, mechanism and animism have give way to *Gestalt*, purpose, constitution and relativity. The nineteenth century with its quest for causes has bowed to the twentieth which searches after ends and goals. The hieratic superstructure of organized psychoanalysis has begun to groan under the weight of its own importance. The psychoanalytic jargon has lost its novelty and has sunk into esoteric unintelligibility. The magic of the psychoanalytic couch, the fascination of dream interpretation, the excitement of the quest for phallic symbols — all these have waned in a world which is beset with the more urgent problems of work, crime, food, transportation, peace, leisure, social and international cooperation. To these problems psychoanalysis has nothing to contribute. Its vaunted depth has turned out to be a delusion, its salvation a transient function of a forgotten age of puritanism. Crepuscular melodies float on the evening air and the odor of decay wafts faintly on the breeze. It is the twilight of psychoanalysis. *Ave, Sigmund, atque vale!*

THE WAR INDEMNITIES

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[*This playlet was written by Mr. Shaw in 1920. Here published for the first time, it strikingly reveals the prescience with which the author forecast the reparations fiasco.*]

How it would clarify the question of the so-called indemnities if the parties would only call things by their right names! Indemnity for war is flat nonsense: you cannot shoot a man and unshoot him again by treaty afterwards. Even Mr. Lloyd George sees that, and seizes the opportunity to make a magnanimous gesture of foregoing what he knows he cannot get.

War is a game in which the stakes are plunder and conquest. Germany lost; and the winners now proceed to take what they can get; and that will not be indemnity or reparation or any such nonsense, but booty pure and simple. But the simpler the language, the more apparent becomes the complexity of the fact. For example, the Germans admit that they must pay something; and they accordingly propose to pay England in coal. Hereupon ensues something like the following:

LLOYD GEORGE

Coal! Good God, no. Not a sack, not a lump. What are you dreaming of? You would throw our coal miners out of employment.

THE GERMANS

Well, will you take it in steel?

LLOYD GEORGE

Worse and worse. No country in Europe shall produce steel but England if I can help it. Steel indeed! Don't you dare to trifle with me. Your attempts to avert payment are too transparent. (*Aside to Marshal Foch*) Rattle your sabre a bit, will you, my dear Marshal? (*Foch does so*).

THE GERMANS

Well, what on earth are we to pay in? You know we cannot pay in gold.

LLOYD GEORGE

(*Aside to Foch*) What are they to pay in, Marshal?

FOCH

(*Aside to Expert*) What are they to pay in, *mon cher*?

EXPERT

(*Aside to Foch*) Potash.

FOCH

(*Aside to Lloyd George*) Potash.

LLOYD GEORGE

(*Aloud, menacingly, to the Germans*) You know as well as I do. You shall pay in potash.

THE GERMANS

But *Donnerwetter*, there is not five thousand millions worth of potash in the world.

LLOYD GEORGE

Come, come! No prevarication. There are other products: for example, perlmutter. So let me have no more nonsense.

DR. SIMONS

Blödsinn!

LLOYD GEORGE

(*Blushing*) Oh! Nice language that! Can no German ever be a gentleman? Fie for shame, sir!

DR. SIMONS

You really must propose something practicable.

LLOYD GEORGE

Must I? Pray, who won the war: you or we? "Must," as Queen Elizabeth said, is not a word that is addressed to British prime ministers. However, how would it be if you were to raise a loan to pay England?

DR. SIMONS

Raise it where?

LLOYD GEORGE

In America. They have lots of money there. Or in France.

FOCH

Comment!!!

LLOYD GEORGE

An excellent investment for your peasant proprietors, my dear Marshal. Think of how well they did out of the 1871 indemnity.

FOCH

But why should your own people, our brave allies, be deprived of such an opening for their little savings? After all, it doesn't matter to you where the money comes from, does it? Money is money. *Non olet.*

LLOYD GEORGE

My French is shockingly bad. What does *nong olay* mean?

FOCH

It means that all money smells alike.

LLOYD GEORGE

True; but how — ?

FOCH

You see, *mon cher Loi Georges*, if this German *farceur* can arrange to make the proletariat pay, does it matter greatly which proletariat it is? Yours, or ours, or theirs, or the American *canaille*: what does it matter?

LLOYD GEORGE

Non olet, eh?

FOCH

Well, not exactly *non olet*. But they all smell alike.

LLOYD GEORGE

(*Sternly to Dr. Simons*) I have consulted with my illustrious friend and ally, Marshal Foch. We are agreed that you can find the money if you choose. If a satisfactory proposal to that effect does not reach us by the middle of next week, we shall occupy every city on the Rhine.

DR. SIMONS

And what then?

LLOYD GEORGE

What then! You shall see what then. None
of your insolence with me, if you please.
What then, indeed!

DR. SIMONS

The money your troops will spend will be
very useful to us.

LLOYD GEORGE

Fifty per cent on every one of your exports
for that speech, young man.

DR. SIMONS

Ah, well! The consumer will pay.

FOCH

What does he say? What is that word?

LLOYD GEORGE

Consumer. *Le consommateur*, you know.
Le shallong.

FOCH

(*With military pith and brevity*) *Je m'en
fous!*

(CURTAIN)

This is the kind of thing that we are
being landed in by diplomatists and
soldiers who know nothing, pushed from
behind by commercial adventurers who do
not know the A.B.C. of finance, but who,
having got noses for money, may be de-
pendent on to sniff their way to a solution
which will mean that the workers will have
to support an additional burden of idleness
and waste all the world over. And it is
quite likely that the victors will bear the
heavier share. As to asking America or any
other country to trade in German promis-
sory notes payable 42 years after date, I
will only quote what a Belgian historian
and diplomatist has just written to me: "I
believe that ten years hence Germany and
Russia will be masters of Europe."

THE UNWRITTEN LAW

BY NEWMAN LEVY

THE beginning of criminal law was private vengeance. Primitive man, emerging from the shadows of his primeval forest, smarting under the savage memory of an injury received, became at once accuser, judge, and executioner. The history of criminal law has been a history of curbing this primitive impulse and adapting it to social necessities. As communities developed, the social dangers of private revenge became apparent, and the group, and later its representatives, took over the function of vindicating injuries to the individual.

Even then exceptions remained. "The right of personal revenge," says Van Bar, "was, in many cases, a duty. A man was bound by all the force of religion and custom to avenge the death of a kinsman." In many primitive codes we find express sanction given to the right of a person, under certain circumstances, to inflict summary punishment. Thus we read in The Twelve Tables, "If by night (a man) have done a theft and (the owner) kill him, let him (be regarded as if) killed by law." And in the Law of Manu "... in order to protect women and Brahmanas, he who kills in the cause of right commits no sin." In the First Book of the Odyssey, Athena praises Orestes for killing Aegisthus and avenging his father's murder.

The most persistent of all exceptions to the prohibition against private homicide, lasting almost until our own time, was the right of a person to kill in defense of

what is broadly called his "honor." This curiously comprehensive term has taken on various meanings according to the fluctuations in current *mores* and the customs of particular localities. It survives in such strange anachronisms as the Italian vendetta and the Kentucky feud. A little more than a century ago it was possible for Aaron Burr to take his seat as Vice-President of the United States with an indictment for murder pending against him for having killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel.

But the most interesting phenomenon, as old as civilization, has been the exalting of woman's sexual integrity, and the almost universal approval of any killing in vindication of it. The studies of Freud and his followers throw some light upon this, but long before the explorations of modern psychology it was traditional that any act of violence might be excused if committed "in defense of a woman's good name." Every early legal system permitted the killing of an adulterer caught *in flagrante*. The right of a father or brother to kill the violator of a daughter or sister had the sanction of customary if not explicit law.

It is evident, therefore, that the so-called Unwritten Law, although lacking in juristic respectability, has an ancient pedigree going back to the origin of the race. The quaint Victorian phrase "a fate worse than death" sounds strangely antique to some of us, but there are still many who accept

it as a literal truth. So, many verdicts that seem maudlin and sentimental to the strict legal mind are merely an expression of what Judge Ulman calls "jury-made law," a sacrifice of the letter of the law to the spirit of the community.

However, forms must be complied with. An acquittal in the daily newspapers has not yet been accepted as the equivalent of a jury verdict. A killing requires an indictment and a trial, with all the accompaniments of legal ritual. The man who has killed to save a woman from a fate worse than death, the woman who has murdered in defense of her good name, and the husband or the father who has slaughtered to protect the sanctity of the home must all have the stamp of approval placed upon their respective acts by a jury of their peers before they are permitted to resume their temporarily interrupted freedom.

There are several defenses to homicide recognized in law. The most effective, of course, is that the defendant did not do the killing, but this presents obvious difficulties in the typical crime of passion, usually committed in the presence of witnesses. For instance, it would have taxed the credulity even of a petit jury if Harry Thaw, who shot Stanford White in a crowded roof garden, had attempted to establish an alibi showing that he had been elsewhere on that night.

So, too, excusable homicide has limited possibilities. "Homicide is excusable," says the New York penal law, "when committed by accident and misfortune, in lawfully correcting a child or servant, or in doing any other lawful act by lawful means with ordinary caution, and without any unlawful intent." Unfortunately the immunity extended by a benign law to the killing of children and servants does not extend to the assassination of delinquent husbands.

This leaves the insanity defense (which, strictly speaking, is not a defense at all) as the only way out for the perplexed murderer. Most of the population, the psychiatrists tell us, suffers from some sort of mental aberration, so there is usually a slight basis of fact in every case for a defense of insanity. But the important thing is that no one takes it seriously. A plea of insanity resembles, somewhat, those quaint fictions that adorned the early pages of legal history. When counsel suavely says, "The defendant pleads guilty with a specification of insanity," there is this implicit in his statement: "I don't mean that this man claims that he is really insane, except in the sense that all of us are a bit queer. What he really means is that this crime was committed under extenuating circumstances that should appeal strongly to the sympathy of a jury. Unfortunately this sort of thing is not recognized in our jurisprudence, so we are obliged, to paraphrase the immortal Gilbert, 'in excellent diction to indulge in an innocent fiction.'"

II

There is an additional advantage to the plea of insanity. Under it a defendant may, according to the rules of evidence, introduce all sorts of apparent irrelevancies upon the theory that they might have tended to unsettle the defendant's mind. Thus, in the celebrated Harry Thaw case, his wife, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, was permitted to tell the detailed history of her seduction by Stanford White, because it was contended that her narration of the story to Harry was what caused his mental derangement and induced him to go out and commit murder.

When Thaw was first arrested his family consulted several of the leading criminal lawyers in New York, who advised

that a defense of insanity was his only chance of salvation. This his family, for reasons best known to themselves, would not permit, so a lawyer was imported from California, a magniloquent tear-jerker named Delphin Delmas. His undying contribution to medico-legal science was the invention of the term *dementia Americana*, a description of the kind of insanity that is supposed to afflict every red-blooded he-man when American womanhood is outraged. Unfortunately the court and jury were not quite ready to accept this important scientific discovery and the jury disagreed. Consequently when Thaw was represented in his second trial by the less florid, but infinitely more able Martin W. Littleton, the defense relied upon the orthodox categories of psychiatry, with the result that Thaw was acquitted on the ground that he was insane at the time he shot White.

A case, notable in the history of criminal law, is the trial of Edward Divins. On a June day in 1892, Judge Martine was presiding in the ancient Court of General Sessions in New York City. A defendant named Max Clegert was called to the bar to answer an indictment for rape upon a fifteen-year-old girl. There was a brief discussion at the rail and then the defendant pleaded not guilty. As he did so a young boy, sitting in the front row of spectators, drew a revolver and fired and killed Clegert in the presence of the entire court. He was Edward Divins, the crippled brother of the girl who had been raped.

The court was in an uproar. Several court officers sprang at Divins, twisted his arm, and tore the smoking pistol from his hand. "Yes, I killed him!" Divins replied. "I killed him because he ruined my little sister — my little sister I loved!" This was what the crude slang of a later age would have described as a "natural." When it was

revealed in the newspapers, a few weeks later, that Divins had spent the Sunday preceding the shooting at the graves of his parents, there was little left for the authorities to do but go through the vain motions of a trial.

Still there had been a shooting, apparently deliberate and premeditated, committed in the presence of one of the most august tribunals in the land. If it was not murder, it certainly was close to being contempt of court. So Edward Divins was brought to trial before Recorder Smyth and a jury of his peers in the same court in which he had committed his crime. He was defended by Abraham Levy.

His defense was, of course, insanity, and the evidence did indicate that he was definitely subnormal. But the real defense was that Eddie Divins, "this poor crippled lad," had killed to avenge his sister's dishonor. Learned alienists gravely explained the defendant's psychoses, or whatever the term was in the nineties, but it was the picture of crippled Eddie Divins, kneeling at his parents' grave, that Mr. Levy stressed to the jury in his eloquent peroration. "He simply did as I should have done," said counsel, "had the wrong been done to mine."

"The spectators began to cheer and stamp their feet," says a contemporary newspaper account, "when Mr. Levy concluded, but the Recorder arose in his wrath and cut it short." About an hour later Edward Divins walked out of court a free man.

The details vary but the pattern remains the same. Harry Thaw, Edward Divins, Josephine Terranova, Florence Carman, Blanca De Saulles, George Remus, all these cases follow a definite formula. In essence the Unwritten Law cases are predicated upon an emotional appeal. The acquittal of a brother who kills his sister's

seducer differs only in degree from the acquittal of a mother who steals bread to feed her starving child. In both cases there is a repudiation of the strict letter of the law in conformity with the sentiment of the community. This is all to the good. It is only when sentiment slops over into sentimentality that misgivings arise concerning the efficacy of our legal institutions.

The Remus trial, called in the newspapers "The Remus Burlesque" and "a travesty on justice," is a case in point. George Remus was a colorful figure. He had been a successful criminal lawyer in Chicago until he was disbarred. He then went to Cincinnati where he became one of the leading bootleggers, his operations running into the millions. This career was cut short by a sentence of imprisonment in the Atlanta Penitentiary.

Upon his return to Cincinnati, he discovered that during his absence his wife had been having illicit relations with Franklin L. Dodge, one of the federal agents who had been instrumental in obtaining his arrest. He sued her for divorce and a hearing was set for October 6, 1927. On October 7, Remus was to be examined concerning his personal fortune, which was considerable, and it was expected that this examination would disclose information of great interest to the income tax authorities. Mrs. Imogene Remus left her hotel with her twenty-year-old daughter Ruth for the divorce court, and as her taxicab sped through Eden Park it was passed by another car, which cut in front and crowded it to the curb. Remus jumped out of his car, and his wife jumped out of the taxicab and started to run. Remus grabbed her, pressed a revolver against her body, and fired. She died later in the hospital.

Remus walked calmly away, and about

a half hour later surrendered to the police. His comment, on hearing that his wife had died, was: "She who dances down the primrose path must die on the primrose path."

Remus conducted his own defense which, to conform to the requirements of the law, was necessarily insanity, so there was presented the amazing spectacle of a shrewd and skillful lawyer endeavoring to convince a jury that he was mentally unbalanced. The trial was filled with forensic fireworks, hysterics, and melodrama. Remus wept, ranted, and fought with the judge who threatened to punish him for contempt of court. "My life is at stake!" Remus cried, apparently willing to risk a thirty-day sentence for contempt. Through it all his young daughter sat near him and consoled him.

The State produced the usual array of alienists who testified that Remus was sane. The defense did not rely upon expert testimony; instead, it called a number of lay witnesses, including Clarence Darrow, who gave evidence concerning the defendant's emotional instability. But the most telling evidence for the defense was the testimony concerning Mrs. Remus' infidelity, admissible, as in the Thaw case, because of its supposed effect upon the defendant's mind. One witness, a professional gunman, testified that the deceased had offered him \$10,000 to kill Remus.

The trial lasted over a month, but it took the jury exactly nineteen minutes to acquit him. One of the jurors was quoted as saying, "He didn't have any Christmas last year and we wanted to see him have one this year." Remus thanked the jury. "I asked for American justice and I thank you," he said.

Unfortunately he was deprived of his Christmas that year, too. The aftermath of the trial presented several slightly hu-

morous aspects. Remus was not discharged after his acquittal, but was compelled to submit to a hearing upon the question of his sanity. The same alienists who had testified during his trial again swore that he was insane, and to his great indignation he was committed to an asylum. "It's the most humorous decision I've ever known in my life," he said. "A joke, a farce." So was the decision three months later of the Ohio Courts of Appeals, which, upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, declared that Remus was sane, and discharged him.

III

The Remus case was bizarre. Closer to the orthodox pattern was the celebrated trial of Blanca De Saulles. This *cause célèbre* contained every essential element of the classical Unwritten Law murder case. Blanca Errazuiz De Saulles was one of the most beautiful women ever to face a jury, charged with murder in the first degree. She was a niece of a former President of Chile, and a member of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in South America. At the age of seventeen she had married John De Saulles, famous as a Yale football star and later to be appointed Minister to Uruguay by President Wilson. After several years of marriage she obtained a divorce. The custody of their young son was divided between them; part of the time the child stayed with his father and part of the time with his mother.

On the night of August 3, 1917, De Saulles was in the living room of his country home, The Box, together with his father, Major Arthur De Saulles, his sister, Mrs. Degner, and Marshall Ward, a business associate. Little Jack was playing on the floor near his father. The door opened and Blanca De Saulles, dressed in

white, entered the room, followed by her maid. De Saulles, who was lying on a couch, sprang to his feet. "This is a surprise, Blanca," he said. She did not reply to his greeting. "I want to get Jackie," she said. "I want to take him away."

"You know that's impossible," De Saulles said. "This is my month. You can't have him. That's all there is to it." She took a revolver from her hand bag and fired five shots into him. When the police arrived she said, "I shot him because he would not give me my baby. I hope he dies."

Mrs. De Saulles was defended by Henry A. Uterhart, one of the most urbane and skillful of contemporary barristers, and particularly effective in saving beautiful ladies from the penalties of their indiscretions. For weeks preceding the trial the newspapers were filled with sob stories and poignant interviews from the defendant's cell, released reluctantly to the press by Mr. Uterhart.

"Picture this little woman," exclaimed Mr. Uterhart lyrically, "the great promise of her youth, the most sought-after senorita in all Latin America, and then see how it all ends in a tragic marriage. Love is destroyed and ideals gone; here she languished, a stranger in a strange land, self-banished from home and friends for the sake of this child whose very love they seek to deprive her of. Picture her desperation when she learns of this. I do not believe there is a jury in the land that will not free Blanca De Saulles."

Mr. Uterhart was, of course, right, but before that inevitable end could be achieved it was necessary to pay obeisance to legal ritual in the form of an insanity defense, an array of alienists, a 15,000-word hypothetical question, and a new form of mental affliction upon which the jury might hang its verdict — hyperthyreosis.

The trial was a social, dramatic, and legal success. The cruelties and humiliations the defendant suffered from the deceased were described by many witnesses — for the purpose of explaining the dethronement of her reason. But the climax of the trial came when Mrs. De Saulles, pale and beautiful, took the stand in her own behalf. Under the skillful questioning of Mr. Uterhart she told the poignant story of her life, told it with extraordinary calmness and lucidity for one who had been so recently afflicted with homicidal hyperthyreosis. Jurors and society women wept audibly. Thus she arrived by easy stages at the night of the shooting.

"Then he looked at me and said 'You can't have him — you can't ever have him.' I saw a look come over his face. I think I was stunned then. I felt a frightful pain in my head. I still seem to hear those words." At this point she paused. "That's all," she said.

"Is that all you know?" Justice Manning asked.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly. Her next recollection, she said, was of finding herself in jail a day or so later.

The jurors were in tears and the newspapers were in ecstasies. American Chivalry Is On Trial, said one headline. A gem of poesy from the gifted pen of Fannie Hurst deserves to be exhumed from the buried files and preserved for posterity:

Try to imagine a magnolia against the deepest of night skies; a pearl against black plush; a nun, oh so whitely within her wimple, and you have Mrs. De Saulles as I saw her in court yesterday morning . . . Poor frail little *madre dolorosa* whom I saw being made ready for justice yesterday morning, stripped of plumage and in the penitential sackcloth and ashes garb of shirt-waist and skirt. What a burning crucible of the two, the murderess and the woman, there must be behind that white mask; how the flames must lick and curl.

What could the jury do? No red-blooded he-man would condemn a magnolia against the deepest of night skies, no American worthy of the name would convict a pearl against black plush. An hour and forty-three minutes after the case was submitted to them the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. Blanca De Saulles, oh so whitely within her wimple, smiled tremulously and grasped Mr. Uterhart's hand. American chivalry had triumphed.

It is customary to regard the Unwritten Law as a survival of backwoods justice, an anachronism abhorrent to lawyers who like to consider our legal system adequate to meet any contingency. It is sometimes urged as a reason for abolishing the jury system. There is no doubt that the mawkishness and forensic claptrap that has become indispensable to the Unwritten Law in action would have little effect before a tribunal composed solely of jurists consecrated to the Written Law. To a limited degree it serves a useful purpose. Just as equity came into being to mitigate the rigors of the Common Law, so the Unwritten Law exists as an unacknowledged but none the less real escape from strict legal formalism. There are times when undoubtedly "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." But the danger lies in the fact that the Unwritten Law is not a law at all, but an affirmation of lawlessness. Lynch law, mob law, enjoy at certain times, and in certain localities, popular approbation. In the West it is frequently a matter of economic heterodoxy; in the South a matter of pigmentation. But whenever there is a prevailing acceptance of lawlessness there is a grave threat to social security.

Perhaps the best approach to the problem would be to ascertain whether there are elements in the Unwritten Law which might be assimilated into the written law.

A beginning could be made by a revision of the archaic definition of insanity. Mental science has advanced far since the McNaughten case, but criminal law still adheres to an obsolete formula. Justice Cardozo has said: "If insanity is not to be a defense, let us say so frankly and even brutally, but let us not mock ourselves with a definition that palters with reality. Such a method is neither good morals, nor good science, nor good law."

The law should recognize the emotional and compulsive factors of crime. Eventually there would come new classifications

of delinquency and new methods of treatment. At present it is possible only to pose the problem. Without laboring to define "normal" and "abnormal," it will be accepted that Harry Thaw, Edward Divins, George Remus and Blanca De Saulles were not normal people. Neither were they (with the possible exception of Thaw) proper cases for an insane asylum. The law would have condemned them to death. The Unwritten Law turned them loose on society. Neither seems a sufficient solution. It is one of the major tasks of legal science to discover what is.



LADY WITH ARROWS

BY MARGARET MARKS

SHE is not mistress here, the arrows shake themselves
Free of her bow; they ride the carrying air
Straight to the mark that is forever there,
Contrive just not to lay it low, to leave it where
It sways a challenge to that practiced art
She most denies, in which she has no part.

Denies; mourns, even says: Is it indeed my hand,
This delicate blue veined, is it indeed my arm
That so directs, that points the sinewy dart
On that poor flesh to which I wish no harm?
Believe me when I say it is not so.
I am for nothing here; I am possessed;
I am the house of ghostly skill, the host
Of power. It is this commanding guest,
(Believe it!)
And not I, not I,
That bends the bow,
That bids the arrow fly.

TORRENT OF DARKNESS

A Story

BY S. S. FIELD

SHE was part way up the next hill where the sun hadn't yet come — walking in the middle of the red clay road and pulling behind her the little painted wagon in which sat the child all bundled up because it was still early and the ground was still cold down in the hollows. The child was waving his arms up and down with that morning excitement they get on fall days, like jack rabbit's ears. It was about five miles south of Waterbridge that I saw her.

I had shot right on through Waterbridge this last trip without even slowing down, there being two good reasons for doing so: one that I had nothing to stop for and the other that, running good like my machine was in the morning air, I could pull right on up that log-sluiice hill by Rust's and keep going, providing the good God hadn't whispered to those pigs of Rust's that I was coming and to get out in the middle of the road and lie down. (Damn if I don't believe that's how come I stop by Rust's when I do: his pigs. Maybe he trains them.) So it wasn't until later that I learned how they had lynched that nigger the night before, and about five miles south of Waterbridge I saw her and the kid pulling up the next hill.

First I thought that can't be her because she's back at Rust's place, but it was that wagon and there isn't another child's wagon like that in fifty miles, so I thought "Why damn if it don't look like someone

has stolen that wagon of hers," and then I saw the kid was sitting in it, bopping up and down with health, and so I said "No, that must be her. Now what is she doing a way out here?" and I figured something was wrong.

I reckon she didn't remember me at once. It's the first time I had realized how small she was, standing there on the top of that hill in the morning sun with no hat on and some of that mist from the hollow still in her hair.

"Ma'am," I said, "I'd be honored to take you where you're going. It's a right smart piece wherever it is on this road." The little fellow was waving his arms up and down like he was glad to see me. "Ain't he fine," I said.

First I thought she was sick, and then I said to myself No, it's that trouble of hers, and then I said No, that's not it either. This is something bad. Because I could tell by her eyes; because her eyes were still seeing it. So I helped her in and put the little wagon in back and the little fellow on the seat between us, and damn if it wasn't as if he recognized me from the last time I was at Rust's because he commenced bouncing up and down and saying "Dubba chabbe yeps?" like me and him was picking up matters where we left off before. So I said, "Ma'am, I'd be honored to take you wherever it is you're going."

She just sat there for a while, looking straight ahead with her arm around the

little one as if they might be holding one pose for a long time while a man took their picture. When she spoke I knew she recognized me all right but it kind of gave me a start when she called me by my given name—me being old enough to be her father.

"Home," she said. "To New Orleans."

"Ma'am?" I said.

"Home," she said.

She wasn't looking at me or at anything. That was when she called me by my given name. "Home," she says, "Robert." It has been a long time since anyone called me Robert; my wife's family used to before we were married, but for the past twenty-five years it has been Bob or B. D. from one end of the county to the other.

And the next thing I knew she was crying. With her mouth open like a child's, making no sound at all—as if at eight o'clock of a fine morning on the top of a hill she might be seeing something that she'd never dared to look at before.

I've an idea it's the first time she ever cried in her life, the first time she ever looked back, having spent all her time, maybe, seeing tomorrow different from other people. Maybe whatever it was she was seeing all the time had just run out the night before; snapped off.

I guess it was the first time she had ever really seen.

II

It was close to a year and a half ago that she got off the through train at Waterbridge with that baby that couldn't have been more than a month or two old at the time. I first saw her at Rust's a year ago September when I stopped by there on my way over to Lauder in my brother-in-law's county. She had been at Rust's about three months when I first saw her, and Brody

told me how she had got off the evening north-bound carrying that little month-old critter the way a little girl will carry one of those big dolls. Brody is the station master there; has been for years.

"That's what I thought she was at first," Brody said. "Just a overgrown kid, maybe, with one of them dolls, that had got herself left behind when Simon released his pressure and give his throttle a notch. It was the way she carried it," Brody said. "With one arm around its middle and part of it hanging down as if it was stuffed, and it not making any more fuss than a doll. But I reckon she just didn't know much about carrying one."

Brody said that the reason he thought she was left behind was because people didn't get off the through north-bound unless they were left behind. Waterbridge is about midpoint in the division and the only reason they stop there going north is to take on water. They've got a three per cent grade all the way to Asheville after that. When the south-bound comes through you have to hold your hat.

"It was almost dark and I didn't see her at first," Brody said. "I had been up to the cab with a dispatch for Simon and he had opened the throttle and was already rolling when I came back and found her standing there like a kid with a doll, watching the last car roll by all lit up like a Christmas tree.

"'Why that train has done gone on off and left you, and you standing right there looking at it,' I says to her. Then I saw that she wasn't a kid at all and that that wasn't no doll and she had a traveling bag. 'Yes,' she says. 'Wasn't it a beautiful train?'"

Brody told me how she stood there watching the lights of the north-bound bend out of sight and how she then said she wanted a taxicab to go up to Rust's. "You

could tell she hadn't ever set foot outside a city before," Brody said.

"A taxicab?" Brody said. "Why young lady, this here's Waterbridge, North Carolina. It ain't but a quarter of a mile to Rust's place, straight up this hill, but I reckon it's a right smart piece to any taxicab that could carry you there. Close to ninety-five miles."

It's easy to see why people began to talk about her. She was just about everything those people had never been able to talk about before and with that taxicab thrown in. Because Waterbridge is nothing but a railroad water-tank town between two mountains. They changed the name to Waterbridge about ten years ago. It used to be called Ninety-Seven, maybe because it was back in ninety-seven that the saw mill slipped down into that valley one rainy day and couldn't climb back out, and then the railroad came running in and out of the hills like a trickle of water chasing down grade and the line built a trestle over Rocky Run, so they changed the name to Waterbridge. They could have dropped the name altogether without doing the world out of much future. It is fine country, though, and in those hills in the fall you can smell the chestnuts and the deep shade of the valleys, and the hunting is fine.

It was Brody who figured out how she happened to land in Waterbridge with that child and the suitcase and the destination — Rust's.

"I reckon she would have got off the train at Cuba if he'd said so," Brody said. "This Duke, I mean. This fellow that must have told her she was married and then put the bee on her. Maybe he ran his finger down a timetable," Brody said, "and it stopped at Waterbridge. And then maybe the brakeman or somebody gave him Rust's name, being that a man named Rust trains more pigs than anybody else in

the state to get out in the middle of the road and lie down. That's about the size of it," Brody said.

Because Brody said that she hadn't gotten any further than from the station to Rust's before it was plain that she wasn't married at all. "Maybe she thought she was," Brody said.

He carried her suitcase up the hill that night, the two of them trudging along with the lantern, and her with that month-old doll in one arm and talking fast about why she was there in that singing voice, he said, that put you in mind of water chasing along over rocks. "So that by the time we reached Rust's I reckon I knew more about why than she did," Brody said. "What with her carrying that little fellow and wearing no rings on her left hand. But that wasn't what told me," he said. "I reckon it was like the daddy of that kid had took a piece of chalk and wrote Goodbye all over her back. It was all of them lies about himself that he had told her," Brody said. "About how she could wait for him at this nice quiet old place (meaning Rust's damned old place) until he was ready to come down for the hunting season, and about who he was supposed to be and all."

Brody said that it wasn't until she began writing letters to herself — in that big careful handwriting of a child — that they got straightened out on what it was his name was supposed to be; what he had told her it was. This was when she gave off being fooled by him and commenced trying to fool herself.

"It got to be a kind of a joke," Brody said, "with them railroad mail clerks. She would come down here once or twice a week with the baby and watch old Seventeen come in and say to me, like that first night, what a beautiful train it was. 'Why you'll go a long way before you find a more beautiful train than that one,' she would

say. 'Europe, perhaps.' And then she would hurry up ahead to the mail car with this letter she had wrote to herself and drop it in the slot. So it got to be a kind of a joke with the boys and one night I was up talking with Simon while the fireman was watering, when one of them leans out and says, 'I got something for the Duchess,' he says, and gives me this letter. One she had mailed just two minutes before. And there it was," Brody said. "Addressed to herself, and up in the left-hand corner, big as all outdoors as if she wanted people to see it: 'From the Duke of Rayon, New York.' Yes," Brody said, "because maybe he traveled for one of them nearly-silk underwear companies, and maybe the boys called him 'Duke.' And maybe he put them two together when he sold this convent or wherever it was he found her (asylum, maybe) and called himself the Duke of Rayon," Brody said.

III

So when I made Waterbridge a year ago September, what with some government business I had over at the mill (I'm the county assessor), I stopped off at Rust's. It was a Saturday and that night it rained hard and the next day that road was like a log-sluice, so I had to stay over an extra day. That was when I first set eyes on her.

They were at supper when I got out and dragged back the gate and drove my machine in. It was already dark and the wind had come up cold, driving one of those black September storm clouds across that valley like sliding a lid over a pot, so I ran my machine under the wagon shed and then I saw Henderson—that's Rust—holding a lamp in the doorway. He had his coat on.

I believe that was when I first remembered that I had heard them talking about

her back at Boonton. Maybe it was the sight of Rust wearing a coat who you knew had all his life been satisfied to decorate his table with his undershirt or shirt and suspenders, Sundays excepted.

There's not much to Rust. A hard-shelled, bony sort of man who has been smart enough to get hold of a bad piece of property and put a good house on it, neither farm nor home, with a porch and a lot of gingerbread work on the gables, where once in a while a feed drummer will stop or an occasional hunter in season (together with any wet-weather up-hill trade forced in by those pigs lying in the road) and where Bidwell, the mill foreman, boards. Rust held the gulping lamp against the wind and I could see his face. He had on the coat but no collar and tie.

"Come in," he says. "We'll make a place for you."

Rust does no work. He used to do some farming but after he built that house and found out that pigs will grow themselves, he took to tinkering about with his carpenter tools in that way some men have of seeming always to be busy and doing nothing. About five years ago he built the wheel chair and that was the last piece of work he's done.

The wheel chair was for old Grandma Rust. She lives in the room next to the dining room where at supper time she will bring to the table that sickening sweet odor of the very old that is like a pall from the tomb, while she will chew her food idiotically, secretly watching and hearing everything. She puts me in mind of some old horror, her pale dead eyes watching beneath the hood of her coal-scuttle bonnet, and that hairy gray jaw hanging loose like an old stove-in mare's. And late at night she can be heard rolling around downstairs in that wheel chair Rust made for her out of a pair of surrey wheels and a rocking chair,

sounding like soft thunder or a horse and wagon on a bridge, and whispering her Bible. They say she keeps her tombstone under her bed.

Besides her there is Rust's wife and her maiden sister, tall, gnarled, hard-faced, the two of them living without conversation; sullen and with few words, not like other women, more like Indians. And Ruffon. Ruffon is that twelve-year-old loaf of Rust's that the devil let live.

So Rust says: "Come in, we'll make a place for you."

I didn't see her at first, small the way she was in that ring of hard-faced women of Rust's. They put me in mind of white Indians, the way they sit around the supper table (it's got oilcloth on it), the lamp throwing shadows on those high jaws of theirs. She was only a little shadow beyond the lamplight that somehow glistened as if wet or jeweled in the region of the face. But when she came up from where she was, half down behind the table feeding that little fellow some warm milk with a spoon, it was like one of our late autumn evenings had moved right into the house. She had some of that fine mountain laurel twisted in her hair, and some red berries, all tangled and wild.

She was perhaps five feet, four inches tall, slight, and with that child's-hair gathered at the back as if she had just been washed. She wore or supported about her a kind of oversized and makeshift garment that put me in mind of attics and old satin and sewing she had done herself, all bunched around her and tied up in back. She was fine, all right. But it was the way she seemed to flash up from the shadow, her face toward the doorway, and the little cry she gave. Because it was already open season on doves, and quail and rabbit were coming in soon, and her looking for this Duke to come riding in in a red coat,

maybe, and blowing a horn; except it was only me.

"Come in," Mrs. Rust says. "We've done made a place for you." But I saw her watching Rust.

IV

It was Bidwell who told me about Ruffon, that hellion of Rust's: how he would plague the girl and (later) how he figured in the lynching. Bidwell is the foreman of the mill, a soft-spoken man, a bachelor but a man you knew was one because he didn't have all that torment chasing through his veins.

"Like all the hatefulness that goes on behind that old grandma's face has done come to life in Ruffon," Bidwell said. "And he ain't scared of nothing," he said. "You see that there little gray squirrel?"

We were sitting in the sun outside the planing shed up at the mill. This was Sunday morning. It had rained hard the night before—one of those regular September mountain storms—but the morning had turned up bright and clean and crisp, so that you knew summer was gone, had moved out the night before like a lot of hot fat relations and their children leaving after a visit.

"That's a little fox squirrel," I said. "She's setting in stores for the winter. Why?"

"Because," Bidwell said, "what Ruffon would like to do better than anything in the world is to get a axe in his hand and run around wild like a Injun and chop that little squirrel into pieces. Sometimes I think of him at night. Not like a child sleeping; like some kind of devilish hell laying in wait for a signal. That Ruffon." Then he told me how the apple tree got ruined.

I had noticed it after breakfast—split right down the middle, and it the only

tree in the yard: a fine old one, loaded down with good eating apples. ("Why look what that storm has done to your tree," I had said. I noticed that Rust's women didn't answer.)

"Storm?" Bidwell said. "That's good. Storm. I reckon Henderson would have give a right smart for a storm that night." Then he told me. Squatting there in the sun, listening to Bidwell, I commenced to see the whole thing. . . .

"It's Henderson," Bidwell said. "You know how it is. A man that ain't never had much but God and that wife of his. And then she come along with her little baby.

"I first noticed it when he commenced putting on his coat at the table, but you know how it is. I reckon them women of his knew even before that. I could tell by the way they would set the food on the table and Miz Rust would watch him until you could hear her thinking: 'Go ahead. Just put on your collar and tie. Just you dare put on your collar and tie,' and her setting there with that fine little croodlin' baby that don't never cry, and talking fast the way she does, and Rust afraid to even look at her.

"It was one night about a week and a half ago that I heard the noise. I had done already gone to bed and I was laying there in the dark when I heard it, like a horse stumbling. It was a lot of apples falling. And the next thing I heard was the crash. That was when I pieced the whole thing together and seen how it must have all commenced with this here little X-ray thing that Rust—"

"X-ray?" I said. "Hold on a minute. You were telling me about that apple tree and now you start to tell me something about a X-ray. What's any X-ray got to do with all this?" I said.

"That's just it," Bidwell said. "It was this here X-ray. It's how it all started."

"What kind of X-ray?" I said. I thought maybe he had lost his mind.

"Not no real X-ray," Bidwell said. "It was one of them little child's toys that the mailing houses advertise along with how to be a ventriloquist and jujitsu in one lesson. One of them little old ten-cent tubes that you hold up to your eye and don't see nothing through. It come in the mail one day addressed to Rust and Miz Rust says, 'What's this here parcel addressed to you?'

"I reckon Rust must have figured he was caught. Maybe he had aimed to get the mail first. 'It's a X-ray,' Rust says.

"'A X-ray?' Miz Rust says. 'What do you mean, a X-ray?'

"'It ain't nothing but a little one,' Rust says. 'I got it for the boy. It didn't cost nothing.'

"'So that's how you spend my egg money,' Miz Rust says.

"'It didn't cost but a dime,' Rust says. 'It'll be handy to have around.'

"It wasn't until that night that I figured it out. Figured out how he had been settin' downstairs by the lamp night after night in his sock feet, reading them farm magazines from cover to cover: slow, studying out the words with his finger, until he come to this advertisement about a X-ray. You know how they read: 'Boys! Look! A gen-u-ine X-ray for only ten cents. See the bones in your hand, see the inside of your body.' And then how they say: 'Important! This gen-u-ine X-ray is sold for the scientific study of anatomy; not for looking through doors and walls into no lady's room.' How they go on to say, 'And now remember, you boys who are interested in science. You boys be good sports and don't use this gen-u-ine X-ray to watch the lady next door undress.' You know how it is. And the bright ones figure it out. So Rust sent off.

"And so that night after supper the little

lady had done took the baby on up to bed and I had gone on up and was fixing to read for a while when I seen my lamp was nigh out of oil, so I took the lamp and opened the door and that was when I saw him. He was at her door. Leaning over like a idiot, holding that damn little ten-cent nothing to his eye up against the door of her room. He thought I didn't see him at first. He tried to make it look like he was just standing there in that dark empty hall, looking through his hand.

"'It's got to have daylight,' he says. 'You can't see nairy a bone in the dark. It ain't a very good one.'

"'No,' I says. 'I reckon not, since it ain't nothing in it but a little old feather.'

"And so three nights later I heard the noise, the crash when that apple tree split in two. That was when I pieced the whole thing together. 'So the X-ray didn't work,' I said to myself. 'But he figured the apple tree would.' Only the apple tree didn't work much better than the X-ray because the apple tree was made to bear apples, just as that X-ray was made to do nothing, and both of them fooled him.

"Because that there apple tree looks right into her window. Right into where she has to stand to bathe herself, poor little kid, outen that old cracked basin. And her believing there wasn't nothing but God and the apple tree could see, and them eyes hid back in the leaves like a bobcat's.

"So I reckon there was a serpent in that apple tree, too. And then half the tree come crashing down and it seemed like I could hear a right smart of scuffling around on the ground, but it wasn't until the next morning that I knew it was the two of them. They must have been perched up there like two buzzards, young and old. Scratched up like they had done been in a cat fight. That old fool Rust and that young devil Ruffon.

"Sure," Bidwell said. "I guess Rust would have give a right smart for a storm, all right."

V

Now that it's all over and she has gone (the last of it happened one night just five weeks ago), now that it's all over I like to look back on the whole thing. On how it all started that night when she got off the big train with her baby and stood there watching the lights disappear, thinking it was all kind of important and she would get a taxi and go up to this nice quiet old hunting lodge and later this Duke would come down, maybe in a red coat with a lot of horses and dogs and blowing a horn so she'd know. And then I think of how she must have kept on believing in this something—a person can stand so much with something to believe in—alone in that ring of rock-jawed Rusts, having to write letters to herself to keep on believing it, and how they commenced to say she was possessed. And then I think of how it all ended: of the violence and horror that was those people's vindication of a simple darkness they couldn't fathom. Because nature will work on them just the way it will work on a snake that gathers its bafflement and rage into a coil and strikes at the simplest little rabbit. And that snake isn't after killing that rabbit; he's after destroying the blind spot in his brain that the rabbit put there.

And then I think of her on that crisp October morning just five weeks ago, on the top of that hill with the sun and the dew in her hair and crying, her little mouth shaped in horror and her eyes sightless with seeing backward into the dark remembering of that valley of the world . . . And I say this: They drove her into seeing.

It was dinner time when Bidwell and

I got back to Rust's. We had sat up there talking about her and watching the squirrel the whole morning. Down below we could see a wagonload of niggers idling back from church on the brown scar of road, and across the valley, high up on the slope in a clover patch, we could see this solitary figure and beside it a flash of red. "That's that there little red wagon," Bidwell said. Then he told me how she had got the storekeeper to send off and get it for her and how she would wander up and down the hills on bright days, with the little fellow all propped up in the wagon and throwing his bottle out every now and then. "Like it wasn't nothing but just a old bottle," Bidwell said.

They were ready to sit down when we reached the house and found the Reverend Howard there. I didn't know the Reverend. I reckon she didn't know him either and sometimes I look back and wonder if the good Lord knew him. You know how it is. When you see a man who has worked himself thin in the single-track rigor of his own conviction; who has toiled all his life getting himself narrowed to the point where he has only one thing to do and then he does it wrong.

And so when I look back on it all I think I see where the turning point was, where the power was that could lead to Rust's final vindication of his own lust by violence and bloodshed. It was that they had God on their side and against God was the devil, and in between was Rust shaken like a reed in a tempest, and it was all like some stage play, only little and hard and violent, down in that valley.

"So this is Sister Rayon," the Reverend Howard said. "My, my." His voice was a long soft breath, like a sigh of inner comfort. Then he led in prayer.

It was like she was in a cauldron, in that dim circle of faces all looking as if

they had been hammered into a hard formality like iron statues and their Sunday clothes as if cast out of metal, and no sunlight in the room. They were all at the table. That old Grandma Rust in between her wheels like some old stove-in horse and wagon driven up to the table and with her lip hanging loose from her big lower teeth that were false and old and even like a horse's, and spilling food out while she watched and listened. Rust and the preacher sat at opposite ends of the table, their heads matted in identical poultice plasters of hair like harsh, cheap wigs. And those high-checked women of Rust's, and Ruffon. Ruffon looked like one of them ventriloquist's dummies, all polished up and dirty underneath.

"So this is Sister Rayon?" Howard says. "Well, well."

"I'd thankee for the salt meat," Rust says.

"I reckon it's high time the voice of the Lord sat down at this table," Mrs. Rust says. I saw her watching Rust.

It was pitiful and it was mean. I remember how the girl sat there hemmed in at the table with the baby in her lap and some of that mountain laurel in her hair and trying to look busy and glad, like a frightened child: kind of half hiding beneath the table and bending over the little fellow with sudden concern when Howard would fix her with that greasy sword of a voice and the others would watch her.

"And where was Sister Rayon at the church meeting this morning?" Howard purrs, looking from one to the other of them brightly like he had pulled a fast one. "And whe-r-r-r-e was Sister Rayon?"

She gave a little laugh, suddenly down around the child where he was bouncing up and down with a spoon, saying, "Da da ya ya."

"He wants to play," she said quickly. "Now here."

It was like she was embarrassed, like the only answer she could give in any common language was the child, with her eyes darting back and forth with the modesty of a bird.

"I reckon it's high time," Mrs. Rust says, watching Rust, her jaws throbbing. I could see the old grandma watching and listening down in between her wagon wheels, food stringing out of her mouth.

"I'd thankee for the beans, Brother Howard," Rust says.

And then I commenced to see which way *he* was leveling: Brother Howard. Because it didn't take him long to get around to the part about the marriage license, and her sitting there with her scared eyes darting down to the little baby and bending over quick to straighten his dress or wipe his chin. "Now here," she said. Howard had commenced to spread-eagle.

"She'll want to be counted in the flock," Howard told them. "She'll want to be numbered in the fo-o-o-o-ld," his long hands spread-eagling over that room for attention. And then he commenced to level.

It was shrewd, it was smooth, with those questions not direct like "Whe-r-r-e was Sister Rayon?" and those answers he made up himself in his sure, oily voice, and old Rust sitting there with his soul stark naked, mute in his bafflement and rage at the lust within him which he didn't understand. Damn if there wasn't something pitiful about Rust; about the shape of his bony head while that preacher's voice went on putting a web around those darting eyes of hers. It was like a snake charming a bird.

He had worked right up to the marriage license before Mrs. Rust spoke again, not smooth but flat and final, her voice.

"S'posing you go on upstairs and git it," she said, looking half at old grandma

surrey wheels. "If Reverend Howard wants to see yer license, just s'posing you go on upstairs and git it," and old grandma surrey wheels watching like a hawk.

It was right then that the train blew for Waterbridge: the fast south-bound, filling that valley with a long low wail and I saw her eyes rush up to follow the dying echo, holding that roomful of Sunday Rusts like statues turned to iron in some long-forgotten afternoon of the past.

"All right," she said, her wild bright eyes gone from the room. But I believe she was answering that train, and in the next instant she too was gone.

She didn't return to the table. They just sat there for a minute and then I noticed old grandma surrey wheels' narrow eye sockets burning the spot where she had been. It was the first time the old woman had spoken.

"She's crazy," the old woman said, looking across the room at nothing.

VI

It was spring before I made Waterbridge again after that Sunday in September when I first saw her. I was on my way over to Boonton when I passed through last spring and so I stopped off at the mill to see Bidwell, and I asked him about her and that was when he told me that she had moved.

"Moved?" I said. "What do you mean she has moved? Why what street is she living on now?" I said. (Because nobody ever moved in Waterbridge. There's no place to move but out and out isn't moved, it's gone.)

"Yes," Bidwell said. "Over on the other side of the hill. They drove her out. I figured you would have heard." Then he told me.

Bidwell said they must have gone through her room searching for the mar-

riage license. It was just after I left, he said, that they commenced to whisper outright that she was bad. And when the Reverend Howard gave her up (Bidwell said that he came to dinner for five straight Sundays before he gave her up) they were sure of it. And when they found out that she was writing the letters to herself, he said they began to believe she was possessed. "Being that possessed was about the only thing left to believe," he said. "Since they had already decided she was crazy and bad. And then I guess of all the things to do next in the world, the next thing she did was the worst. Hemstitching."

Because it wasn't only just plain sewing; it was *what* she was sewing on that made it bad, and that was how they came to find out that it was New Orleans she was from and all about her maiden aunt down there who ran some kind of little Mardi Gras costume shop, she called it, and how she had learned to make these here red devil suits that they would sell to all those niggers down there because it was this big white devil or something called the Mardi Gras that would clean out all those niggers every year if they didn't put on these suits, or something.

"And so she aimed to sell them," Bidwell said. "To niggers. Maybe it keeps the Ku Klux offen them—or something. She figured on selling them to pay for her board."

Because along about February she ran out of money, Bidwell said, and then one day she received the anonymous letter with a one-dollar bill in it, this too postmarked Waterbridge like the ones she would write to herself. She bought a lot of that cheap red cotton material with the dollar, at Fry's general store.

Bidwell said it was like one of those hard ones you would find on page two of the first-grade arithmetic, figuring out where

that dollar came from. "John has eleven dollars and Robert has nine," Bidwell said. "If John give Robert one of his dollars, how much has each?"

Because she paid Mrs. Rust ten dollars a month—two and a half a week besides the thirty or forty cents she paid a little family of niggers to come for and deliver each week (they would all come for and all deliver like a solemn parade) her washing—and when the first of February turned up she had only nine dollars left to her name. And when two days later the letter came and Mrs. Rust watched her open it and find a dollar bill and then went straight to the kitchen cabinet where she hides her egg money, Bidwell said it was like looking in the back of the book for the answer.

"Rust had it bad," Bidwell said.

Mrs. Rust wouldn't take the dollar. Bidwell said she stood there at dinner looking down at the girl, her hard jaws throbbing like granite with a pulse, and you could hear Rust outside with a hammer and saw trying to sound as if he was building a four-story annex, and that afternoon he hitched up and loaded some half-grown shoats in the wagon and drove off for Boonton and he was gone for three days. So the girl bought the red cotton cloth.

Nobody knew what she was making with it. She spent a whole week making the suits up in her room, coming down only for her meals and to take the baby for a walk. And then one dark day the Devil himself came galloping down the stairs and whooping through the house like something fresh out of hell. It nearly killed the old grandma. He had horns and a tail and he was red all over and he went whooping past that old woman, shrieking and screaming with joy.

"Yes," Bidwell said. "Ruffon had done got hold of one of them suits."

They thought the old woman was dead, at first. She can't see any too well anyway and they say her head snapped back and her eyes stuck out like glass, and she pitched headlong onto the floor and lay there wall-eyed and they had to throw water on her. Then they got her onto the bed and Rust took Ruffon out to the barn and beat him with a stick of stove wood until he didn't cry any more. That night, when she could speak again, the old woman said it was a sign from heaven that her time had come and she summoned them all to her bedside.

So they drove the girl out. It must have been pretty terrible for her. Not even Bidwell was there, having gone back into the hills with one of the logging crews, so she was without a friend in that house. I can imagine the deathbed scene: one of those black, windy nights with the branches of the dead apple tree rattling like skeleton fingers and that old woman propped up in bed, with them kneeling in the cold lamplight, in the cold odor of death, while she administered her last words on each of them.

And I can imagine how they went to that little girl's room and forced her to come down and kneel among them on the cold boards, with the tombstone and the chamber pot and Rust's miserable head a carved image of bafflement, and those high-jawed women all kneeling in the lamplight, their shadows black upon the wall, and that old woman croaking above the sobbing and praying that was working up to a yelling and a singing like a hog-wild revival meeting, saying: "Dip your robes in the blood of the lamb for I've washed my hands in the foun'tain; let us sing." Saying: "Cleanse your feet in the waters of Jordan; and you, Henderson Rust, drug into the way of sin, chain down that imp of torment a-ranting in the devil's image!

Chain him to the hind wheels of the Lord; sing all!" And how that old woman's dying eye must have fixed itself upon that little girl when she pointed her bony finger at her, saying: "Drive her out! Drive out the Jezebel!"

"Leave her remain," Rust said, shaking like a reed. "The Lord says leave her remain."

"I say to you drive her outen this house for she's a witch and a harlot," the old woman said. "Drive out the Jezebel and leave me my deathbed in peace!"

So that night they drove her out. They must have risen up from their bended knees, those women, singing and praying and pointing their fingers, and told her to pack up and go and they called her baby a name. This was the middle of last March, the night that grandma was dying. But the old woman was still helling around on them wagon wheels the thirty-first of October, the night the nigger Sylvester was lynched.

"Yes," Bidwell said. "A average of twice a year for the past six or seven years. It's the only act she knows, dying; the only way she can get attention, and then she kind of keeps in training, too. Like a athlete."

VII

There lived in the vicinity of Waterbridge, until that night five weeks ago, a ragged, hard-working nigger named Sylvester who raised a lean crop each year on the side of a stump-pocked hill a mile south of Rust's. He had a mule and a wife and half a dozen little ragged children. I have seen them: standing in a row on the sagging porch, their big eyes uplooking.

It was the family of this nigger Sylvester that used to come for and deliver each week, like a solemn parade, the girl's wash-

ing, and it was Sylvester who, astride his mule with a sack of feed and a lantern late that night in March, came upon this little figure struggling in the black road with a suitcase and a little red wagon and the child. "Whoa!" Sylvester said. I reckon he signed his death warrant with that speech to his mule. Because she went with him.

And this is the last of it, the ugly part, the violent and the terrible part:

For a long time no one knew where she was. Bidwell said that it was breaking down Rust's health; that he took to reading his Bible at night and praying aloud, and then he commenced to stalk. "Like a sick Indian," Bidwell said. "Maybe it was them leaves she used to wear in her hair."

It was a family named Aaron that first learned where she was. Old man Aaron lives with his two hairy-faced grown sons in a dilapidated shanty on a piece of fallow land also about a mile south of Rust's, where they will sit or lie for endless days on a weather-gray porch in the sun as if proud of their dilapidation; as if dilapidation and the endless doing of nothing were in themselves both the vainglory and the labor of life, like farming. And one day old man Aaron and one of his sons were tilted back on their porch, hats slanted against the afternoon sun, when they saw a strange phenomenon at the western end of their land: a pair of red devil's horns and a red tail peeking from behind a boulder—then another and a third and then three small red devils shimmering over the hill.

The younger Aaron sat upright with a clump. "Git me my gun," he said, his jaws snapped tight.

"Git me the Book," old Aaron said without moving. "I'm an old man, Jesus, but just tell me what You want."

So they learned where she was. It was those devil suits—Sylvester's children had them on.

They learned how an old ragged nigger and his family had been providing for her who they thought had gone: learned how she had been living alone in a one-room cabin, windowless and with a mud fireplace, long abandoned even by niggers, that Sylvester's father or grandfather before him had built down in a hollow a quarter of a mile from the road. And they learned that it was niggers who had furnished her a bed and who provided her food and wood for the fireplace and brought warm milk to her each morning and night.

Then Rust commenced to stalk.

It happened on a Saturday night. Ruffon had got hold of an old bony horse somewhere—one that a nigger had given Rust in payment of some trifling debt—and they say that each day Ruffon would set out to kill the horse again, riding the lean beast in a daily succession of shampoo lathers over the hills and through the woods like some harpy out of hell crouched on its shuddering back. And Bidwell said that then the two of them would go stalking through the hills, not together, the one on foot, the other on the foam-flecked nag circling him, watching him, following him probably, seeming probably (to a ragged nigger plodding in the early darkness with a pail of fresh warm milk) to converge like a mounted tribe from several trails at once upon the desolate little hollow where there lurked near the warped lamplight of the doorway the figure of a man.

Maybe the nigger stopped still in the sloping path, watching. He must have seen the figure approach the single board step of her door, and heard the cry from within. He must have run then, down the gully of path, his head high, his nostrils and eyes wide. He must have said, "What you doing here? White man, you got no business down in thishere holler!" and with

Rust wheeling suddenly in passion and rage, caught in shame between the terrified sobs within the cabin and the figure of the nigger in the door. Maybe he struck the nigger or cursed him. Sylvester was a big man; humble, they say, but without fear.

VIII

And so that Saturday night Fry and the two hard Aaron boys and four or five of the mill hands were lounging on the porch of Fry's store in kerosene lamplight, drinking now and then from a jug, playing a harmonica, cursing, boasting, when over the blue edge of the hill came Ruffon, riding that spectre of a horse down the night road to another sweat-covered death. He laid the old sack of bones back on its quivering haunches and plowed a furrow to a halt in front of the store.

"The nigger!" he shrieked. "He's a-killin' my pa! The nigger Sylvester's a-killin' my pa and a-shaming that gall!" His voice was a high shrieking sob like a tantrum of rage.

"Gimme that horse," one of the Aaron boys said. He was up on his feet and moving with the swiftness of a prize fighter. He jerked the horrified head of the horse, the bridle, from Ruffon's hands.

"We'll git our shotguns!" he shouted. "You boys git a rope and meet us up at the forks! Come on!"

With a single lanky vault, like a circus act, the two Aaron boys were astride the horse, back-shouting to the figures that were running in the dark, yelling, waving lanterns, scattering and converging, all terrific on the hillslope, while Ruffon streaked up the dark road shrieking, "He's a-killin' um! Wait for me! I'll git my gun too! That black bastard's a-killin' um," his voice falling into breathless whimpering to the pounding of feet as he rushed into the house and out again down the path to

where old Grandma Rust sat in her wagon wheels (one end of the porch is level with the ground; she had heard the shouting; she had wheeled herself into the yard) tugging at her wheels and cawing. She blocked the path.

"What is it!" she yelled. "Who's a-killin' who! Here, you imp of hell, tell me what it is!"

Ruffon crashed into the back of the chair in the dark with a lunge that snapped the old woman's false teeth shut and spun her wheels into motion headed downhill. He gave a single fierce cry of pain and rage, shrieking "He's a-killin' um, I tell you!" and waving the shotgun he dashed down the embankment and up the dark hill as the old woman vanished downward.

They all met back on a slope of the road at the juncture of a wagon trail, weed-grown from disuse—the five or six of them, intense in the wasted motion of violence, with the lantern light swinging gustily across their faces and hats and gun barrels, with the devastated horse and the rope and the straining dust-colored faces.

"Come on," one of the Aaron boys said. He took the lead. Stumbling, crowding each other like cattle, they came suddenly upon the dark outline of the nigger's house and stopped dead.

"Come out!" the Aaron boy shouted. He stood in front, tall, lean, hard, his legs apart, his jaws showing in the lantern light. "Come outen there, you nigger."

Inside the house there were sounds. A thin brown mask of horror appeared in a ribbon of light in the partially opened door. "Who that?" the voice said. It was the nigger woman. "Aw Lawdy, who that?"

"Send him outen the house or we'll set far to it," the Aaron boy shouted.

"Set far to it!" someone shouted. "Set far to it!"

Someone hurled a lantern. It burst in the bare yard short of the house and extinguished.

"Aw Lawdy," came the woman's voice, "Aw Lawdy," rising to a smothered wail within the cabin as the door grated shut. "Aw Jesus, aw Lawd—" when suddenly out of the darkness of the path stumbled the figure of Rust, his face blood-covered and terrible.

"Back that-a-way," he said.

He flung a limp arm backward down the path toward the hollow. He stood dangling and spent as a scarecrow while the men wheeled the lanterns and guns and faces and swept down the crooked slope of path, leaving Rust and the nearly dead horse alone and heaving in the night.

Halfway down they saw the nigger. He stood motionless in the path, once more stark and apparition-like in the funnel of blackness, his arms hanging long and limp-palmed at his sides.

"White mens," he called.

They moved downward slowly now, without crowding. They could see his head held rigid and high from his drooping shoulders, paler than the night; the face terrific and glistening in the advancing light as if scenting doom too late, as if speared from behind at the very instant of scenting doom, the eyes and nostrils wide, great rippled furrows of fear in his narrow head.

"White mens," he said.

Slowly, cautiously, they advanced now, forward-leaning and deliberate and silent, the two Aaron boys in the lead with a gun, a lantern and the rope.

"White mens," he said. He didn't move. The stark head and the hanging arms didn't move as they closed down upon him. "White mens," he said. "Aw, white mens . . . White mens . . . Aw, men-folks—"

IX

And that's the end. I found her next morning on the road — part way up the red clay hill where the sun hadn't yet come and pulling behind her the little painted wagon in which sat the child, but I didn't know yet what had happened. How they had lynched Sylvester the night before and how they had found old Grandma Rust at the end of her ride. She must have been going mighty fast when she crossed the railroad tracks and missed the bridge. They traced her wheel tracks down the embankment and saw where she had careened across the road and sheared off the other bank and back onto the road again like a runaway team, and then right down the middle until she crossed the tracks and missed the bridge. "She'd have done been all right if she'd made that turn onto the bridge," Bidwell said, "but I reckon she must have been making fifty miles an hour when she crossed the tracks." They found her that night in Rocky Run with the smashed hind wheels of the Lord around her.

It was a fine morning, crisp and fresh, and you could smell the chestnuts down in the valleys and you knew the hunting was going to be fine. That was when I saw the girl.

I remember how we just sat there for a while on the top of that hill with the little fellow all bundled up and bouncing up and down between us saying, "Dubba chabbe yeps?" like me and him was picking up matters where we'd left off before — and how next she was crying.

I didn't realize it at first: her making no sound and with her little mouth shaped in horror like a child's and her eyes sightless with seeing backwards into the horror and the reality of that valley of the world. I guess it was the first time she had ever really seen.

LIFE ON RELIEF

ANONYMOUS

Nor many months ago I got a job as a New York City relief investigator at \$27.50 per week. These jobs are supposed to be hard to procure, but mine was not, for some reason which I do not yet comprehend. I wrote a letter to a personnel manager; I received an answer; I was interviewed, mildly; I made out an application blank; and, one morning about a month after I started the ball rolling, I reported to the transformed business loft where I and those who were entering the service with me were to receive a two-weeks course in the administration of home relief. I had understood, in a vague way, that I would have three bosses: the city, which pays one quarter of the relief costs; the state, which also pays one quarter; and the federal government, which pays the residual half. At the start my boss was a middle-aged former social service worker. She inducted her class of fifty future investigators, insurance adjusters, and nutritionists in a languid manner which suggested that she either was not interested in what she said, or that she didn't know what she was talking about.

For two weeks we conducted rambling discussions of subjects which began on some concrete point in the work before us, and quickly slid into vague sociological and ethical arguments. All along, we had the sensation of miners waiting in a pit elevator for the drop which would lead us into a subterranean world, the nature of which we could but vaguely surmise. To-

ward the end of the two weeks of instruction this feeling of bewilderment grew, as more and more we failed to find weapons for the coming struggle. When the formality of the training course came to an end, I had armed myself with little more than the following information: (a) that under the Wicks law, society may supply certified paupers with rent, food, gas, light, soap, clothing and medical attention; (b) that if all New York's 1,250,000 women and children who depend on public welfare were lined up forty deep and in files one foot apart, the column so formed would be about twenty miles long; and (c) that I was in for it.

My first two weeks of work in the converted public school, which was one of New York's thirty-eight precinct relief offices, increased rather than diminished the confused and unnerved state of mind into which I had fallen. The 350 employees of the relief station worked in six large chambers, roughly partitioned into offices. There was the reception hall, to which came a steady stream of plaintive relief clients from morning until night, filing before a force of half a dozen receptionists, and to which came new families and individuals to fill out application blanks. There were never less than two or three hundred humans in this room. Then there were the bookkeeping offices, the medical office, the insurance office, the occupational division and the three great unit-rooms, to one of which I belonged as an investigator.

Everywhere, conditions were the same. Wooden or steel tables, stacked and heaped with blanks, envelopes, folders, notebooks and odd papers of every variety of color, size and value, among which burrowing employees worked desperately against time. File cases often were orange crates or cigar boxes. Some of us had and still have chairs, but most sat and still sit on wooden benches or upturned soapboxes. There was a steady murmur of conversation to accompany the rattle of many typewriters. The halls were thronged with people running about on errands, and all of our rooms were full of the effluvia of the human body. After two weeks spent in distributing yellow tickets and having them signed, at conducting something called a coal-survey, and at doing other errands, I received my case-load.

A case-load is two things. In the first place, it consists of about eighty manila folders, each of which contains the history and the essential bookkeeping of a family, or case. In the second place, it consists of the same eighty families, who live in eighty apartments distributed in twenty buildings, all in the same block if the block is a busy relief neighborhood. The relief workers, from the lowliest messenger through ticket writers, bookkeepers, allocators, unit clerks, aides, supervisors and the administrator, know the case-folders. Only the investigators know the families. The case-folder is the heart of every case, and a printed form called the PRC card is every case's soul. In other words, one out of every six Americans is tended by the state, the church and the law. The soul is this PRC card, in the custody of an investigator who governs it and its attached body with the combined jurisdiction of priest, policeman, employer, medical advisor, psychiatrist, and judge.

The activities of every six investigators

are controlled by an aide; five aides work for a supervisor, and there are four supervisors to an administrator, and thirty-eight administrators in New York City. Also, at the top, one commissioner. All of these functionaries, however, see the case-load on paper rather than in the flesh. There is little checking on what the investigator writes; so that it may be said, in a sense, that three-fourths of New York City is governed by Mayor LaGuardia, and that the remaining one-fourth is governed by about 3000 investigators. From these facts it can be seen that there are now two kinds of life in New York City and in the United States. One kind is ordinary life, and the other is relief life. The second has been in existence for about four years. In that time its growth on a mass scale has been so tremendous, and its variations and peculiarities and conventions and psychology have been so diverse and strange, that I will not attempt to draw it in perspective. I will merely sketch the outline under the rough divisions of rent, food, gas, light and soap. The word "you" in the following paragraphs means both yourself and the average family, which statistically consists of 4.1 persons.

II

We will say that you lost your job quite a while ago, that you are two months behind in your rent, that you owe money to many friends, that you have exhausted your bank account, that the grocery store has closed out your credit, that you have sold the family car, and that all you have left is a houseful of furniture and clothes, an insurance policy whose cash value you do not know, and a ten-dollar bill. The landlord talks about eviction. Ominous letters are coming from the gas company and the electric company, and the milkman says

that this week is the last. Suppose you don't lose your pride—although you can no longer convince yourself that you have enough to eat—until a dispossession writ lies on the living room table. At this juncture, a neighbor who is already on relief tells you the location of the local station. Then you finally take the leap which leads from normal life to relief life.

After waiting in line for a certain time, a receptionist administers a few test questions and hands you an application blank, with instructions to take it home, fill it out, and bring it back. The blank covers the essentials of your life, with the exception of moral aspects. Some of the questions are likely to prove embarrassing. Under the heading of Relatives, you fail to include an uncle or a sister-in-law who still possesses a bank account. You also omit from the blank one or two of the places where you have worked in the last ten years.

Your blank when returned is cleared through the Social Service Exchange, which furnishes your charity record, if any. After a week of preliminary red tape, a new manila folder lands on a certain aide's desk, earmarked for a certain investigator. This means that the case, in our language, has been allocated.

We will say that I am the investigator. My aide tells me that I have a new "pending." Some days I receive as many as three or four new pendings, all in my block. It happens that my daily routine is jammed with all sorts of "specials": someone's rent has been skipped, someone needs an emergency coal book, someone's light has been cut off, and so on. I finally get around to your case after a week has passed. I drop by to see you late in the afternoon, unpleasantly near five o'clock, which is the hour when my work should be done. There is a sense of strain between us as I call all the members of your family together, go

to the living room or kitchen, and begin to ask questions as pleasantly and quickly as possible.

The first item on the program is residence verification. The Wicks law says that your creed, race or political affiliations do not matter; but you must have resided in the state for two years and in the city for one year before I can consider your case. You can convince me that you meet these requirements by displaying four documents, dated six months apart. Rent receipts or gas and light bills are the most commonly used. If you have thrown away all household papers, you are out of luck. If you have lived away from the state for more than a year within the last two years, you are out of luck. If you are a single man and your address is Central Park, you are out of luck. In this last case you had better locate a bed with an address affixed and settle down for two years. Meanwhile you can go to the private welfare agencies.

After fifteen minutes of conversation I know more about you and your family than ever you did. If I notice a diamond ring on your wife's hand, I probably will not comment, but I will draw my own conclusions. Throughout the interview you probably have been telling me that you never thought you would come to this, that what you want is a job. I reply that you must be officially on relief before procuring a job from us, and that most of the jobs we pass out are those involving a pick and shovel. As I walk out, you ask "How long?"

"Oh, don't worry," I answer. "If everything goes all right, about a week or ten days."

That night at home I write up your case. I refer to myself as relief worker and to you as client, family, man, or woman, and to your children as John, 4, and Mary, 8. If you could read what I write you would

be disgusted at its dry unemotional tone and its ungrammatical language.

Before I can pass on your case I must collect a minimum of two "collaterals." This entails visits to your relatives, in order to ask them to support you; telephone calls to your friends, visits to your grocery store, and so on. I also send out additional forms to your previous employers, forms to your bank, and wherever else it occurs to me that I may check. The crux of the case is your ability to account for the manner in which you have lived since you last held a steady job. If you fail to show enough assets for this period to convince me that you have made the grade, I conclude you are concealing resources and recommend that your case be rejected. If you show too many, I conclude you have been getting along all right so far, and that you can get along in the same way a little longer without the aid of the HRB. If you own a car, or any kind of property, it's just too bad. See you later.

After I have completed your case I pass it on to my aide. He shows it to the supervisor, who says yes or no. However, my recommendations are accepted in almost every case. And suppose I happened to be unscrupulous, and suppose I didn't like the slant of your nose? Well, you could always reapply in another month or so.

The one question I have not asked is how much it takes you and your family to live. However, that is something we know already. The family of four receives up to \$12 a month for rent, no bath and no steam. With bath, \$15 a month; with bath and steam, \$17. The single man or woman is given a flat, \$10 maximum rent. Next is food. This is computed biweekly on an individual basis. Three dollars and thirty cents for men; \$3.10 for women. Two dollars for infants, \$2.40 up to the age of fourteen, \$2.60 up to the age of sixteen. Pregnancy

draws sixty cents biweekly. Undernourishment (certified at a clinic in writing), twenty-five cents biweekly for cod-liver oil; bottle to be inspected by me. Diet supplement: Single, fifty per cent extra; two in family, twenty-five per cent; three in family, fifteen per cent. Gas, seventy cents biweekly. Electricity, sixty cents. Soap, which we call "household needs," five cents a week per person. We pay your rent by voucher, good only to the landlord, once a month. Food, gas, electricity and household needs come via a city check, good for cash, twice a month. The first food ticket you receive is voucher-relief, acceptable only at grocery stores in order that you purchase food, and food only.

Altogether, with four in your family, you will be drawing almost \$38 per month. If you are single, you receive about \$20. However, I have seen budgets as high as \$70 for a family of nine.

III

It sometimes happens that a family which applies for home relief is not altogether destitute. The man of the family may procure an occasional day of work. One of the sons may be running errands. Someone may even possess a steady job at \$12 a week or more. Such incomes are deducted from the budget—either from the rent voucher or the food ticket. Most are taken from the latter so as to avoid evictions if we leave the payment of rent to the family. Cases of this kind are called supplementary relief cases. Legally, a family may be accepted for relief if its income falls only \$1 below our standards.

Let us say, then, that a given case has been accepted. The first batch of tickets comes through. In extraordinary instances, I have heard of a case being completed within twenty-four hours after the filling

out of the application blank; but ordinarily a client waits from two to five weeks. The investigator calls on his new client with identity cards, food ticket, coal book, and gas and light notices to inform the utility companies that the HRB is paying all bills. The case now is in order. Once a month the investigator will be given a rent voucher for delivery. Twice a month an agent from the Department of Finance calls with the food ticket. The case next settles down to drab routine which in many instances consists of a drawn-out duel between the client and the investigator. The client wants to conceal the dribble of income which he may earn on the outside, and the investigator is determined to close the case with all the means at hand.

At this point it is necessary to return to the subject of bookkeeping. All cases belong either to an A or a B week, and each case has its particular "feeding day." This means that twice a month each folder is taken from the master files and given to its investigator, who describes his past visits in the case history, makes changes in the budget and in general sees that the case is up to date. After the investigator has passed on the budget, the PRC card is given to the posting clerks, who prepare it for the ticket, check, coal and surplus food auditors. This work keeps the investigator busy about half the day. He spends the balance of it in his territory making the rounds, for every family must be visited at least twice a month.

One of these write-ups, made in the client's home before his eyes, might read "6/18/35. SW&2K. MOLFW. HOK. Sophie, 15, IB. WAFC. W said M has no work in sight. OU. RRBC." Translated this signifies: "Saw woman and two kids. Man out looking for work. Health of family average. Woman said man sees no chance of employment. Sophie, 15, at hospital for

cardiac treatment. Otherwise no change. Recommend relief be continued."

This is the average write-up, but there are infinite variations. Something is always going on within the family circle which tends either toward the appearance of employment, or greater dependence on relief. The investigator likes to see every one at home when he calls. Then he can be sure that no one in the family is employed. If a son or daughter at work has not been registered, it is up to the investigator to remain in ignorance, or learn the facts and close the case. Again and again he is told that Man is out looking for work, or that Henry, 21, is taking a walk in the park, or that Man just went downstairs, and so on. If the investigator makes regular visits, he is likely to find the entire family at home, but otherwise the relief recipients may be scattered. Suspicion then is aroused.

In addition to the due budget, each family is accorded coal and surplus food. These are distributed by separate stations in each precinct. Coal comes in the form of a booklet containing eight yellow tickets, each being good for 100 pounds. The life of the booklet is one month. After this time has elapsed, new booklets are delivered. At present, little or no system of coal delivery exists, although such projects have often been formulated. Twice a week the relief recipient journeys to the coal station—which may be a mile distant—waits in line, and carries home a 100-pound bag of coal. If he can spare fifteen or twenty cents, he may rent one of the fleet of push-carts and baby carriages parked with their operators near the stations, but there is no guarantee that the coal will reach home under this arrangement. There are even wagons engaged in the delivery system, but they are equally untrustworthy. If the relief recipient is decrepit and knows of no one who can perform the errand, it is

possible, with much effort on the part of the investigator, to add \$2.40 to the monthly food ticket. Of course if the needy person has steam heat, he will be free of the whole nuisance. It is surprising, however, the great number of apartments in the heart of New York which are heated by coal stoves. Something like half the metropolis's relief hearths are warmed by this method.

The surplus food book is good for three months. It contains twelve tickets, one for each week. On the client's first visit to the surplus food station he is assigned to a weekday, on which and only on which he may thenceforth call. What he receives during these visits varies according to the size of his family, and the supplies on hand. The three staples are canned drought-beef, potatoes, and rice, although butter, cheese, frozen beef, frozen veal, and other commodities are sometimes issued. The average ration is a five-pound bag of potatoes, two pounds of rice, and a two-pound can of beef. This meat is inferior to the bully-beef issued during the World War. It is not inedible, but families a month or so on relief are likely to forget it altogether.

God help the client who expects the Emergency Home Relief Bureau to procure for him a set of false teeth, a wig, a glass eye, or a wooden leg. We go as far as eyeglasses, but there we stop. We can issue vouchers worth \$6 for mattresses, in cases where invalids are sleeping on bed-springs covered by overcoats. If some one has just conspicuously died on a mattress, we can provide a new one. We can also occasionally go so far as special shoes for paralytics, and medical corsets, if the prices do not exceed the limits of reason. Anything else is up to the outside charity agencies, whose specialties, however, are psychiatry, vocational guidance and domestic problems, rather than cash, clothes or food.

IV

Insurance may also be considered an extra. We have learned that the overwhelming majority of our clients have policies. Most of these are of the industrial type—and life rather than endowment. Yet in a large number of cases the policies lapsed quite a few years back. The new investigator is generally amazed by the sense of value which his relief families attach to the policies, no matter how long ago they expired, for Potter's Field presents, to the indigent, an ever-present threat.

We will say that you own a policy worth \$800 on which you have been paying \$1.50 per week. A week after your case has been opened, the insurance adjuster sends word to appear at his office with any policies you possess, no matter their state. After you have been summoned three times and have failed to appear, you receive a letter warning that this is the last call. If you still fail to put in an appearance, your case will be closed. But generally you show up. The adjuster notes the number of your policy and sends it to the Liability Insurance Adjustment Board. In a few weeks your investigator announces that you will shortly receive a check for, say, \$100. He also decides how this money is to be spent. If there are four in your family, you are allowed \$40 for clothing. As your monthly budget comes to \$40, your case is therefore suspended for a month and a half until the remaining \$60 of the adjustment has been consumed. If the amount of the adjustment is over \$200, your case will be closed, on the assumption that when this sum is gone you will have found a job.

In the meantime, what has happened to your policy? Before long, it is returned, paid up to date. It now is worth \$250, and you pay only twenty-five cents per week on it.

Clients take various attitudes towards the HRB's insurance program, ranging from anger to thankfulness. Those who think their commercial agent has been cheating them for years feel as if our adjustments are a godsend. Others believe they have been robbed. Most misunderstandings result from the fact that our clients do not understand that relief is only for paupers — genuine paupers who have nothing of value but a houseful of secondhand furniture.

Clothing also is an extra budgetary allowance. During the brief but vast growth of the HRB, many schemes have been employed to solve this problem. At one time the bureau furnished clothing. If your wife wanted a slip, a housedress and a pair of shoes, she told her investigator and the required articles were procured. Attending to the sartorial needs of 1,000,000 people, however, was found to be too complicated when handled in this manner. Lately, checks and vouchers have been distributed for the direct purchase of clothing. Every few months, investigators are told that they can spend perhaps \$100 on their case-load. The efficient investigator makes a rapid survey of his families and spends eighty per cent of his funds on underwear and shoes for children. Averaged over a period of nine months, the 400 individuals whose needs I supply have received exactly \$1 cash. Of course, it does not work out exactly this way. The hundred neediest received \$4 each, and the others nothing.

Blankets also come under the heading of clothes. Occasionally they are obtainable after a special job of bookkeeping at the surplus food stations. Figures show, in general, that every other family receives one blanket yearly.

The complications attendant on the handling of extra allowances are many. Whenever an investigator procures a

blanket for three of his families, he can be sure that the rest of his case-load will raise a howl, and the same is true of clothing. Clients are prone to argue that if they did not have to sleep without sufficient covering, we would have smaller doctors' bills to pay. One old lady told me that if we sent her a set of false teeth, she could cure her stomach trouble, and we would not have to add a diet supplement to her food ticket.

The HRB pays for doctors at the rate of \$2 per visit. Drugstore bills also are paid — up to reasonable amounts. We do not handle matters dealing with expensive hypodermics and similar treatments. These are for the city hospitals.

I can not say that my case-load is in a particularly healthy state. Rheumatism, arthritis and cardiac trouble, as well as throat and nose ailments, are the most common complaints. Goiter, syphilis, rickets, tuberculosis and varicose veins also are prevalent. Entire families are cardiacs. I am not well-informed on this subject, but it seems to me that the damp, dark and poorly heated rooms in which my clients live, together with the limitations of their diet, must have considerable to do with the prevalence of cardiac trouble.

Beyond the existence of ordinary disease, malnutrition in clients of all ages is the most overwhelming complaint. I know a receptionist who has worked in the same precinct and handled the same thousands of clients for two years. She tells me that it is possible to see the progress of malnutrition from month to month. The experts who calculated our budgets worked them out to the last calorie, but I am afraid that the best housewife is no such scientific authority. If she weakens and buys a spanking sirloin on her feeding day, the whole system is wrecked for the following two weeks.

V

On my case-load I have eighty-five home-relief and ten work-relief families. I see little of the latter, since we do not pay their rent. My work-relief clients are employed mostly in the parks and on various recreation projects and civic developments, all of which are non-commercial in character. Nearly all my working clients are pick and shovel men, whatever their past trades. They work three days a week and receive \$12, with the exception of one timberman, who works two days a week for \$12, and a housewrecker who labors forty-nine hours a month at \$1 per hour. From these figures it may be seen that work-relief salaries are pretty well scaled to \$50 per month. Single men may not "go on W.R.," and only one W.R. job may be allotted any one family. In cases where the monthly budget is higher than \$50, we pay the families the difference. These work-relief jobs do not seem to last; six months is exceptional.

Relief is granted on a basis of need, not moral merit. It is taken away for reasons of self-sufficiency, and not immorality. Wife-beating and drunkenness — two practices which seldom occur separately — are not punished. The family concerned merely goes on voucher-relief. In other words, grocery vouchers are substituted for cash tickets. Voucher-relief is no joke for either investigator or client. The latter sees not five cents in cash from month to month. As for the investigator, it becomes his duty to collect gas and electric bills and arrange for payment. Prostitution is not considered sufficient reason for closing a case, unless the investigator is certain that it shows profit. Such practices as adultery, marihuana smoking, gambling, petty thievery and rowdyism seldom worry the investigator. As long as vice does not upset the budget of the relief family, it might as well not exist insofar as relief routine is concerned.

In the early days the relief agents were recruited from the unemployed themselves, upon the theory that the lame may tend the lame, but before long it was learned that the lame led the lame rather poorly. Since that time, the administration of relief has been made a non-relief project. In other words a millionaire can procure a job as an investigator if he has the qualifications. The cry of the personnel departments has been for more "educational background types," so that soon it may be possible to find all the staff above the rank of investigator possessing college degrees, or some varieties of special training, or both. Former charity workers, professional men and schoolteachers are the main axles in our machine.

Unfortunately it seems that our work does not permit us to have a high morale or a complacent state of mind. There is nothing cheerful about our jobs. The merchandise in which we deal is human merchandise and highly fragile, capable of any sudden vagary of revolt or decay. We are one-third messenger boy, one-third soul doctor, and one-third detective. The confusion produced by blending these functions produces a pathetic cynicism, tempered with nervous strain which, particularly in the case of women, is apt to produce hysteria. Every day or so some girl bursts into tears for no apparent reason.

Our greatest thrill comes when we catch fakers red-handed, or when we get the goods on an inveterate grumbler who has been collecting home-relief and at the same time holding a job on work-relief, and driving a taxi at night. Our greatest pleasure comes when we finish our work early — once in a while. We are most annoyed when we are transferred to a precinct miles away from where we live, when we are

shifted from case-load to case-load, when we take a pay cut, or when we are fired. All these things occur with a frequency unknown in private business.

As I have indicated, there is no home relief program which is free of rackets. The main racket of course is concealing jobs. Charwomen, taxi drivers, actors, musicians and others who work at night are the hardest to apprehend for the investigating staff's day ends at five o'clock. Garment workers also are elusive since their trade compels them to be in the market all day if they want to procure an occasional hour or week of work. Part time, a curse to the employed, is a blessing to relief clients. As for peddlers, it is not difficult to discover if they are at work, but it is practically impossible to learn their earnings, if any. Men and women who work at night spend a good part of the day in bed, but they explain that by saying they have colds or headaches.

The complaints which the bureaus receive come from two main sources—anonymously letters and neighborhood quarrels. We will say that Mrs. Jones's boy, Harold, musses up Willie, Mrs. Smith's little boy, on the sidewalk. Mrs. Smith waits until her investigator arrives and then tells him that Mr. Jones drives a milk wagon, that he has \$3000 in the bank under his wife's maiden name, that he pays \$3 per week to an insurance agent, that he owns a car and an expensive radio, that his wife has a diamond ring, that his father receives an old age pension, and that he owns half-interest in a grocery store in Long Island City. We receive so many of these complaints that we have special employees to take care of them.

Information received orally or in writing is never altogether correct, and never altogether wrong. It would be simple to check the facts if the complainant knew the address of her erring neighbor's place of em-

ployment, his wife's maiden name, or the location of the property he owns, but such is seldom the case. Not infrequently I writing an admission from someone that he makes enough, say, to pay the rent. Several months later this client is likely to display a dispossession writ in order to convince me that although he may occasionally peddle, he makes no profit. Whether I believe him or not, I resume the rent vouchers.

The HRB has never been able to halt the sale, at discount, of rent vouchers, food vouchers, coal books and surplus food books, and eight-cent milk. Clients never reveal these rackets to the investigator. They do, however, besiege him with endless tales about coalbags full of bricks, rotten meat and potatoes, coal station and food station employees who take three tickets when they should take only two, and sell the third. Last winter it was a common practice for coal station employees to sell clients an extra bag for forty cents, twenty cents, or whatever could be procured. Certain investigators have taken bribes to conceal the existence of an insurance policy, or a job, or other assets. One individual, recently dismissed, had a messenger boy in his employ; as for himself, he only visited homes where he could collect.

It will be seen therefore that our relationships with our clients are not always of the best. The investigator may have secured an actual degree of friendship with his client, but when he gives a clothing voucher or a blanket to a needier neighbor, the friendship is irretrievably ended. It is impossible to convince the average client that the bureau is not capable of giving anything requested. Rents are often late, or skipped altogether, according to the efficiency of the bookkeeping department. In such cases the blame automatically falls on the investigator.

On my rounds I can seldom progress more than a hundred feet without being waylaid by a client who thinks he has been deprived of necessities. People call from windows, stop me on stairways, and send their children to fetch me with all manner of stories. I have come to accept this as a part of the daily routine, recording all demands in writing, no matter how fantastic they seem. This appears to afford my clients some degree of satisfaction.

Thus home relief does not make possible a reasonable state of mind, or a healthy outlook, or decent family relationships. Rather than generating confidence in the recipient's mind, it afflicts him with mistrust, doubt, envy, and smoldering anger. If the American system of relief entailed the formation of bread lines before the precinct offices, it hardly seems necessary

to say that there would be serious trouble.

The most regrettable effect of home relief is its tendency to disrupt family life. A wife may never understand why her husband cannot procure work. The fact that he spends most of his time around the kitchen table is enough to strain marital relationships. The husband, having already lost confidence in himself as a man, and forced to spend hours every day looking for work or sitting in the parks, begins to lose confidence in himself as a human being.

No matter if all America's millions of relief cases were given jobs tomorrow, the wounds of public maintenance upon their self-respect would not heal, and hundreds of thousands of wedges driven into American family life could never be extracted.



A DOUBLE STAR

BY DAVID McCORD

UNDER one star, now, or under two?
 We can't be wrong if we choose them both:
 For a binary light is more than true
 When it's twice itself—on the skyman's oath.

And choosing a star of double strength,
 As half to follow and half to share,
 No matter the square of the light-year length,
 It will fall on the road with a beam to spare.

Two stars, two people: alike or not,
 An orbit in common has much to show
 In the darkest night of the brightest spot,
 And the eyes to see, and the way to go.

WINGS OVER JAPAN

BY ARLINGTON B. CONWAY

SINCE 1918, air forces have received the lion's share of attention whenever war is discussed, and attack from the air looms as the most immediate danger which national defense must guard against. Coincident with the ascendancy of the defensive in the tactics of armies and the strategy of fleets, a new force of potentially great offensive power has been developed. In the last fifteen years, the speed, range, and reliability of aircraft have been many times increased, and the limit to their powers cannot yet be predicted. Air forces may decide the next war.

Now the air has a particular importance for Japan: so long as the naval and military strengths of the powers remain as at present and so long as no new bases are established in the Pacific within the Washington Conference stabilized zone, the only threat to Japan's security is the possibility of air attack by Russia from the Vladivostok base. Get out your atlas and, with a pair of compasses, strike an arc with center Vladivostok and radius Vladivostok-Tokyo. This arc will include practically all the important cities and industrial centers of Japan. Its radius is some 670 miles, a distance which, though beyond the effective range of present-day bombing aircraft, could be attained, at a risk, with reduced loads. And, of course, many important objectives in Japan lie closer to the Russian air bases. The Japanese have a special reason to fear air

attack, for their cities are built largely of wood, and, as recurrent disasters prove, a fire once well-started will engulf wide areas.

The best way to stave off such an air attack would be to turn the Russians out of the Maritime Province — Vladivostok — as they have been turned out of Manchuria, and it is in this direction that Japanese policy seems to tend. A war in this territory would test the theories that mechanical forces, such as tanks and aircraft, will be decisive and that man- and horse-powered armies are anachronistic survivals.

But even if Russia is not the opponent, aircraft must play an important part in any war Japan may wage. The reason is that she will have to carry out an overseas expedition to gain a decision, and it is very clear that an army cannot be landed on a hostile coast unless the invaders have undisputed local command of the air. So Japan's chances of success in war will probably depend on the efficiency of her air forces, as much as on any other factor.

Until a few years ago it was widely believed not only that Japan was very backward as regards the number and quality of her aircraft, but that, furthermore, the Japanese were essentially lacking in air sense, were not mechanically minded, and so could never be a first-class air power. Young officers were supposed to enter the flying services filled with the conviction

that they were about to acquire great and sudden merit by an early death in the line of duty. It was further stated that the mountainous Japanese territory made flying conditions difficult.

All these confident predictions are now considered, by the best foreign observers, to have been hasty and wide of the mark. Let us view, without prejudice, the actual state of Japanese military aviation today.

II

The efficiency of an air force depends on the following factors: (1) the spirit of its personnel, including the character of its leaders; (2) the technical skill of the personnel, in flying and in the use of weapons; (3) the quality of the material, airplanes and auxiliary equipment; (4) the organization for servicing that equipment in the field—for maintaining it in working order under active service conditions; (5) the capacity of the nation to manufacture material in time of war, adequate in quantity and quality; (6) the reserves of personnel with flying skill, to meet the inevitable heavy losses among the first-line men, and for expansion; (7) the nation's capacity for technical advance, for research, invention, and design, without which it would be outstripped in any air war which lasted longer than a few months.

Taking the above factors in order, let us commence by admitting that the military spirit of the Japanese, both officers and men, is excellent. They have, according to unanimous report, a devotion to their service and a readiness to sacrifice themselves which cannot be equalled anywhere. The Japanese must score high points for morale, which is probably even more important in warfare in the air than on the ground or on the sea.

As for technical skill, it seems that, while Japanese pilots do not quite reach the standard of the best of Western nations, they are not far behind and are getting better. They are generally good shots. At present, most of the senior officers who would be responsible for air strategy and the higher aspects of tactics, are not fliers, though doubtless in a few years officers with pilot's qualifications will reach the upper ranks. This, as well as the lack of experience in actual air warfare, is a weakness. The Japanese must take their theory of this branch of the art at secondhand. But this means little; military history of the last century is full of examples of a nation with recent war experience being beaten by one that had none.

The equipment of Japan's air forces is now nearly all Japanese-made; only a few years ago it was all imported. It is true, however, that so far there is not a single type of Japanese aircraft which is anything more than an imitation of a foreign machine, sometimes manufactured under license with a Japanese name, sometimes produced without so much formality. The machines have a good performance and are soundly constructed, but, due to the facts just stated, they are naturally not equal to the latest equipment of the few first-class air powers which design and develop their own aircraft.

To keep a squadron of airplanes operating efficiently in wartime requires the services of many expert mechanics. Owing to the improvements in motors and frame structures, such maintenance is perhaps less of a problem now than it was in 1918; still, it is of the greatest importance. The men in the Japanese flying service are conscripts, mostly from country districts, who serve two years in the ranks. It is manifestly impossible to make

a rice farmer into a good mechanic in this length of time. In peacetime, the maintenance of aircraft is assigned to skilled civilians who are not even reservists. This feature of the Japanese air organization would be a serious weakness in time of war, for Japan has no important motorcar industry to turn to as an alternative source for supplying mechanics. The idea that the Japanese are not mechanically-minded is a stupid one; when they have the opportunity to work with machines regularly, they turn out to be as good mechanics as any other people. But not a great many of them have this opportunity at present, though doubtless more will in the future.

Reserves of personnel with flying skill are meager; this is due to the limited development of civil aviation, which is, in turn, accounted for partly by unfavorable geographic circumstances. Since the founding of the State of Manchukuo there has been a considerable expansion. Nevertheless, in 1934, there were only 157 civil aircraft, 391 pilots, and 200 mechanics registered. These figures have increased very slowly, even in recent years. In 1934, Japan licensed only 50 new pilots, as against 400 by France, 600 by Great Britain, and 4000 by the United States.

The output of the Japanese aircraft-construction industry has risen from 300 a year in 1931 to 1000 a year in 1934, according to estimates, and its productive capacity is now thought to be about 65 airplanes and 135 motors a week. These figures will probably be increased, but the Japanese aircraft makers are even more dependent on state aid and orders than their confreres in Western countries. Civil aviation is limited, as just stated, and there is no export trade and little prospect of any. So the development of the industry is a heavy burden on governmental fi-

nance. The absence of large-scale automotive manufactures, which, in war, could be switched to the production of aircraft, is here, as it is in regard to the supply of mechanics, another unfavorable factor. Since the mass of the population is poor, and since there are very few good roads, it looks as though many years must elapse before there will be as many automobiles in Japan as there are today in European countries.

It is obvious that a nation which is content to imitate the aircraft designed by other nations can never hope to gain those occasional advantages which the possession of superior machines confers: that is, it cannot hope to do so when its opponent's aircraft industry can not only imitate but also produce original designs. Superiority in the air during the World War passed from one side to another, as the Germans or the Allies brought out more powerful and maneuverable machines.

Japan has quite a number of institutes devoted to aviation research, but so far their contribution to the advancement of the world's knowledge appears to have been nil. One cannot say, of course, that Japan will never produce researchers or designers who will be the equals of the men who have so brilliantly developed aviation these last twenty years; all one can say is that, until she does, she will not be a first-class air power.

It is an extremely difficult matter to devise a simple and satisfactory standard for comparing the strengths of national air forces, as the Geneva disarmament commissioners have found out to their cost. The simplest method is to compare the first-line air strengths—the numbers of aircraft established in active air units, exclusive of reserves. The inadequacy of this basis of comparison is obvious if it is agreed that the criteria which have

been discussed above are the true ones to apply in assessing air strength. Nevertheless, propagandists for the increase of national air forces usually do compare first-line strengths when they don't adopt the device of comparing the first-line strength of their own nation with the first-line, training, and reserve strengths of other nations.

Furthermore, it is not at all easy to get accurate figures, even of first-line strengths, owing to official policies of secrecy and to the deliberately false information which is often broadcast. Dozens of different estimates of Japan's first-line strength have been made. At present, I judge it to be about 600* aircraft, which will be increased about twenty-five per cent when the replenishment program is completed in 1938.

III

Reviewing the facts about Japan's air forces, we come to the conclusion that, while a great improvement has taken place in the last decade, Japan has not yet raised herself to the small circle of first-class air powers and that there are formidable difficulties in the way of her doing so. Given time she may accomplish it, as she has accomplished so many things which we

did not think Orientals could do. But will she have the time before she is obliged to meet the hazards of war?

The program for replenishing and increasing material for the navy and army, including the air forces, is imposing a terrible strain on the country's finances. Since 1931, military and naval expenditures have increased from 454,000,000 yen (in 1931-32) to 1,021,000,000 yen (in 1935-36). The latter sum is almost half the total national expenditure. For some years, there have been great deficits in the budget, covered by the sale of bonds. But some of the bonds issued to cover last year's deficit remain unsold. The situation is dangerous, and ministers of finance have protested violently against these huge expenditures for defense. But since the beginning of the Manchurian episode, the militarists are more firmly in the saddle than ever, and the threats and pleadings of the money-handlers have been unavailing. Nothing is clearer than this, however: that the national finances cannot stand the present rate of expenditure indefinitely.

What will the men who run Japan do in the face of the approaching crisis?

Well, what does a tiger do when he is hungry?

* This number includes both naval and military aircraft. The Japanese organization is the same as the American in keeping naval and military air forces distinct and under the control of the older services, in contradistinction to the policy of a unified air force, adopted by such nations as Great Britain and Italy.

JAMES JOYCE AND THE NEW FICTION

BY L. A. G. STRONG

NOVELISTS may be divided roughly into two classes, the traditional and the experimental. The traditional novelist is one who finds existing methods of expression adequate for what he has to say. He may add to the tradition, but what he adds will be a mannerism, a new way of using the accepted tools. He has not needed to forge tools of his own. The experimental novelist, on the other hand, finds the existing tools inadequate. His difficulty resembles the poet's. Both are ahead of their time. Language lags behind perception, being merely an agreement to give certain names to things which we see often enough to agree about them. But the poet and the experimental novelist are seeing new things about which there is no general agreement. The existing language is inadequate to convey their discoveries.

"If now," says Goethe, "a man of genius gains an insight into the secret operations of Nature, the language which has been handed down to him is inadequate to express anything so remote from ordinary affairs. He ought to have at his command the language of spirits to express truly his peculiar perceptions." The language of spirits being inaccessible, poet and novelist have to do what they can, not only with language, but with the actual approach to the thoughts they are trying to convey.

Experiments in the novel go therefore by way of language and structure. By structure I do not so much mean architecture, the way in which the various episodes are

dovetailed in, as the way in which they are originally viewed. Great changes have occurred here, and greater are foreshadowed, changes based on new conceptions of space and time. The traditional way of telling a story can best be illustrated by a picture of a car running along a road which has length but little breadth, and passing a succession of objects in a definite order. We begin at the beginning and go straight through to the end. But some of the new novelists approach their work in a quite different manner. We may be presented with a story in which the sequence of events is unimportant—at least, in which the sequence of events as presented is not that in which the events originally occurred. "Originally occurred" begs the question, of course; we have no right to suppose that the author envisaged his story otherwise than as he has presented it, but I am assuming a reader, reared on the traditional novel, who for his own convenience is at pains to sort out what actually happened, and arrange it in the left-to-right time sequence his mind demands. It is possible that he may have to be asked to regard this sorting and this sequence as unimportant, if not an actual hindrance to his understanding of the new work.

What is more, the change may extend from structure to the use of language. The reader may be asked to contemplate a page of which the meaning does not depend upon the left-to-right sequence he has used from childhood. It is all a question of what

we may call the unit of comprehension. With an infant, this is one word only. Soon, however, we learn to extend this, and can take in the meaning of three or four words at once, without depending upon their order. A child of six or seven can receive "big new snowman" as a unit. "Limping little pink-eyed spotted dog" will convey a single impression, which will not be disturbed by a rearrangement of the order of the adjectives. A really quick professional reader can assimilate meaning in far longer units. What is more, if he is familiar with, say, German, in which the order of words in a sentence differs markedly from the English order, or Latin, in which it is more arbitrary than in either — where, as a rule, order is the last thing at which one looks for a clue to meaning — he learns to depend less and less on the left-to-right method. He learns to take word blocks of varying length as his unit.

I suggest that among the things demanded of the reader by, for instance, James Joyce in his later work, is an extension of this capacity, which will enable him to comprehend a still larger unit, the paragraph. Obviously no one can take in, by a single act of apprehension, a long paragraph. What he can do, however, is to suspend his effort to make sense of it until he has reached the end. Instead of saying to himself *seriatim*, "Now what exactly does that mean?" as he passes from image to image in left-to-right order, let him receive the images at their face value and then, at the end, try to see what effect the paragraph as a whole has left upon his mind. For if a novelist may apply new time conceptions to his whole book, and use the post-in-a-field technique, why should he not apply it to the single paragraph and deliver what he has to say by collective impressions, each of which, like the simpler combinations of noun and adjective with which we are

familiar, does not derive its meaning from the *order* in which its component parts are arranged?

This, then, is a first suggestion for approaching communications of such undoubted difficulty as *Work in Progress*. The next step is to examine the language in which the impressions are conveyed.

II

With Joyce words have always had a value in themselves, apart from their value as the names of things and qualities. He has more than a poet's, more than a singer's, more than a priest's, sensitiveness to them. The key passage comes from his early novel, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*:

He drew forth a phrase from his treasure and spoke it softly to himself:

—A day of dappled seaborne clouds.

The phrase and the day and the scene harmonized in a chord. Words. Was it their colours? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the grey fringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many-coloured and richly-storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supply of periodic prose?

... he raised his eyes towards the slow-drifting clouds, dappled and seaborne. They were voyaging across the deserts of the sky, a host of nomads on the march, voyaging high over Ireland, westward bound. The Europe they had come from lay out there beyond the Irish Sea, Europe of strange tongues and valleyed and wood-begirt and citadelled and of entrenched and marshalled races. He heard a confused

music within him as of memories and names which he was almost conscious of but could not capture even for an instant; then the music seemed to recede, to recede, to recede: and from each receding trail of nebulous music there fell always one long-drawn calling note, piercing like a star the dusk of silence. Again! Again! Again! A voice from beyond the world was calling.

There are in this the germs of the vocabulary and technique of *Ulysses*, the hieratic concentration on words themselves of *Work in Progress*, the evocative rhythms of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, the associative multilingual stuff, the dream vocabulary of *Work in Progress* as a whole — and something beside. Joyce's feeling for words, whether he is conscious or not of the fact, is magical. The words are the material for an incantation. Here again the clue is in the *Portrait of the Artist*, in the religious scenes, where the Latin words exercise upon the fainting heart of Stephen Dedalus their more than symbolic meaning. Here, from angles so widely different that each would recoil in indignation, Joyce and Yeats meet: Yeats with his magic, Joyce with his superstition. Over *Ulysses*, as over the earlier work, broods the sense of sin, that terrific spiritual legacy which the Catholic Church irrevocably leaves her children. *Ulysses* is a great Catholic novel. The blasphemies that turn the shortsighted against it are the desperate gestures of a man doomed to accept, with his spiritual entrails, if not with his intellect, certain Last Things. The whole book is the agonized attempt of an artist to bring all life within his scope, aware that his effort is also a religious effort and agonized because, while his genius bids him accept his own interpretation, he cannot escape from the interpretations of others. The Catholic artist knows that none other is better equipped to face and portray life in all its aspects, but he is tortured by expediency.

Joyce's words, then, are his ritual, his incantation, and he is as serious in their use as any priest. In many of the scenes in *Ulysses* they are governed by theory, as where, in the lying-in hospital, the language moves to the New World to celebrate the arrival of the new life. This variation in language, the Graeco-German combinations of words, and the boldness of association are the main contributions of *Ulysses* to the art of the novel. Joyce's avowed purpose was so to reconstruct Dublin, in the compass of a single day of June, 1904, that if the city were swallowed in an earthquake a reader of the book would find a perfect record of what had gone on. More than photographic description is needed for such a reconstruction. Magic is necessary, and magic proceeds by incantation.

How Joyce's technique of incantation may be used is shown in *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, particularly in the closing paragraphs. By a dreamy, rhythmic movement, a gradual whispering of faint pictures, a scene, a mood, an impression is evoked, elusive, without detail, a glimmer of summer twilight, perceived by a dreaming mind that is at once a tree on the bank, a stone, an old woman talking to herself and to others, the river that is flowing by, and the sky that floats reflected in it, and all that rivers and stones and trees and old women have ever meant to man. The appeal is not to the conscious mind, but to the mind in dream, which is reached by a series of gentle, indefinite calls to the lulled senses. No image is so sharp as to project from the twilight: each makes its faint silvery impact and fades blurred into the dream, into the music of the whole crepuscular incantation.

Effects of such delicacy obviously cannot be attained without precision somewhere: and Joyce is one of the most precise and

pernickety of artists. He is, throughout *Work in Progress*, essaying a dream language. *Ulysses* dealt with day. *Work in Progress* deals with night. If, in daytime, language must change to suit its theme, then the language of night-thinking, that series of apparently illogical leaps by which we progress in dream, must likewise be suited to the activities it describes. So into making the language of *Work in Progress* have gone all the allusions, the associations, the puns, the cross-correspondences from language to language, from experience to experience, the accidents, the mistakes, the childhood memories, everything in the life of everyman (Here Cometh Everyman, H. C. Earwicker, Haveth Childers Everywhere, etc.) which has brought about that any one object or idea shall recall or join hands with any other, or be fused with it into a dream object or idea incomprehensible at first sight to the conscious mind.

Some time ago I awoke from a dream with two words vividly upstanding before my mind's eye — HIGGERTH MIZZERS. They appeared in print as the headline of a newspaper, persisting after I was awake, and visible with decreasing clarity every time I shut my eyes again. I could make nothing of them at first. It was not until I had forgotten, and suddenly remembered them again, that I came upon the clue. They were an amalgam of two names in which I was interested, plus a memory connected with one of the names. The first name was Harry Mizler, a lightweight boxer whose performances I had been following. The second was Mis Tor, a horse I had occasionally backed. My reason for backing it was largely sentimental: Great Mis Tor is the highest peak of Southern Dartmoor, where I used to live, and I have often climbed it. Another name for it is High Mis Tor. A Devonian for "great" says "gert"; he would call it Gert Mis Tor.

The horse won one of its races; the boxer, also, appeared in headlines. The component parts of HIGGERTH MIZZERS are no longer obscure.

I give this because it sheds a real light on the formation of the Joyce dream vocabulary. Take a phrase from *Work in Progress*, where flies go "rotandinking round his scalp." The word is graphic enough, and many readers will not stop. It suggests drunken staggering and they will be content with that. But when the roller-skating boom was at its height, the chief rink in Dublin was in the hall called the Rotunda. So to the other suggestion is added the rotary motion of roller-skating, plus the name associated with it in the Dubliner's mind, for the dreamer, however much he is everyman, is a Dubliner, for whom the place names of his city, Howth, Chapelizod ("Hothelizod"), Terenure, Glasnevin, Capel Street ("Qu'appelle?"), Rathfarnham, will always be a personal music. Joyce does not hesitate to delve into this Dubliner's deepest, most local memories, nor for that matter into stores of erudition of his own, though these will not perhaps be as difficult for the general reader as the local references. There is a page in a recently published section of the *Work* which I was only able to understand (dimly at that) through memories of the advertisements in the Dublin trams when I was a child.

J. W. Dunne, the exponent of Serialism, suggests that the confusion we experience in dreams, the way in which we are now inside a room and now on top of a mountain without any sense of transference or incongruity, may be due to our attempts to apprehend a multi-dimensional world in terms of the three dimensions to which we are accustomed. Part of our difficulty with Joyce's paragraphs is, I am sure, due to our habitual attempt to apprehend from

left to right. I have found myself that if I keep my mind unfocussed and read a paragraph aloud two or three times, a collective meaning grows before my mind — a whole picture. "Picture" is the exact word. When we are confronted with a large canvas crowded with detail, we look at it in two ways. We look at it first as a whole; then we come closer and study the details. It may take us a long time to get hold of what each of the figures is doing, and so on. Finally we stand back and look at it once more as a whole. Why not treat one of Joyce's paragraphs like this? Nothing but habit stands in the way.

The real difficulty Joyce has put in his readers' path is not word puzzles, nor erudition, nor Dublin lore, but the fact that he is asking them to *unlearn* something, to study a page as a picture and not as a series of logically connected images arranged in lines from left to right. Faulkner and Isherwood have asked readers to rearrange their ideas of order in the telling of a story. Joyce asks it in the page, the paragraph, the sentence.

III

Where will all this take us? Are we at the opening of a new tract of country or up a cul-de-sac?

Joyce has, of course, exercised a profound influence on the practice of subsequent novelists, but it has come through *Ulysses*. The later technique has found few imitators. It is not a general technique, but a very special set of tools forged for a special purpose. The word amalgams have been copied, but to little purpose, and generally by people who do not know what either they or Joyce are at. This has been the general trouble as regards imitators: that these new methods are hard to understand. Most readers, most novelists,

and more critics have been standing back, waiting for the work to be finished, or, failing that, waiting to see what the other man is going to say about it. There is no disgrace in that. To get the hang of a revolutionary technique requires time. When, two or three years ago, I was given one of the published fragments of *Work in Progress* in my weekly batch of novels for review, I frankly declined to adventure. To tackle anything of the kind at a few hours' notice was a folly requiring more courage than I could command. But if one's mental muscles are not too stiff, one may twist round far enough to envisage certain new possibilities. One may even unlearn, painfully and temporarily, a fixed habit. The reader of poetry has an advantage here.

We are unlikely then to be confronted with a spate of *Anna Livia*, a multitude of *Works in Progress*. Joyce's experiment may prove a dead end, though I do not think so. I do not believe that any writer of importance will follow him as far as he has gone into the recesses of a private associational mythology. But we are likely to see a great increase of flexibility in the use of language, a more poetic manner of writing, and a narrative method informed by the new theories of space and time.

A mark of the experimental novelist is that he always demands an alteration in the level of consciousness of the reader. The traditional novelist comes down to the reader's level (of consciousness, in no derogatory sense), takes him by the hand, and leads him where he will. The experimental novelist remains where he is; the reader, if he is to follow him, must come to his level. This beckoning technique, shared with many contemporary poets, Joyce has in high degree, and here, it may be guessed, he will prove to be strongly influential.

DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT

A Story

BY RICHARD SHERMAN

ALTHOUGH the party wasn't to begin until four, there was hardly any work done all day, even in the morning. Usually when the girls sat idle at their typewriters, if only for a moment, Miss McMahon would come sauntering by and say, "Surely you haven't finished those letters already, Miss Jennings?" or "Miss Carter, I'll take those lists if you've got them done," but today she didn't even bother to leave her desk, and when Miss Lawrence dared to light a cigarette Miss McMahon just smiled and said, "Better not let Mr. Cosgrove catch you smoking, Miss Lawrence." It was really just like the day before the Christmas vacation used to be at high school, and everybody was laughing and talking and sitting on desks and the men from the sales department came in and started kidding and even Mr. Cosgrove stepped out of his office long enough to say, "Well, everybody ready for the big doings?"

The girls knew that Mr. Cosgrove disapproved of office parties, but he couldn't do anything about this one because Mr. Darwin himself had planned it and, at least so the rumor went, was paying for it out of his own pocket. A week before, a notice had been posted on the main bulletin board: "To celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary there will be a party in the reception room next Wednesday. I hope very much that all Darwin employees will come. F. MILTON DARWIN."

All the girls in her department had brought overnight bags containing the dresses they would change into later on. They carried the bags to their lockers self-consciously, saying, "I didn't know *what* to wear, so I just grabbed the first thing that came to hand. After all, it doesn't make any difference—it's just an office party." Yet Agnes noticed that most of them had shampooed their hair and done their nails the night before. She herself had decided on her black velvet. It wasn't new, but it was the best thing she had and nobody in the office had ever seen it. Mamma had wanted her to wear the blue taffeta, but that was more of a formal dress and Agnes didn't want to appear conspicuous or flashy. She had been with Darwin's only three months, and since it was her first job she wasn't quite sure of herself.

Around noon some of the girls asked her to go to lunch with them, and one by one they went out to the ladies' room to change. When each returned, the others said, "What a darling dress!" and then the girl would answer, "This? Why, I've had it for years," which in most cases wasn't true, because the dresses looked brand-new. Agnes was relieved when Miss Abrams, the file clerk, came back in a black satin that looked even older than her own black velvet.

They went to Schrafft's, and since it was a sort of holiday, everyone ordered the

eighty-five cent lunch, and Miss Lawrence even had an orange blossom cocktail. Agnes felt a little guilty about paying so much, because after all Mamma needed every cent she brought home, yet she didn't want the girls to think her a cheap-skate.

After dawdling over their coffee, and smoking innumerable cigarettes, they walked up Fifth Avenue several blocks before going back to the office. It was two-thirty when they finally returned, and already the preparations for the party were well started. Miss Gordon, the receptionist, was standing in the middle of the reception room giving orders to Eddie, the head messenger boy, and Eddie was transmitting the orders to Oscar and Jake. Jake was old and kind of half-witted. When he talked he blinked his eyes and twisted his neck as if it hurt him to bring the words out of his mouth. He was moving the chairs up against the wall, and Oscar was on top of a ladder hanging a wreath over the picture of old man Darwin, the founder of the firm.

As the afternoon went on, things got more and more exciting. No one even pretended to be doing any work now; they just sat and waited for the party to begin, and when the telephones rang they took their time about answering. Once Miss McMahon picked hers up savagely, and after a pause said, "Well, you won't get it this afternoon, that's final. We're having a party." Then she rang off and said, "I guess that'll hold them." The girls all laughed. It certainly seemed funny to see Miss McMahon postponing work on account of a party. Somehow it made her more human, too, and the girls said to each other, "Mac's not so bad after all, is she?"

At three-thirty Mr. Lewis and Mr. Jackson, from the advertising department, came in beaming, and began to run

around like a couple of crazy men. Everybody screamed at their antics, and Agnes thought it was just good spirits that made them carry on so, until Miss Lawrence, down whose neck Mr. Jackson had suddenly stuck a handful of confetti, got angry and said, "Listen, you drunks, you got to stop that, see? What do you think this is, anyway?" Then the boys were apologetic.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Mr. Lewis said. "We'll give you a drink. How'll that be?"

Miss McMahon wasn't in the room, so Miss Lawrence said, "Sure," and they poured her out something into a paper cup and she drank it straight off without winking.

"Boy!" said Mr. Jackson. "You sure can take it."

"Maybe I could take a little more of it if anybody offered," said Miss Lawrence, and so they gave her another, and then Mr. Lewis said, "She want one?"

"Who?" said Miss Lawrence.

"That one," said Mr. Lewis, and Agnes realized he meant her, because her desk was next to Miss Lawrence's.

"Sure, I guess so. Step up, Miss Loring, and meet the boys." Miss Lawrence had taken her by the arm, and now she thrust a paper cup into her hand. "It isn't so good," she said, "but I've tasted worse."

Agnes didn't really want to drink it, but she was afraid Miss Lawrence would think her a poor sport if she didn't. Behind her, she felt the eyes of the other girls. They all disapproved of Miss Lawrence, and said she was fast, yet they envied her too. She had more telephone calls than anyone else in the department, and it was her boast that she hadn't paid for her own dinner in three years. Lately Agnes had heard her name coupled with that of Mr. Lansing, who was something big in the

sales department and who also, as everyone knew, was married to an heiress and had a year-old baby.

"Thank you very much," she said, and sipped the drink. It was whiskey; she knew that because Mamma used to give her whiskey that time she had the flu. It was also warming, and not so strong as she had expected; in fact it didn't taste at all bad. Just then Miss McMahon entered the room, and eyed them coldly.

"The party is about to begin," she said. "I think we'd all better be going out now, hadn't we?"

The rest of the girls—Miss Jennings and Miss Carter and Miss Abrams—followed her immediately, smiling at the men as they passed but not looking at either Miss Lawrence or Agnes.

"Looks like a convent out for stroll," Mr. Jackson said, and Miss Lawrence giggled. Agnes felt she should go with the others, but she didn't know how to break away. Finally she said, "Well, I guess I'll be going along too." Nobody made any move to stop her until she was at the door, and then she heard Miss Lawrence say, "Come on. I'll catch hell from Mac if I stay here with you boys. . . . Hey, Loring, wait a minute."

Agnes waited, and she and Miss Lawrence walked toward the reception room together, with Mr. Jackson and Mr. Lewis at their heels. Every now and then one of the boys would run his finger across the back of Miss Lawrence's neck and she would give a high little scream and say, "Now stop!" By the time they reached the reception room they were all red from laughing.

II

At one end of the room there was a long table, the reception table robbed of its

magazines and disguised with a white cloth, and on it were plates of sandwiches and a big cutglass punch bowl.

"Don't tell me," whispered Miss Lawrence, "that there's liquor in that punch. I couldn't bear it."

At that moment Mr. Cosgrove came toward them bearing a plate of sandwiches. He seemed entirely different from the way he usually was in the office. He was smiling and he had a flower in his lapel.

"Well, ladies," he said, extending the plate, "take your choice. They're all good."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Cosgrove," smiled Miss Lawrence, reaching daintily for a sandwich. Agnes also took one, and each of the boys took two. When Mr. Cosgrove had passed on, Miss Lawrence looked after him, still smiling, and said, "Bastard!"

In the far corner of the room the women executives—Mrs. Silvers and Mrs. Patterson and Miss Wainwright—stood talking together. They hadn't changed their clothes; in fact Agnes thought their dresses were a little plainer and older than the ones they usually wore. She knew that they were criticizing the dresses of the rest of the girls, and the way they held their sandwiches and laughed with the men. Suddenly she felt defiant. Why should they consider themselves better than anyone else? After all, this was a party, wasn't it? Employer and employee—there shouldn't be any difference here. Yet there was, just the same, and she knew it.

Mr. Jackson and Mr. Lewis returned, bearing the glasses of punch that Miss Lawrence had sent them to get.

"Anything in it?" said Miss Lawrence.

"Not a thing," said Mr. Lewis, shaking his head regretfully. "Prohibition punch. Lemonade and pineapple juice. Well, here's mud in your eye."

Agnes tasted it, and it seemed to her that there *was* something in it. It seemed that way to Miss Lawrence, too. "Say," she demanded, "are you boys trying to kid me? There's dynamite in this."

"Ridiculous," said Mr. Jackson. "Maybe a little sherry or claret, but certainly nothing more. It wouldn't hurt a child."

Miss Lawrence drained her cup and took another. "I still can't believe it," she said. "Spiked punch at an office party? Things have changed since Repeal, I guess. Why, I can remember . . ."

But Agnes didn't hear what Miss Lawrence could remember, because just then Mr. Pawling came over and said, "Hello, Miss Loring." He had been the first person from whom she had taken dictation, and he was, she thought, the handsomest and the nicest man in the office. Even Miss McMahon was less brusque when she talked with Mr. Pawling, and Mrs. Silvers herself had been known to chat informally with him as they rode down in the elevator together.

"Hello," she said and, without thinking, exchanged her empty cup for the full one he offered.

"I haven't seen you around lately," he said. "How are you getting along?"

She laughed, idiotically she realized, and looked down at her shoes. "Oh, I'm getting along all right. I'm in Mr. Cosgrove's office now, regularly."

For a moment they were silent, while she sought frantically for something to say. At last she said, "I haven't seen you around either."

He said that he had been out on the road. Where? she asked. Oh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago. Just a little trip. . . . A *little* trip, she said. She wouldn't call Chicago exactly a little trip. She'd always wanted to go to Chicago, even before the Fair was on. . . .

She felt she was progressing very well; anyway she was no longer embarrassed. But in the middle of their conversation Miss Wainwright came up and said, "Oh, Mr. Pawling, I've been wanting to ask you something. I understand you went to Yale. You didn't by any chance happen to know my cousin, did you? He was —"

Agnes walked away. She wouldn't remain there to be frozen out by Miss Wainwright who apparently didn't recognize her in spite of the fact that whenever she had any extra work to be done Agnes was the one who did it. If only Miss Wainwright could hear what the girls called her in private. . . . Cheered by this memory, Agnes threaded her way through the crowd — until now she had never realized what a large organization Darwin's was — and tried to look as if she were searching for someone, though actually she wasn't. When a man she didn't know came by with a tray laden with glasses of punch she took one, not because she was thirsty but because it gave her something to do. Now if she could find a sandwich. . . .

"How do you do, Miss — ah, Miss —" Mr. Darwin was standing before her and extending his hand. Both of hers were sticky from the punch, and one held a glass. She shifted the glass to the less sticky one, and shook hands with him, feeling as if she should curtsy too.

"Loring," she said. "I'm in Mr. Cosgrove's office."

He laughed expansively. "Oh, I knew your name, of course, but for the moment it slipped my mind. Are you having a good time, Miss Loring?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I think it's a grand party."

There must have been fifty people in the room, and he was talking to her alone. F. Milton Darwin was talking to her alone. Out of the corner of her eye she

tried to see if Miss Wainwright was noticing them, but couldn't.

"There are going to be songs," he said. "Do you sing?"

If she pretended, she could imagine that she was standing in some elegant drawing room chatting casually as one friend to another. "Yes," she said. "That is, last year in high school I was in the glee club. We used to sing things like—" but Mr. Darwin said, "That's fine, that's fine," without waiting for her to finish, and passed on to speak to one of the little mail girls, saying, "How do you do, Miss—ah, Miss—" and when the girl said, "Heimer," he said, "Oh, I knew your name, of course, but for the moment it slipped my mind. Are you having a good time, Miss Heimer?"

Agnes gulped the rest of her punch. What was the matter with him anyway? If he hadn't been interested in whether or not she sang, why had he asked her?

Then Miss Lawrence came up. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Lewis had disappeared and in their place was Mr. Lansing, the one everybody said she was crazy about.

"Hello, baby," said Miss Lawrence. Somehow that form of address seemed not at all unconventional to Agnes, though before today she and Miss Lawrence hadn't known each other at all. "Hello, yourself," she said, accepting the glass which Mr. Lansing offered.

"Miss Loring—Mr. Lansing," said Miss Lawrence. "Loring, Lansing, Lawrence—it's L, I call it." She screamed with laughter. They all screamed with laughter. Agnes thought she would die, it was so funny.

Suddenly people said "S-sh," and Mr. Darwin, standing on a chair, motioned for silence. After a while he got it, and then he said, "Before we go home let us sing a song or two. Let us sing—"

"He's stinking," said Miss Lawrence in a hoarse whisper, and Mrs. Silvers, who was standing just ahead of her, looked around and frowned.

"—'Happy Days Are Here Again,'" went on Mr. Darwin, "because I feel, and I want you to feel, that they *are* here again indeed. Miss Golders and I will attempt to lead. Everybody ready?"

There was a chorus of "Yes!" from everybody but Miss Lawrence, who said "No" in rather a loud tone, and then Miss Golders, the cashier, sat at a little piano which they had dragged out from somewhere. After a couple of false starts the song went well. Everyone sang vigorously, though not very harmoniously. Then they sang, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," and Miss Lawrence began to cry softly. She stood with her arm linked in Mr. Lansing's and said, "Every time I hear that god-damned song I get to bawling. I wonder why that is, Charlie?" and when Mr. Lansing didn't answer, she said, "I said I wonder why that is, Charlie." Then he said, "I don't know. Let's see if there's any more punch."

People were leaving now, and the refreshment table was deserted except for Mr. Jackson and Mr. Lewis. They looked at Agnes and Miss Lawrence and said accusingly, "Where did *you* go to? We've been looking all over for you." Then when they saw Mr. Lansing, Mr. Lewis said, "Hyah, Charlie, old boy. How've you been?"

They all stood around having glasses of punch and enjoying themselves, and Agnes felt that at last she wasn't a new girl in the office any more. She decided that she liked Miss Lawrence a lot, and it looked as if Miss Lawrence liked her too, because she said, "Suppose we call each other by our first names, Agnes," and Agnes replied, "All right, Elsie," and then

they both laughed. Once Miss McMahon passed by them, on her way to get her coat and hat, and Miss Lawrence said, "Mac's going home," and before Agnes realized it she had called out, "Hello, Mac. You leaving?" Miss McMahon just turned and smiled; a kind of funny smile. Miss Lawrence looked at Agnes in admiration and said, "I guess I didn't get you when you first came, Agnes. I thought you was just a mouse."

Then the boys started some harmony, very low, and Miss Lawrence said, "Listen to them. Aren't they terrible?" and Agnes said, "They certainly are. My glee club—" and immediately the others said, "Oh, she used to be in a glee club, come on sing for us, Agnes, oh come on Agnes, sing for us, please."

"All right," she said, and cleared her throat.

"Up on the table," someone said, and before she knew it they had lifted her and she was standing amid islands of sandwich plates and with the punch bowl at her feet. A hand reached a glass up to her and she drained it at one swallow. Then she started to sing "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling," but for some reason her voice slipped from its normal register and she had to stop and start over. Just when she was going nicely, she looked across the room and saw Mr. Darwin and Mr. Cosgrove standing together and watching her. She felt very proud that they should be staying on to listen to her, and she let her voice out louder. But then Mr. Lansing tugged at her skirt and said, "O.K. You can sing. That's all we wanted to know," and he made her get down.

Miss Lawrence said, "Say, you should have seen Mr. Cosgrove's face."

Agnes said, "I did. He and Mr. Darwin—" and right then she began to feel funny. "Can't somebody open a window

in here?" she said, and then she heard Miss Lawrence say, "Catch her, somebody. She's . . ."

III

Even before she opened her eyes she knew where she was, because she felt the cold, slippery tiles beneath her and heard the drone of the ventilator over the door. When she did look she saw a dead-white ceiling above her and, when she turned her head, Mr. Lansing standing by the wash bowls smoking a cigarette.

"You oughtn't to be in here," she said. "This is the ladies' room."

"How do you feel now?" he asked.

"My head aches, and the inside of my mouth tastes funny. What happened?"

He smiled. "You just got a little faint. Don't think about it. Go back to sleep."

She closed her eyes again, but that only made her feel worse. Then she began to remember, it all began to come back bit by bit. . . .

In a little while Miss Lawrence appeared with a cup of hot, black coffee. "Gee, kid, you certainly had us scared," she said. "Take some of this, it'll make you feel better."

"I don't want it," replied Agnes, dully. She hated Miss Lawrence, she hated her scarlet nails and the way her dress was cut low at the neck.

"Take it anyway," ordered Mr. Lansing, and so she sipped at the cup and it did make her feel better. But she hated Mr. Lansing too.

"Where do you live?" said Miss Lawrence.

"Astoria," and she gave the street and number.

"Christ! Wouldn't you know she'd live in Astoria?" said Mr. Lansing.

After fifteen minutes they were ready

to leave, though Agnes was still a little wobbly. As they passed through the reception room they saw that the charwomen were cleaning up. If only I could be a charwoman, she thought, and not have to see anyone at the office. Just work at night, when I wouldn't meet anybody; I wouldn't mind being old and ugly and wearing a dirty apron and scrubbing floors, I wouldn't even want to go to shows and things, I'd be satisfied just to stay home with Mamma.

Mamma, she thought, when they had at last stepped from the freight elevator (the only one still running) into the main hall; what'll I say to Mamma? For the clock above the cigar stand pointed to eight-thirty, and Mamma would be worried sick.

"A cab, Charlie," said Miss Lawrence as they emerged into the street and into the cold, sweet air that made you feel better but not good. "Get a cab." And when he had crossed to the curb she turned to Agnes. "Now don't you give this a thought tomorrow, kid," she said. "Because everybody will have forgot all about it."

A lot Miss Lawrence knew; a lot she cared, really. She was just saying words. *She* hadn't stood on the table and sung while Mr. Darwin and Mr. Cosgrove. . . .

"Here you are," called Mr. Lansing. "Come along; don't stand there."

Miss Lawrence started to tuck her arm through Agnes'. "We'll stop at the Coffee

Pot for a hamburger or something. My heavens, a thing like this could happen to *anybody*. It——"

Suddenly Agnes jerked her arm away. Miss Lawrence didn't understand at all; she probably was trying to be sympathetic, but she was just making it worse.

"No," said Agnes, quickly. "No, no! You two go along. I—I've got to meet somebody."

"But Agnes!" Miss Lawrence's eyes were puzzled. "Don't you want us to drop you? Wouldn't you rather . . ."

Agnes didn't wait to hear the rest, for she had turned and was running toward the subway. If she couldn't be alone, she wanted crowds, crowds of crowds; some place where she could lose herself like a grain of sand among countless other grains of sand, some place where people wouldn't be able to look at her, and snicker, and whisper behind their hands: "See that little one? That's the one I was telling you about. You know, the one who . . ."

Please, God, she prayed, let the night never end; make morning never come.

But even as she prayed she knew that morning would come, and that she would go back (if Mr. Cosgrove would take her back), and that in time they would forget, as Miss Lawrence said they would forget. Yet she herself would never forget, even though sometime she might be able to laugh at this. Wounds heal, but scars remain forever.

THE SMALL PRODUCER

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

VERY soon now the Small Producer shall again inherit the earth and the fulness thereof . . . whatever we may say or do. So it has always been and so it will be again. It is not merely the lion and the lizard that keep the courts of Jamshydd. The peasant's plough passes backwards and forwards above where he sleeps and no doubt gives him something to dream about. And the Small Producer, supporting himself and his family from his plot of ground, is the one human being whom currency, finance, the refrigerator and the machine — those arbiters of the fates of all other mortals — can never much affect or afflict.

All the small truck gardens along the Marne were wiped out by the ironshod feet of troops and by unnumbered shells in September, 1914; I saw one forty-acre stretch of ground that had been pulverized to dust so that not one blade of grass was there to be discovered. But by the following March those same gardens carried as many rows of lettuce, beets, celery and spinach as they had shown before the Germans came. Today peaceable peoples practice in cellars with gas masks against foreign assaults. It would be as well if they also practiced with hoes, digging forks, chisels, awls. The arts of the Small Producer alone will be able to reinstate a world fallen into disorganization. Or, a foreign enemy having prevailed, the few surviving Small Producers, the gas masks having saved them, shall emerge from their

shelters deep in the earth and, having gazed upon the rubble mounds that were their fair cities, shall spit on their hands, and, grasping mattock, spade and dibble, shall once more set out towards roads of glory. . . .

It would be as well to define the Small Producer. He is the man who with a certain knowledge of various crafts can set his hand to most of the kinds of work that go to the maintenance of humble existences. He can mend or make a rough chest of drawers; he will make shift to mend a shoe or make a passable sandal; he will make or mend hurdles, platters, scythe handles, sties, shingle-roofs, harrows. But before all he can produce and teach his family to produce good food according to the seasons. . . . To produce enough to keep his family supplied, independent, if the need arises, of the flux of currencies and the tides of world supplies — and to have if necessary a certain surplus for his less fortunate neighbors. He is the insurance premium of his race. In short, a Man.

That idea — that ideal of the Small Producer — is, I am frequently told, unfamiliar and even disagreeable to the immense majority of the inhabitants of the North American continent. I do not know about that. I have lived too long in America to hazard impressions as to Americans, so that sometimes I think one thing and sometimes the other. I will put it this way:

On a Sunday, above the Mediterranean,

I sit at the head of my board and, fixing my napkin under my chin and seizing my carving knife, I make with that implement a circular gesture and, from the pride of my heart, exclaim:

"Everything that you see on this table is of my own growing . . . the ducks, the eggplants, the mint, the strawberries, the peaches, the oranges, the sweet corn, the pepper, the wine. . . . Of course the wine is not a great growth. . . . But everything here was planted and brought to maturity by these two hands that you see. . . ."

And the statement is pretty nearly true, though actually I do not grow the wheat from which my bread is made. But I have contrived to be fairly self-supporting in several of the countries making up this planet and am never entirely happy or healthy when I am not.

Well then, the two or four amiable transatlantics who usually attend those Sabbath feasts—they are not of course always the same two or four—then make noises. Often the noises resemble the "Oo-er" of Mr. Wells's Kipps—a sign that my statement is bewildering or causes dismay. Or it is the voicing of the apprehensions of travelers in a strange land where cellophane is not, and *everything* is touched by hand. And they will be frail of figure and lymphatic and wear pince-nezes.

But, as against that the large fellows and fine dames who have jumped blind baggages and rolled their humps in all the dangerous places of the earth will, from deep chests exclaim; "Swell! . . . Fine! . . . Great guy, you! . . . Put it there! . . . What have you?" (Yes, they will have been some months away from home.) And they will go off into descriptions of the hundred-pound squash they grew in Santa Barbara and the alligator steak from the saurian strangled by their own hands and cooked on top of Popocatepetl. . . .

For producing your own food becomes in the end—and quite soon—a passion. Over it you will go to great heroisms, self-sacrifices, mendacities. Every Frenchman and most of the English, Dutch, Germans, Italians and lesser races feel ashamed when they are quite out of contact with the earth. And I am inclined to believe that at bottom most Americans share that feeling—in spite of what I am told. After all are they not the near descendants for the most part of agricultural pioneers? And if patent windowpanes have for the moment obscured for some of them the image of the sun, shall it take very long for them to reacquire a taste for the wind over the fields? I do not think so.

The wish may of course be father to the thought, for it seems to me that the salvation of our humanity, if it is to be saved, will be found in great bands of territory surrounding our cities. In these bands will dwell all the citizens, leading leisurely and agreeable lives amongst their strawberry, asparagus and onion beds.

II

Underneath your hut is the earth; underneath your neighbor's manor house is the earth; under the skyscraper that houses the organization of your neighbor's bosses is the earth; underneath the plane that cruises above the flagstaff on the skyscraper of the bosses of your neighbor is the earth; underneath your nation and the whole comity of nations of the world is the earth—beneath all the planes, skyscrapers, manor houses and huts. You supply eggs, sweet corn, string beans, peppers, to your neighbor. Your example may yet save the earth.

The worst of the Great Truths is that after a few thousand years they become platitudes. In the days of Mithras men

worshipped the sun; today you are told that if your windows and light bulbs are of certain sorts of glass you can do without the sun. And you believe it . . . as we should believe if we were told sufficiently insistently that we could do without the fruits of the earth.

The legend of the Earth Giant Antaeus is maybe five thousand years older than the cult of Mithras, the Sun God, so perhaps it is even shakier. . . . Hercules wrestled with Antaeus. Hercules, being the son of Apollo, was far the stronger of the two. But whereas his strength, whilst he wrestled, seemed to him finite, so that he tired, that of the Earth Giant was continuously and mysteriously restored. . . . He would appear now as weak and popeyed as the kitten that Alice squeezed in her two hands and again, inexplicably, a very formidable member of that race of Giants that only with immense difficulty the Gods had lately overcome. The wrestling lasted, no doubt, several eons, for the Gods having all time before them are seldom hurried — and at last it occurred to the slow-thinking Hercules to examine into the procedure of his antagonist. He then noticed that, whenever the Giant touched with his feet the bosom of his mother, the Earth, his muscles became like iron and each breath from his mighty, laboring lungs turned all the windmills in Attica. So after a few more thousand years it occurred to Hercules that if he held the Giant off the ground for long enough, he might achieve the victory. . . . Say by November, 1929.

Our failing civilization needs contact with the earth for its renewal, if it is to be renewed. We have got so far from it that too many of us believe that, just as behind certain glass we may dispense with the sun's light so, by the aid of science, we may somehow synthetically obtain food from wood pulp or coal tar products. But

the only attempt of that sort that has yet been made — that of the scientists at the behest of Mr. Hitler — has proved economically a dead failure; we are in the midst of crisis, and relief must be found long before the realization of such dreams could be possible. We *have* to proceed along the lines of least resistance.

That we shall either return or be returned to the earth is for all us races and nations inevitable. Our civilizations cannot escape the lot of all the proud civilizations that have preceded us. It is for us to decide whether our return shall be merely an Antaeian retouching of the earth to regain strength, or whether it shall be cataclysmic — a miserable *sauve qui peut* after world disasters.

In any case it will be the hut, nestling beside the manor, that shall be the last to go. If we have already chosen the better portion we shall already have our huts. Returned to our bean rows betimes and, like Antaeus, again being in touch with the earth, we shall once more begin building up our proud civilizations, as our predecessors did after the fall of Rome.

To that extremity we must all come, if we do not wish to come to something much more disagreeable. The marvelous human brain has discovered how we may fly in the face of God to the very limits of the empyrean. But, fagged out, that brain has flinched before the task of finding out how a machine that can do the work of ten thousand men under the superintendence of one man alone can be got to find employment for the nine thousand and ninety-nine that it has dispossessed. Still less has that poor tired brain been able to devise how to prevent us or our neighbors from razing off the earth, with the flying machines, each the other's entire cities with their inhabitants. So that the tired brain of the architect today is given to the devising

of cellars beneath apartment buildings and public edifices — cellars into which a population skilled in the use of gas masks may at any moment retire.

When they emerge there will be nothing for them to do but to set to scratching subsistence from the nearest cultivable soil. So that it stands to reason that if they already have a little kitchen-garden skill and if the earth round the cities is already in good shape for intensive culture, their chances of survival will be all the better.

Obviously if your nation is undone by revolutions, civil strifes, financial paralyses, the process will be a little different, but the end will be the same. While the more riotous of the populations are rifling the strong rooms of banks and the liquor departments of the great stores, you will have gone away to your three or four acres in your hidden valley and there will have begun your career of peace and plenty. So, by your example, you shall save your nation and lead it back to paths of sanity and restoration. . . .

But it would be better if you could achieve that end without the orgies of destructions and gases that are so dear to the sadist hearts of the prophets. Our civilization, on the mechanical side, seems to be crumbling. It is impossible to escape the conviction that we are in a world of weakening pulses. And even if it could continue on its way the problem of the machine dispossessing the worker must of necessity grow more and more crucial within, and between, nation and nation. There is only one escape: the dispossessed masses must go back to the land.

III

The problem is by no means new, having presented itself to civilization after civilization and race after race in turn. Victorious

Caesars, disbanding after interminable campaigns innumerable legionaries who would otherwise have swamped their labor markets, decreed to them by ukase after ukase all the alluvial lands from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Roman Wall across Britain — and the legionaries were fortunately impassioned truck-gardeners. You have had in America from the earliest days, successive state laws and federal acts like the Homestead act, giving in times of depression free access to arable lands. In England, after the Socialists in the eighties of the last century had proclaimed, following the ideal of Henry George, the doctrine of Three Acres and a Cow for every Briton, the Tories put through a succession of small-holding acts giving every Englishman the right to a market-garden allotment if he demanded it. In France the abolition of primogeniture continuously breaks up the great estates. It is the same in Switzerland. Russia, curiously enough, having gone to the extreme in the way of nationalizing the land and completely abolishing private ownership in favor of communal farms, has been forced to react towards the recreation of a possessing, small-holding class, every peasant working on the communal farms having, by a decree of last March, been presented with a little over two acres of ground and his farmhouse as his private property.

So, swing the pendulum how it will in the direction of vast privately, communally or company-owned estates in which large and always larger scale farming shall be practiced, it comes — that pendulum — inevitably back to the Small Producer, the quite small property owner, working with the aid of his family, meticulously, his own small plot. That the bonanza farm and its vastnesses should disappear is by no means inevitable, nor do I in the least advocate its disappearance. That is not my affair;

the financiers and their industrially-minded opponents must arrange those matters according to whatever *lex talionis* shall ultimately survive. The growing of corn or wheat, of beets or other roots in small quantities, is not an engrossing occupation and may well be left to the mechanically-minded; the raising of cattle in vast droves is a sport congenial, apparently, to certain large-lunged souls. May they prosper.

But even today the major problem of the world is that of finding leisure occupation for the dispossessed or very short-time worker—and finding occupation that shall be at once economically sound, inexpensive and not soul-destroying. As the human mind more and more applies itself to the fantastic ideal of labor-saving appliances, the number of hours of human labor in the world *must* more and more diminish. That is another Great Truth that has become a platitude, so that it is apt to be forgotten.

Then, the only way in which that situation can be met is by reducing the universal hours of labor more and more or by the dispossession of millions the world over. In either case the number of hours of enforced leisure will be the same. The machine working under the dictates of the financier or his rivals shall set *that* pace—until Nature steps in and takes a hand.

Until that happens on a scale vast enough—and it is happening all the time in sufficiently vast proportions—there remains only the estate of the Small Producer that can fill the void. You cannot imagine a population each member of which works at a machine for ten hours a week, spending the whole of the rest of its time in cinemas. But you can imagine them spending considerable time growing string beans, attending on milch goats, moving hurdles for sheep amongst roots, weaving

woollen stuffs, thinning out woodlands, building sties, carving bedposts, felling timber . . . and having all the evenings and most of the winter months for the movies, the theater, the night clubs, the golf courses, for hitch-hiking, distant travel—or even for the Arts and self-improvement.

IV

I am aware that for the proud, machine-minded inhabitants of New York, London, Glasgow, Chicago, or St. Louis, whose idea of food is something out of a tin and of entertainment something partaken of in crowds in one or other Great White Way, such a program may be regarded with dismay. But to a healthily employed population the necessity for the more meretricious forms of enjoyment decreases rapidly so that, in most fairly dense, market-gardening areas the world over, towns arise in which one form or other of nonharmful night life may be quite sufficiently enjoyed. The civilization that has thought out the aeroplane and its routes ought not to be unable to evolve schemes of rural enjoyment that shall be at once dignified and engrossing. And there are few lives more agreeable than to live, semi-agriculturally employed, at half an hour's distance from a lively urban center with one or two good restaurants, a dozen good cafes, a good municipal opera, a couple of theaters, seven cinemas, a good museum and art gallery and a certain civic pride. It is indeed almost the ideal life. . . .

And, given that your agricultural commitments are not too big, it is a life singularly stable and unlikely to be overturned by the exigencies of the great financier. You have throughout the Old World communities that have gone on practicing the intensive cultivation of the same land for

hundreds, and indeed for thousands of years, in spite of panics, pestilences, wars, hurricanes and revolutions. You will find them round Haarlem in Holland and round Pekin and round all the cities that lie between.

And the tradition in America is older than that of the Pilgrim Fathers, since before the coming of the European horse made practicable the perpetual chase of the buffalo, the American Indian was an inveterate truck gardener. . . . Indeed one of the world legends that I have always found most fascinating is that of the nomadic truck gardeners, traces of whose fame you will find all over the globe—here in the territory of the Dalai Lama and on the slopes of the Apennines—the legend of peoples incurably nomadic but just as incurably addicted to fresh vegetables. These peoples travelled always with carts loaded with good loam, leaf soil, alluvial earth, and composts. When they came to worthless land the exposures of which suited them, they would dig little shallow trenches in the poor soil; pour out their good earth; prick out their seedlings, make sowings, and very soon have crops that would provide them with green things during their stay, and roots and fodder for themselves and their cattle during the dead months. Then they would scoop their good soil again into their carts and journey on till another spring found them in such lands as they sought. I can imagine no happier method of traveling.

During the centuries the world over, the life and lot of the small intensive farmer have been always similar, and once he dies another will be found to take his place and work much as he did. The extraordinarily skilled market-gardeners of the south of France occupy the same land as did their Roman predecessors, employ the same methods of irrigation, use the same tools, grow the same main crops. And you can say the same for lands of the Pennsylvania Dutch truck farmers round Philadelphia, of the Knickerbocker Dutch ones round New York, the London-descended small cultivators round Boston. The tradition of the land in each case remains the same—the tradition of the sedulous industry, of the unremitting care for each individual growth, and of the pride in the work. . . . Above all, of the pride in the work.

For myself, I look forward to a day when, the automobile being nearly as extinct as is the railway now, men shall live in great, intensively cultivated areas. Flying to town once or twice every week, they will do their three- or five-hour shifts, superintending the actions of the immense machines and power stations in the great cities or in the great grain belts and ranches. The rest of their time they will occupy with the agreeable and unhurried labors of the soil, the pleasures of the cinema, the cafe or of whatever form of night life shall most appeal to them when day is over. They will even, occasionally, read a book.

LIFE INSURANCE FRAUDS

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

MR. JONES was visibly annoyed. "Mr. Struthers," he addressed his caller, "your request is outrageous; it is the last straw. Merely because I applied for \$100,000 of life insurance, I fail to see how you are privileged to pry into my affairs. I passed your regular physical examination and paid the first premium in advance. It seems to me that should be sufficient.

"On the contrary, you sent a man into the corner store and inquired how much whiskey I bought. Then you asked the elevator operator in my apartment house whether I entertained women in my wife's absence. Next, you asked my business associates as to my finances. Now you cap the climax by having the effrontery to come to my office and demand a detailed statement of my affairs. By what right, might I ask, and for what reason?"

Had the insurance investigator been sufficiently lacking in diplomacy to tell the unvarnished truth, at this point in the conversation he would have answered in one word, "Fraud."

The institution of life insurance is founded on the law of averages. Based on this law, the companies are prepared to accept your premiums and gamble on your premature death. They must insist, however, that the dice are not loaded against them. Bitter experience has taught them to take very little on faith.

Mr. Jones was not exaggerating. Every

time you buy a large life insurance policy, the same searching investigation is made into your affairs. Whether or not you find it out depends on the inspector's ability to secure the necessary information without his efforts being brought to your attention.

A strict definition of the word "fraud" does not cover the entire field of deceptions involved. The legal definition, boiled down to layman's language, is "Deception with the intent to cause financial loss," and the particular intent of the insurance applicant may have little bearing on the company's loss.

For instance, a chronic drunkard may state on an insurance application that he is a total abstainer, for no other reason than shame. But that won't prevent liquor from shortening his life. Or natural optimism may cause a man to claim that he can pay premiums far beyond his income. Yet the large amount of money payable to his family may become an inducement to suicide, when, later on, he finds that he is broke and can not meet the premiums.

And married men who support mistresses do not conceal that fact to defraud anyone. But when a blonde murders a policy holder, the life insurance company is out of luck.

All kinds of deceptions are important parts of the picture, but pure, premeditated fraud figures in the majority of cases. The contest between the defenses set up by the life insurance companies and the clever

schemes of the purchasers is still going on. The record reads like fiction.

II

Altamonte Juan Madera was a wealthy young Nicaraguan. On a business trip to New York, he bought \$1,000,000 of life insurance. A large part of it called for double payments in case of accidental death. Shortly thereafter, he returned to Nicaragua.

While traveling as a passenger on a boat plying the waters of Lake Managua, he became violently seasick. He ran to the steamer's rail and, while vomiting over the side, fell overboard and was drowned. At least, that was the story on the death certificate.

At one time, before the upheaval of the earth cut it off, Lake Managua was probably an arm of the sea. It still has forms of marine life common to the ocean, but not found in lakes elsewhere in the world. Among them are sharks—thousands of them. So when Madera's body was not found, it was assumed that it had been devoured by the sharks, which could easily have happened.

Proofs of loss were filed, claiming the million dollars, plus the additional accidental-death benefits. Affidavits of numerous witnesses accompanied them. But when compared to the original applications for insurance, certain characteristics of the handwriting on these proofs showed a marked resemblance to Madera's own writing. So the life insurance companies borrowed a Spanish-speaking detective from the Department of Justice and sent him to Nicaragua.

Among other suspicious things, he discovered that the Madera family owned the steamship line on which Juan was riding at the time he met his death. This meant

that all the witnesses to the event could very easily have been hand-picked in advance. The ship's officers had only to refuse passage to anyone who was not in the plot.

The detective hired three American soldiers of fortune who were wise in the ways of the Central American jungle. They had a good idea where the trail lay but did not know how far it would lead them. So they secured mules and other equipment necessary for an expedition into the interior.

Ninety miles from Managua—six days on mule back—they found a cabin. At midnight they burst in the door. Altamonte Juan Madera—alive and in good health—hurled a chair at the intruders. One of the free-lance hirelings ducked the chair and fired his pistol at Madera. Just in time, the detective saw the gun. He struck it aside with his hand and ruined the aim.

All of his efforts had been concentrated on *finding Madera alive*, thus saving the payment of more than \$1,000,000. And just when the detective found him, his employee lost his head and tried to kill the insured. Had that bullet found its mark, *the companies would have had to pay the money anyway*. All of their efforts would have been wasted.

III

The corporation of which Mr. Johnson was president was in a tight spot. Before renewing its loans, the bankers demanded that Johnson insure his life for \$1,000,000. This he did, naming the corporation as beneficiary, and at the same time taking out a \$200,000 policy in favor of his family.

Johnson denied that he had ever suffered from any serious ailments. However, before issuing the policies, the companies verified this from his family doctor. This gentleman stated that he had never treated

Johnson for anything more serious than a common cold.

Two months later Johnson died of heart failure.

A very shrewd investigator by the name of John McIntyre was assigned to the case. The next day he presented himself to the members of the corporation and explained his position. The policies were well within the contestable period, and if the beneficiary desired prompt payment, it behooved them to co-operate. They executed an order over the corporate seal, addressed "To whom it may concern." The corporation gave permission to any one concerned to furnish the investigator with all facts in the case.

Why they gave this authority no one will ever know. Whether they were afraid that a refusal would arouse suspicion where none already existed, or whether the particular officer who executed the document was ignorant of the fraud, is a question.

But armed with this letter, McIntyre went to the family doctor who defended his original statement that Johnson was never seriously ill. The neighbors, however, were more loquacious. They said that Johnson had only recently spent some time at Battle Creek Sanitarium.

The inquiry moved to Battle Creek, where the officials honored the letter of authority. They opened their files. Johnson, it now appeared, had been examined in New York by two life insurance doctors. To guard against an adverse record, he had paid for his own unofficial examination. The doctors found albumin, heart trouble, and high blood pressure. They told him he had better consult his family doctor. Johnson did so, and he was promptly shipped off to Battle Creek. The treatment which he received temporarily pepped him up sufficiently to pass the examination.

When the corporation discovered what facts were in McIntyre's hands, it was glad to settle for the return of the actual premiums paid—the fraud was too apparent. For Mr. Johnson, on entering the sanitarium, had been both careless and truthful. He stated as his reason for taking treatment *that he had been refused life insurance.*

IV

Mr. Heany, an officer of a life insurance company, was enjoying a concert. The artists were all patients in a tuberculosis sanitarium. The Non-Sectarian Tubercular Relief Society of America encouraged their patients to stage amateur theatricals; they bolstered the morale of the institution.

Mr. Heany's eyes were continually straying from the stage to his program. Something about it—he wasn't sure what—fascinated him. When the performance was over, he carried the program home.

A few days later, he discovered the answer. Many of the names of the actors were also on the rolls of his company. They were collecting a monthly disability income. There were several unusual things about the situation. Here were a lot of people who had bought their life insurance in cities and towns scattered all over the United States. Practically all of them had developed consumption within a remarkably short time after passing excellent physical examinations. And now they were all under one roof.

The companies investigated, and one patient confessed. This was the *modus operandi*: The patients would spend about six months in the sanitarium—long enough to heal the lung lesions temporarily, and long enough, in most cases, for their money to run out. Then they returned to their home towns, saying nothing about where

they had been. The usual stethoscopic examination of the chest will not detect an incipient case of T. B., nor a healed lesion. So when they arrived home, they purchased life insurance policies with disability-income riders attached. Of course, they denied any tubercular history.

The next step was to wait until the contestable period expired — formerly a year in most companies, it is now two years — and put in a claim for disability. Then they returned to the same sanitarium, sure of a comfortable income for life.

Involving, as it did, about 160 fraudulent cases in the one institution, this was the most colossal life insurance fraud ever perpetrated. It also represents the only type of life insurance swindle which does not depend for success on death — real or faked.

V

In Montana, there lived a young man by the name of Richards. He was insured for \$50,000 under a term policy. Such policies expire automatically on a definite date. About fifteen days before this expiration date, Richards wrote the company and demanded \$6000 as the price for not killing himself. He said that he was destitute; that his wife and children were in dire need of food and clothing; that unless the company wished to pay the full \$50,000, they had better accept his proposition. He set a dead line for receiving the money, about five days before the end of the term.

Life insurance companies will not bargain in such a way, but this one quietly sent an investigator to Richard's home town to look the situation over. He found the facts as stated: Richards and his family were in a deplorable state.

Swearing each of them to secrecy, the adjuster got four of the would-be suicide's best friends together, including his doctor,

and told them the circumstances. They agreed to keep tabs on him until the expiration of the policy. After that, the incentive to kill himself would be gone, and he would undoubtedly change his mind.

The four friends took turns in the vigil. One or more of them golfed, ate, and played bridge with Richards. By hook or by crook, they managed to keep track of him twenty-four hours a day. They had a hunch that his method would be poison, so the doctor was always somewhere in the offing with a stomach pump.

The final night arrived, and they were playing bridge in Richard's house. The host excused himself and went to the bathroom. When he stayed too long, his friends broke in the door and found he had swallowed bichloride of mercury tablets.

The doctor ran out to his car, returned with the pump, and immediately emptied Richard's stomach. Then they took him to a hospital and kept him under observation until the next day.

He lived to thank the insurance adjuster and his friends for blocking his attempt.

VI

Mr. Waverly was a business man in a small western town. He had a friend by the name of Hayes, who was an undertaker in a neighboring city. The undertaker, among other things, had charge of the disposal of the pauper dead.

One day Waverly went to the city to visit Hayes, who late that night drove him home in his car. Going over the mountains, the car stalled — this was the undertaker's story — and Waverly got out and cranked. A few minutes later Hayes turned to say something to him and found him dead. He lifted him into the car, turned around, and drove back to his undertaking parlor in the city.

The usual death notices were published, and two days later a funeral was held and Waverly was cremated. Not until this was done did Mrs. Waverly claim payment of a life insurance policy of \$22,500.

An adjuster interviewed the workman who had actually burned the body. From his description, there were marked differences between the weight and height of the man he had cremated and those of Waverly.

Mrs. Waverly's mail was watched, and in time her husband was located in Nebraska. He and the undertaker both went to prison.

Of course, the body which was actually burned was one of the pauper dead. Hayes had sidetracked it en route to a dental school, where it was destined for dissection by the students.

VII

An agent insured a man by the name of French. The applicant was in perfectly good health, but he did not pay the premium in advance. This meant that the policy would not be in force until it was delivered to him, and the premium paid.

About a week later, the agent phoned Mr. French, and his wife answered. She was told the policy was ready for delivery. Mrs. French said to bring it right up to the house and collect the premium. She met the agent at the door and told him her husband was taking a bath, so she would pay for the policy.

As a matter of fact, Mr. French was lying in the house — dead!

The agent had chanced to phone a few minutes after his death. As the result, Mrs. French had thought up the fraud on the spur of the moment. It had no chance whatever of going undetected; it was too crude.

VIII

Despite the fact that in this case no one concerned intended fraud, a life insurance company was very nearly cheated of \$40,000.

A Mr. Mathews of Missouri registered at a New York hotel. He wrote out a will, piled his securities where they would be found, and dived out of the window. From his careful preparations, it was obvious that he was in complete possession of all his faculties.

The body was shipped west, and difficulties arose. His family wished to bury him with all of the usual benefits of his church. Because he was a suicide, they could not do so. "However," said the clergy, in effect, "if he was not sane at the time of his act, we will conduct a church service for him."

The family wired a private detective in New York and instructed him to ascertain the details. The detective thought he knew on which side his bread was buttered; he knew his clients hoped to find that Mr. Mathews was insane; and he set out to prove it.

He located the hotel's house officer and gave him a ten-dollar bill. Together they went to the local clergy in an effort to obtain an ecclesiastic release of the body. The house officer invented a marvelous piece of pure fiction about the strange actions of Mr. Mathews while in the hotel. He told how he had hallucinations; how he had run around the corridors in his underwear; how he knocked on all the doors. In short, he convinced the church authorities that Mathews was out of his mind, and they sent the release to Missouri.

Two months later, Mathew's heirs claimed payment of a \$40,000 life insurance policy. *It was void in case of suicide while sane, but under Missouri law would have to be paid if Mathews was insane.*

The hoax was admitted and the snarl finally untangled, but not before an insurance adjuster had accumulated a lot of gray hairs.

IX

A man who was insured for \$50,000 in a mid-western life insurance company murdered his worst enemy. The insurance had nothing to do with the murder—that is, at the time. After the crime was committed, when lawyers were demanding huge sums of money to defend him, he thought of his insurance. If he was executed, the company would lose \$50,000. He made them a proposition to use their legal staff to defend him, get him acquitted if possible, and thus save their money.

His proposition was refused. Such acts are against public policy.

X

Mr. Black was vice-president of a large chain store system. He passed the necessary physical examinations and bought \$1,550,000 of life insurance. The last of the policies was obtained in August, and in December of the same year, Black died in a diabetic coma.

Several investigations led nowhere. Black undoubtedly was a diabetic sufferer when he bought the insurance. But there was no proof that he knew it, and if he was ignorant of his condition, there was no fraud.

\$1,400,000 was paid to his beneficiary. The company with the remaining \$150,000 at stake was convinced that fraud was involved and refused to give up. Finally the insurance agent who wrote the policies let something slip.

Mr. Black had a golfing friend who was an unlicensed osteopath. The agent mentioned that this man was demanding \$25,000

from Black's estate. "For what?" wondered the adjuster, and made it his business to find out. It turned out to be the price which the osteopath demanded for keeping his mouth shut. When he didn't collect, he gave the game away.

For nine years, Black had known he was a diabetic. To keep it a secret, he had avoided dealing with local doctors or chemists. Through the medium of the osteopath, he sent specimens to a laboratory in Chicago. This firm analyzed the specimens and, by mail, advised the osteopath as to the treatment of his unknown patient.

Enough insulin will temporarily clear the system of detectable traces of sugar. Black took large quantities of it just before his examination, and that is why the insurance doctors missed his condition.

The remaining \$150,000 was never paid. The companies which had already settled sued for the return of their money. They succeeded in getting about half of it back, and litigation consumed the balance.

XI

Here is the reason why no life insurance company wants anything to do with a married man who keeps a mistress.

Mr. Russell of Philadelphia had \$120,000 of insurance, payable to his wife. Nevertheless, he did not get along any too amicably with that lady. She, in turn, suspected that her husband's stenographer meant more in his life than she should.

About 2:30 one afternoon, Mrs. Russell walked through her husband's outer office without stopping. She threw open the door of the private office and found her husband and his stenographer doing things which no one should do—without locking the door. She pulled out a pistol and killed both of them.

Russell was dead, and the insurance com-

panies were out \$120,000. While the insurance must be paid, in cases of murder, the law will not allow a murderer to cash in on his crime. The courts must designate a new beneficiary for insurance payable to the murderer.

But in this case, a jury acquitted the lady on the grounds of temporary insanity. Having been acquitted, she was no murderess, so she collected the money.

All life insurance is mutual to the extent that living policy holders contribute the money which goes to the estates of the

dead. If the living are defrauded, their insurance is bound to cost them more, and they do not enjoy paying for another man's crookedness.

If money grew on trees, they might say, "Poor fellow, let him get away with it." But it doesn't. The money comes out of their pockets. So they investigate you before they sell you insurance and again when you die.

And they know all the schemes by heart. Everyone of them has been tried, over and over again.



TO A CHILD WATCHING SPRING

BY KATHRYN WORTH

THESE leaves you watch are never new,
And never new these boughs you praise;
Only the crystals in your head this day
Are new wherewith you intricately gaze.

Remember now, remember now a little,
The eyes that witnessed with forgotten sight
This tide of green sweep up the earth
And wash them backward in its seaward flight,

The ancient and oblivious eyes
That once felicitous as yours
Traced in a sharp astonishment
This same green light across our shores.

Prefigure too with frightened breath
The eyes uncumbered yet of lien
Whose crystals shall reflect this light
When dark has sealed your colors in.

THE OLD ARMY GAME

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

OUR Seventy-fourth Congress has been having a merry time with the profits of war; the Nye and McSwain bills would scoop the profits out of munitions, and the Patman bill would scoop them back in the form of a bonus for the veterans. At this writing neither the Nye nor McSwain bill has passed. The Patman bill was vetoed, but its subject matter remains pending, and will be the sword hanging over the taxpayer's head for the next quarter of a century.

Adroitness was not the dominant characteristic of the veterans' campaign in 1935. They said bluntly: "We want money. Here is a rough plan for giving it to us. Get busy!" And Congress got busy. Ardent supporters of the Patman bill presented as their crowning argument: "There is a lot of money being shoveled around; why not shovel some of it into the veteran's pocket?" It was about as rough and ready a campaign as any veterans of any of our wars have ever made. Its bluntness and honesty, indeed, are commendable. At least there was no effort to conceal the real nature of the demand, that real nature which has never changed since the days of ancient Rome. The World War veterans have returned to the technique of the Praetorian Guard: "Do we get it, or do we get you?" "It" means profit from war.

In these American bonus campaigns very little, if anything, is heard about the widows and the orphans and the disabled. They do not muster enough votes. The

able-bodied, a majority of whom were never under fire, are the ones who count. They have the votes. As the veterans succeed in their campaigns — and they always have succeeded, after all our wars — the profits of war reach astounding proportions. The United States government has actually paid many soldiers more than \$1000 a day for each day of actual service. Before the books are closed on the World War there will be hundreds of such cases.

Students of military science have compiled overwhelming proof that there is no more expensive or inefficient method of conducting war than the democratic system we have always followed. They will argue that 25,000 first class professional soldiers could have ended the Civil War in a few months; that the same force could have brought the Spanish-American War to a much earlier and less expensive close. The argument against a strong standing army has always depended largely upon the assumption that in time of danger, we raise a satisfactory army of citizens who, when the war is over, quickly and gladly disband, returning to their homes. Thus, according to this argument, we are saved from the danger of militarism, and such situations as grew out of the dominance of the Praetorian Guard in Rome. Actually, an army is not created until the civilians who compose it cease to think as civilians and become real soldiers. Thereafter, they think as soldiers. They are no longer permitted to loot, which was the ancient

method of collecting a bonus, so they turn to political methods and collect from the taxpayers of their own country.

The United States government has paid out more than seventeen billions of dollars in pensions. Eventually such pensions cost more than a war itself. So the argument that we avoid the aftermaths of war by using a civilian army cannot be documented with figures. The record shows that great numbers of our veterans return with the determination to live off the country, just as did the professional soldiers of ancient empires. In Rome, and elsewhere, governments offered veterans lands and other aids to rehabilitation as civilians; but the boys always demanded cash. Our country has tried these same alternative offers. The veterans demand cash.

In all the ancient empires, military men received the best compensation, and a large part of the national income was expended for war purposes. That is still true in the modern world, and in the United States. There would be no confusion on this point but for the fact that most of the money is paid to the fighting men *after* the war. There would be still less confusion if we realized that by far the greater part of post-war expenditures go to able-bodied men. The basis of the distribution is not disability, and never has been; it is service alone. A fair examination of the record will show, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the young American who joins the army in time of war could scarcely be doing better for himself from a purely materialistic point of view. Of course, if he loses his life, he does not cash in. If he is maimed, he will not fare as well, relatively, as those who came through unscratched. But if he has the good fortune to serve without seeing action — as more than half our soldiers in the World War did — his compensations will be numerous and life-

long. This is the blunt truth of the situation in our peace-loving country. We have not only been generous with pensions and bounties, but we have provided by law that veterans shall have preference in all public employment, and we have given them preference for elective offices. For nearly a quarter of a century after the Civil War, young men who had not been old enough to serve in that conflict were virtually barred from public life, both in the South and North. Upon these young men fall some of the greatest hardships of war. They go out to seek their first jobs amid the confusion of war's aftermath; they spend their best earning years in a period of rising taxation and economic turmoil. They are the children who line the sidewalks and wave flags and cheer as the soldiers march away. But finally they are the ones who pay for the show. The theory is that they have no part in war's hardships, and are lucky. The fact is that the war soon ends; the aftermath is much longer, and they escape none of it.

After each of our wars the general public has expressed its determination that the disabled, the needy, the widows, aged parents, and orphans shall be cared for by a grateful nation. A considerable portion of the veterans, on the other hand, have been determined that they themselves should be cared for with cash. The problem confronting them now, and always, has been to write their demands in such terms that the latter would appear to be the same thing that the public is eager to grant. With this point in mind, let us now examine the whole record of our pensions and bounties.

II

Scrutiny will show that the issue has never changed; that all bonus campaigns closely resemble each other; and that the cost to

the nation rises, decade after decade, as the war in question recedes into history, until death intervenes so effectively that the costs simply cannot rise any further.

Let us begin with our first war. The veterans of the Revolution asked for a cash bonus, but there was no money in the new Treasury. The government was broke and wobbling. The states offered free lands, thinking these were what the ex-soldiers wanted. The veterans accepted the lands grudgingly, for what they really desired was cash. Finally the officers brought forth a plan very much like the adjusted compensation theory. They were granted their bonus by the states in the form of bonds bearing six per cent interest, each officer receiving an amount equal to five years' full pay. This first bonus campaign was won in 1784.

Eventually the patriots of Valley Forge demanded that all veterans of the war be admitted to the pension roll without restriction, and they were. But Congress was amazed to discover their numbers. Fifty-two years after the close of the Revolutionary War there were more veterans drawing pensions for their services during that conflict than General George Washington had even been able to assemble in one army. They had been in uniform; they had served somewhere, sometime, but if General Washington had commanded that many able soldiers in one group he could have crushed the British in a single campaign. Many of these veterans had never been out of their home states and had never been under fire. The last Revolutionary War pension was paid in 1906 to the widow of a veteran. She had not been born until long after the war ended. . . .

The War of 1812, which was one of our least glorious conflicts, took a toll of \$46,210,849.57 in pensions up to June 30, 1934; and at that time there were still six widows

and one daughter of veterans on the rolls. The last soldier died in 1905.

The brief and snappy war with Mexico cost \$198,558.20 in pensions for the fiscal year of 1934 alone. The last soldier died in 1929, but there were still 351 widows on the rolls, eighty-six years after the war. Mexican War pensions on June 30, 1934, had reached a total of \$60,622,905.17.

At the close of the fiscal year 1934 there were still 4370 veterans of Indian wars on the pension rolls, and during the year 160 widows and dependents were added. Our Indian wars have cost more than \$62,000,000 in pensions.

But while all these sums were burdensome at times, and considered fairly large, they became small change, mere chicken-feed, after the Civil War veterans had got their cut. The fact that the total is now close to eight billion dollars is not nearly so startling as the fact that the peak load was reached in 1912. You would assume that a peak load comes immediately after a war and then gradually declines. That, of course, is what would happen if only the disabled and needy dependents were cared for. But actually, the able-bodied come onto the rolls much faster than the disabled die.

Facing congressmen who were more than willing to provide for all the disabled veterans, it was up to the Grand Army of the Republic to open a breach for the others; so they invented the rule that any man who couldn't perform manual labor, as a result of wounds or illness, was totally disabled. Thus a merchant or lawyer or banker, going prosperously about his business, might be a totally disabled veteran, entitled to the maximum pension if he could not dig ditches with grace and ease. In defense of this ruling the veterans argued that the term "totally disabled" was

an obvious absurdity that could only, with complete accuracy, describe a dead man.

At first, Civil War veterans received pensions from the dates on which their claims were allowed. Later back pensions were paid, "back" meaning to the close of the war. Many of these checks amounted to \$1000 or more. Then there was the order that injuries due to the veterans' own fault should be pensioned the same as battle wounds. The G. A. R. fought hard to force Congress to admit the dishonorably discharged to pensions along with the heroes, but Congress balked. The veterans won, however, because President Hayes gave them what they wanted in an executive order that was as good as a law. The World War veterans are now asking for a similar ruling. There is no reason to doubt that they will eventually get it.

The Grand Army of the Republic gnawed at the rules, punched holes in them, and invented so many fantastic new ones that many a plain citizen who had returned to his farm, glad to be alive and well, could not believe he was entitled to the government's bounty in such surprising sums as the pension agents assured him were his under the law. Indeed, had it not been for the hordes of agents scouring the countryside, millions of dollars might never have been claimed. Few, however, refused the money when they learned how easily it could be obtained. Thousands of veterans cheered wildly when candidates for public office said, as they often did, that the United States government ought to pay every man who had served under the colors during the Civil War, one dollar a day for the remainder of his life . . . and to hell with rules or restrictions. The veterans felt that this was mere justice. Such widespread agreement was bound to produce a bill in Congress and eventually it did. But by that time so many of the heroes

of the Grand Army of the Republic were faring better than one dollar a day, especially their influential leaders, that the law was never passed. Indeed it might have reduced some pensions. And it was too frank. A far more subtle method was bringing home the bacon without spilling the beans. The great mass of the public believed that the government was still making a valiant but not quite successful effort to take care of the helpless wounded and the helpless dependents.

Among the few who were not blinded by the camouflage were the Confederate veterans. Observing the proceedings without rancor, thousands of them concluded, and with reason, that it must be the purpose of the United States government to pension everyone who was even in the general vicinity of the Civil War. Well, they had been there, so they applied for pensions, too. But they were turned down. That was probably because too many of the Johnny Rebs lived in states that simply wouldn't go Republican. If more of them had lived in New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, they might have won. Geography defeated them.

As the rules and restrictions governing Civil War pensions gradually crumbled, there grew up in Congress a sort of gentlemen's agreement that anyone's private pension bills should always be passed without scrutiny. Strangely enough there were still thousands of veterans who couldn't quite qualify even after the rules had become a sieve. President Cleveland vetoed these bills by the wheelbarrow load, but he was the last President who did. Theodore Roosevelt signed 18,156 of them; President Taft, in his one term, 15,999; and Woodrow Wilson, 10,946.

In 1934, Civil War pensions ranged from \$75 to \$125 a month for the 18,455 veterans remaining on the rolls. Widows and

"minor and helpless children" numbered 112,577, seventy years after the war. And there was still one mother of a veteran on the rolls. Her son died of typhoid fever in 1864 at the age of sixteen.

Our Spanish war veterans came perilously near forgetting all about the U. S. Treasury. They suffered so few losses that they scarcely had a starting point, but that was not the sole reason for their absent-mindedness. Theirs was beyond all comparison the most popular war this country has ever fought; when they returned, the populace nearly went mad with pride and joy, and the veterans took possession of all city halls, county court houses and state capitols as fast as election days rolled around. They had gone into the war as volunteers and this was their logical reward. Moreover they had had a grand time and won all their battles on land and sea. Still more important, their war had not lasted too long. They hadn't got tired of it. And it is doubtful that they ever achieved a military man's point of view. The Spanish war was a foray by high-spirited civilians.

As late as 1919 only 23,382 out of the 392,000 who served had reached the pension roll—an astounding record. But about that time the World War heroes began to disclose their program, and the Spanish war veterans suddenly sat up and took notice. They organized what Washington still respects as about the ablest lobby ever to appear in the capital. Most of these veterans were in their forties or early fifties, solidly established in their communities; and no small number of them were experienced politicians. They knew how to go about the business. First of all they tossed out the restriction that only service-incurred disabilities could be pensioned. This alone pretty well turned the trick. In 1934 more than 165,000 of them were on the pension rolls. Of these

only 3197 were being compensated for disabilities resulting from war service; all the others were being paid for non-service disabilities. They also obtained a law admitting all Spanish war veterans to the pension roll at the age of sixty-two. The present discussions of old age pensions as part of the New Deal social security program do not interest Spanish war veterans; they already have theirs. Thus, thirty-six years after the war, nearly half of all who had served were on the pension rolls. After years of neglect they made such rapid progress, once they started, that Spanish war pensions now aggregate in round numbers \$900,000,000, with the certainty that they will continue for many years to come.

III

The World War veterans are still in that early phase of their program which is characterized by punching holes in the rules. One of their notable victories was won in 1924 when Congress passed a law granting hospital care for disabilities not in any way connected with war service. Half a million men benefited, about one-ninth of all who served in the war. Another achievement was the law providing that all illness which developed prior to January 1, 1925, would be presumed to have resulted from war service, and be compensated as such. This, of course, included illnesses positively known to incubate within two weeks.

Then there was the education program, born of the naïve thought that veterans would be delighted to educate themselves right off the pension rolls. The theory was that thousands of men with disabilities could be re-educated so that their disabilities would not hamper them in civil life. For example, a barber who had lost a

finger might be turned into a lawyer, and not need a pension thereafter. So a law was passed allowing \$80 per month for subsistence to each single man, \$100 per month to each married man, and all tuition fees to be paid by the government. The veteran's reaction to this legislation was precisely that of the Civil War buddies who had known very well that they were entitled to a dollar a day for the rest of their lives, but discovered that the only way to get it was to be "totally disabled." This education program was finally abandoned because of general agreement that about ninety per cent of the money was being wasted—not, however, before the total cost of the project reached \$644,900,000.

In 1919 there were 27,128 disabled veterans of the World War on the pension rolls. Ten years later there were ten times that many. As time passes the disabilities not connected with war service vastly outnumber the others. About 15,000 of our disabled World War veterans now on the pension rolls did not enter the service until after the Armistice. As a matter of fact the date of the Armistice is unimportant in relation to World War pensions. Officially the war ended July 2, 1921, a date that scarcely anyone remembers. But the fact that we were still technically at war more than two years after the fighting ended does make a difference in the pensions. Two and a half millions of our soldiers did not reach France; of these about 400,000 donned their uniforms after the Armistice. But officially we were at war during their service and any claims they present rank accordingly.

In addition to what the World War veterans have received from the federal government, twenty-one states have voted

them bonus payments. I started to catalogue the other special legislation of the various states but the list quickly grew too long for the space limits of a magazine article. The catalogue ranges from free education and hospitalization to free hunting, fishing and vending licenses. There are also numerous provisions to give the veterans preferment in civil service employment. One of the most interesting of these is the federal law which grants a veteran five points above the score he makes on his examination. If he is a disabled veteran, he gets an additional five points. With the aid of this ten-point gratuity a disabled veteran who actually fails his examination may be recorded as having passed. He then goes to the head of the list. Some of the civil service jobs are of such a nature that the lives of others depend upon competent work. Obviously the theory behind such legislation is that the veteran is entitled to a place on the payroll regardless; and if he can't do the work, let the government hire an additional man who can.

In the face of a record that has not changed from the beginning of the Republic, and that was old before our country's birth, it seems absurd for us to go on imagining that we raise civilian armies; that the men who compose them accept their reward in honors alone; that they are all eager to return to their civilian occupations; and that they will be satisfied with legitimate incomes. The bonus issue will be with us certainly for a quarter of a century. Every bonus bill that is defeated will come back in new form. Every bonus that is granted will whet the veteran's appetite for another. Soldiers still believe that they should be rewarded generously. And in cash.

GUAYANA GOLD

A Story

BY THOMAS ROURKE

WE GAVE up prospecting, Ernesto and I, after a few months. There was nothing in it. You could make your ten dollars a day all right, just as everyone said you could, working the river beds and panning the sand, following the rubber trails through the bush, breaking up the quartz and panning it. But you couldn't work every day. That was the catch. There was gold everywhere in that part of Guayana — everywhere. You could wash out your ten dollars' worth in a day all right but not every day.

You had to carry everything with you, even corn for the burros, and that meant you had to go into Paragua or Nuevo Callao or even San Felix every week or so and lose about five days even when you were lucky and didn't have to lay up for doctoring. And you had to pay plenty for everything in those towns, too. There was nothing in it.

Ernesto and I tried it for four months or so and then we gave it up. We sold our outfit in San Felix and went out to the mine at Botanamo and asked for jobs. We got a ride on a truck as far as Tumeremo where the road ended and made the last sixty kilometers on foot.

We'd worked over a lot of country during those four months. We'd worked up the Caroni from the Orinoco, up the Paragua and over to the British Guiana border and along the Cuyuni. It was a lot of country, considering there weren't any

roads there. You followed the rubber trails mostly — the trails the niggers made hunting wild rubber — and now and then you'd come onto a deserted camp where they'd boiled down the sap.

Hudson traveled over that same country a long time ago. He saw beauty there. I saw beauty there, too, but not as he saw it. I'm not good enough for that. But maybe he didn't see it that way at the time, either. Maybe he saw it that way years afterwards when he'd forgotten about a lot of things — about the mud and fever and ticks and mosquitoes and thorns. He must have forgotten about the thorns. There's one in there they call *Hala pa' 'tras*, "Pulls you backwards." It's everywhere in that bush, tearing at you, rows of saw-tooth thorns sloping backward all along the undersides of the leaves and branches and when it brushes your clothes it lays hold and drags you clear out of the saddle if you're moving with any speed at all. You can't imagine that girl Rima tripping about in that stuff. You just couldn't trip about in that country and you couldn't live without clothes on. Not for one day you couldn't, not for an hour. You'd be covered with ticks like a suit of armor. It's beautiful fantasy, though, and there are times when you might almost think it could be true, sometimes at night, up on a high place, where the breeze gets through, when the moon washes over all the jungle down below. But if you've traveled that country you have to look at

Hudson's writing as fantasy, even if you don't want to.

The trees are the things you'll remember most. They go up so high over you. A hundred, a hundred and fifty feet they go up. They go up forever, up to the sky itself. They seem to take the place of the sky. It's as though the real sky, the sky you're accustomed to in other places, the transparent, intangible sky, doesn't exist here at all and instead you have this high, tangible, dark green roof. You get to feel that way about it after a while because it's always there.

And they're not proper trees at all. Each tree is like a group of trees, a group of thin trees all twisted together, making one big tree, going up forever. If you cut one down and saw it into lengths for firewood you haven't proper firelogs at all nor a proper stump. You have, instead, odd tortured shapes of wood like great thick pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

The trees throw a green sky over you, away up, and under the green sky, right in the eaves of the green sky, the birds flash around, the macaws and parrots and toucans, and the sky throws their harsh cries down at you. And down under the sky, away down on the ground, in the gloom that's always there, among the vines and thorns and twisted roots, you'll scratch away the black earth and find rocks of rose quartz, quartz as white as an egret, as pink as a flamingo. And you'll break it up with an iron bar and pound it very fine, hammer it into pink powder and wash it in your pan. You'll wash it over and over again, sloshing it about, rolling the pan, making a little whirlpool, pouring off the light powder like pink milk, very carefully, and you'll find at last in the bottom of your wooden pan a few grains of gold.

The trees and the rivers are the things you'll remember afterwards, remembering

the beautiful things. The rivers twist among the forests, narrow and deep, very quiet, very quiet for a long time, for days. Then widening out, suddenly, finding voice, rushing over boulders, all spread out, shallow, over a great flat field of gray stone. And then plunging. Roaring, then, the river that was quiet so long, plunging over a cliff, a great wide cliff with far-thrown curves in it, plunging far down, roaring, sending up billows of white mist into the green sky of the tall trees.

And then below, where the river is quiet again, along the flat shores among the little beds of froth that eddy in behind the boulders, you'll pan the quartz sand and find grains of gold there, too.

II

Ernesto was a German and his name was really Ernest, of course, but the natives called him Ernesto, just as they called the Frenchman, Jules, Julio, and all the other Frenchmen, too, there at the mine, the three or four who had gotten away from Cayenne and worked for Bob Abbott—Eduard was Eduardo and Paul was Pablo and so on, and I called the German Ernesto, too, because everyone else did.

He was a very serious young German—tall and blond and pink. I'd met him on the island of Margarita and he'd stayed along with me because he thought I knew a lot. He got that idea, I guess, because I had a lot of books with me and he had an awe of books, especially of technical books, which was a result of his not having much schooling and yet having a natural bent for learning. But he had no sense of humor whatever.

We went into pearl fishing at Margarita but we gave it up and left the island on account of a girl, and then we went down to Guayana and tried prospecting for gold

because the price had jumped from twenty dollars an ounce to thirty-five. We gave that up, too, and went to work for Bob Abbott at the British Consolidated's mine at Botanamo on the Demerara border. That mine is buried deep—one of the remotest of all, I guess. It's tucked off by itself, way yonder in the bush.

There were ten whites at Botanamo then and about two hundred laborers, mostly Venezuelan Indians and Demerara niggers. There were Bob Abbott and two other Americans besides myself, an engineer and a mine boss, a Canadian in charge of the cyanide plant, a Scotch assayer, the three or four Frenchmen escaped from Cayenne, and Ernesto, the German. All but the Frenchmen and Ernesto and I were contract men and therefore lived at the staff house on the hill; we lived down in the village among the laborers, down in the sprawl of adobe huts.

It was some time before we began to notice anything about Julio particularly. He was just another French convict from Cayenne for a long time, except perhaps for his woman. You'd notice his woman the first time you saw her. She was young and laughing and beautiful and for a long time she was the only remarkable thing to us about Julio.

Ernesto and I worked our eight-hour shifts at the mine and spent the rest of the daylight poking around at the quartz in the bush beyond the mine clearing, looking for rich stuff. You never get over doing that in gold country. In the evenings we'd sit in the doorway of our hut and smoke and talk, or I'd try to explain to Ernesto the complicated English of my mining books. Sometimes a few of the blacks would collect at our doorstep and gossip. Frank came more than anyone else. He was the husband of the obeah woman who lived two doors away. He considered him-

self something of an obeah, too, and he had a few feeble tricks that he worked on some of the more stupid blacks and made a few shillings that way, but he was laughed at mostly. His woman wasn't laughed at, though. No one laughed at her.

The Frenchmen didn't join us as a rule for they spoke only French and our talk was always English or Spanish. One night, though, Julio stopped and talked with us and that was the first time we noticed him especially. He said he had tasted human flesh. That was what made us notice him. Someone got to talking about cannibals and eating human flesh and wondering how it would taste.

"It tastes like pork," the Frenchman said, "like young pork."

"How do you know?" Ernesto asked.

"I've eaten it," Julio said. And that's all he would say.

He was a wharf rat from Marseilles, small and dark, with thin hair and a beak of a nose. He didn't seem any different from the other Frenchmen from the penal colony except that he was more tattooed. They were all tattooed, but Julio was literally covered with blue tattooing, even to his eyelids and the insides of his ears. He was so blue that he looked cold, as though he were always blue from cold. I tried to learn more about him after what he said that night and I learned quite a bit finally, partly from Bob Abbott and partly from talking to him, and then there was the mix-up he had with Ernesto over his woman.

The hut we lived in was like all the others in the row—a whitewashed house of one room, adobe, with a thatched roof. Some of the houses had little dooryards with potted plants growing in gasoline tins and maybe a stand of banana. Julio lived with his woman a few doors away in the neatest house on the street and the obeah woman lived two doors the other way in the sorriest.

Sitting in your doorway at night you could see the mine up on the low hill, the mill ablaze with light, the shaft-house black behind it, and the whine of the generators filled the night and there was nothing to show that you were in the middle of nowhere. In the daytime you could see the beginning of the jungle where it came up to the clearing, and the mine was a small thing then, lost in the green all around. But at night it filled the world with its noise and lights and took everything away of the jungle and the solitude and the Green Mansions.

It was a small mine but it was complete and self-sustaining. Vegetables and fruits were grown, cattle were raised and butchered and there were pigs and goats and chickens. Water was pumped from the Cuyuni and the generators made light and ice and the forest supplied wood for the boilers. The mill swallowed seventy tons of ore every day and delivered fifty thousand dollars' worth of gold bullion a month.

The shaft-house was at the top of the hill and the mill went down the slope below it, nicely laid out down the slope, using gravity nicely. The ore came up the shaft on the elevator, the handcars were rolled to the tube mill and dumped, the tube mill crushed the ore to pebbles and delivered it to the ball mill where it was powdered. Then, down the slope, through the cyanide plant, through the series of big tanks, the separator, the mixer, the precipitator, churned up with water and chemicals, flowing from one tank to the other, using gravity nicely. Then the tailings, run out onto the great yellow flat of mud, and the gold-bearing liquid pumped through the filters.

Twenty-four hours a day every day for a month the crushers worked and the yellow mud spewed out onto the tailing dump and then for a few hours everything

stopped. The noise stopped, the clanking and pounding, all the noise but the hum of the generators. The filters were taken apart then, the black mixture of zinc and gold, like black mud, scraped off very carefully, the very precious black mud, half gold. It was dried a little in an oven and carried to the crucible in iron buckets. It was mixed with borax and soda, mixed by hand with a trowel, and put into the crucible, a small crucible the size of a five-gallon keg. The gasoline and air-flame roared at the crucible till it was red, till the mixture inside fused and bubbled, and then the crucible was tilted and the liquid poured into little iron molds. When the molds were cool the bricks were turned out and the upper half struck off, the flux, hardened to green glass, struck off with a hammer, and you had your brick of pure gold. During the few hours that the mill was stopped, while all the noise was stopped, the month's gold was harvested. There would be about ten bricks weighing fourteen or fifteen pounds apiece, worth something like fifty thousand dollars. They would be carried on packmules led by two or three natives with old-fashioned pistols in their belts to Tumeremo, sixty kilometers away. An airplane waited there to carry them to the seaport.

III

Julio worked close to me when we were on the same shift. I was at the hoist engine in the shaft-house and Julio was tool-dresser. He had a small forge and anvil near my cable drums and I could see him at work all the time from where I stood at the levers. He was a good workman. He never loafed or talked, just worked away, sharpening the rock drills. He had a nigger helper, a different one nearly every day because he worked them so hard.

I wondered about the scarf he always wore around his neck. It was a black silk scarf, tied tightly about his neck, and no one knew why he wore it. No one dared ask him, either. It was hot there at the forge, especially on the day shift, but he always wore the scarf. Then one day going off trick I asked him about it. He didn't answer at first and I thought he was going to be tough; then he grinned a little and took the thing off.

"Look," he said.

There was a thin red line around his neck, tattooed all the way around.

"That is a joke they made at Cayenne," he said. "My comrades did it. I was to be guillotined. But, *m'sieu*, I cheated the Old Lady."

We got to be pretty good friends after that but he'd never tell me much about himself. He'd come over to the house sometimes in the evenings but mostly he'd stay at home with that good-looking girl of his, the one they called Catire because she was so light of color.

Bob Abbott told me most about Julio, but that was a good while after, after I got on speaking terms with Abbott. I never talked to the contract men at first. I went about my business and waited for them to get friendly if they wanted to, the way you'll do when you've got an ordinary sort of job even in an out-of-the-way place like that. Well, Abbott stopped at the hoist engine one day and invited Ernesto and me to the staffhouse for dinner. We played poker with the men after dinner and afterwards they were all pretty friendly with us, and Abbott would stop and talk every time he came through the shaft-house. That's how he came to tell me about Julio.

Julio came into camp one day with three other Frenchmen. They had just gotten through from French Guiana. They looked as bad as you might expect and there

wasn't a square yard of clothing among the four of them. Julio went to Abbott and asked to speak with him. He had a proposition. He had come, he said, to offer *m'sieu* his life—what remained of his life. He was a blacksmith by trade and he offered his services to *m'sieu* for the rest of his life. If *m'sieu* would accept him he assured *m'sieu*, he swore by the Sacred Heart which *m'sieu* could see tattooed there on his breast, that he would never leave his service. He wished to make his life there. He had no ambition to go further. These other men, these other Cayennes, were very foolish. They wished to go on always to other places, to big cities, to France some day. But not he. No, *m'sieu*! He, Jules, had figured it out and this was where he wished to stay. His crime was murder. Did *m'sieu* realize what that meant? Could *m'sieu* imagine what life would be, going from place to place, always hiding, always changing his name, stealing passports? A very unsatisfactory life, *m'sieu*, very unsatisfactory. He, Jules, wished none of it. No, *m'sieu*! He preferred to remain here, to live here in peace until he died.

Abbott had a hard time keeping good men there at Botanamo. The place was too isolated. After a man had put a little money away he'd be off to livelier scenes. So Abbott put Julio on as tool-dresser, figuring he had nothing to lose, and the Frenchman turned out to be a good workman. He was steady and sober and a good mechanic. He got permission to clear a piece of land on the company property and he raised vegetables and chickens in his spare time. He had been at Botanamo for three years when Ernesto and I came and he had the girl, La Catire, living with him.

There was a logging trail that led away from the mine into a deep, wooded valley and I often walked there for the trail was wide and free from thorns, and the bush

had been thinned out by the loggers so that you could see into it and up into the tops of the trees. You could see the monkeys playing about up there and all the birds and the orchids. The trail was hard and smooth from the ox teams dragging the logs to the mine. Julio's clearing lay on the trail about a kilometer in and sometimes I would see him and La Catire working in the fields as I passed and sometimes I would meet them walking along the trail. Sometimes they would be holding hands.

I was passing Julio's clearing one evening just as the sun was going down and I stopped to watch, for you could see it all the way down there with the trees cleared away. The sun moved down very fast. It changed its color as it moved and changed its shape, too, bulging out to an ellipse, changing from gold to orange to deep red, moving down into the rim of trees at the edge of the clearing. And all around the sky took on a glow, brighter as the sun grew darker, yellow and orange and lavender and turquoise, and the green trees turned to black lace. Julio and Catire came and stood beside me. We watched for a while and then Julio said, "It is beautiful, *señor*, no?"

"It is beautiful, Julio," I said.

"This whole country is beautiful."

"Don't the insects bother you?"

"No, *señor*. I don't mind them. You must learn how to deal with them. This country is so rich. The soil is so warm and rich. Anything will grow for me here."

"And the rain. Don't you mind it?"

"No, *señor*. The rain is good. It is warm rain and makes my plants grow."

"I should think you'd have gotten a bellyful of this bush coming up here from Cayenne."

"No, *señor*, on the contrary. It was then I learned to live in it. I learned to love it after I learned to live in it, *señor*."

La Catire was standing close to him, not saying anything. She looked very young and happy.

"You have a beautiful woman, Julio," I said.

Julio put his arm on her shoulder. "Ah, yes, *señor*," he said. "I call her Guayanesa. She is Guayana to me and I love them both very much." Then he shrugged. "Sometimes I think she is too beautiful, *señor*. Sometimes I am afraid because she is so beautiful. Sometimes I think it would be better were she not so beautiful." Then he smiled. "Ah, but *señor*, soon we are going to build a house here and we shall live here, Guayanesa and I, and we shall be away from all those men."

I walked back to the mine in the dark and for a long time I could hear their voices behind me, low and laughing, coming through the jungle.

IV

Ernesto was working underground and we were on different shifts for a time so I wasn't seeing much of him and I was surprised when I heard he was making eyes at La Catire. It worried me, too, for I knew how Ernesto would be about anything like that, very deliberate and determined, and there was the Frenchman. Ernesto would figure it all out beforehand—if it were worth the trouble, if the girl were likely to respond to this or that sort of campaign, how she would behave afterwards, if she would become a nuisance, all those things, and then, once he decided it was worth while, he would be about it and there'd be no stopping him. He wouldn't give up then, once he decided. He'd consider it weak—harmful to character development or injurious to the dominant ego or something of the sort. He was full of a lot of theories about things like that that he'd

gotten out of books. I thought I ought to say something to him, anyway, and make a try at stopping him.

"Ernesto," I said, "I hear you're playing around La Catire."

"Yes, sir," he said. "She is very attractive to me."

He always called me "Sir," although I was only a few years older and we'd been together so much, because he'd gotten the idea I knew a lot and he had such a tremendous respect for book knowledge.

"Don't you think it's dangerous?" I said. "That Frenchman is pretty bad. All the niggers are afraid of him."

"I'm not afraid of any Frenchman who ever lived," he said.

I saw I'd taken the wrong track there.

"Anyway," I said, "they seem to get along well together. I shouldn't like to see them broken up."

"Julio is a criminal, sir. It can do the girl no good consorting with him. Surely she would be in better hands being with me. Is that not so, sir?"

I gave it up after a while when I saw I wasn't getting anywhere.

It was from Frank, the obeah woman's man, that I'd first heard of it. He said he "divined" it. He was trying to prove that he was an obeah and could divine things but I knew he was telling the truth and that he'd heard from his woman. He said, "All right, mawns, you clevah mawns, I prove you one ting surely. I prove you which you cannot deny dat I divine tings which you clevah mawns cannot see. Look now, mawn. I close my eyes, I divine something which you do not know. I divine *bukrah* mawn, Mister Ernesto. Wheah be him? What be him a'doing? Him be wit dat beautiful daughter, La Catire, dis instant. He take she rum. He try to drunk she. He try to cherish she in bed." And I knew he was telling the truth.

Julio came to the hut that evening and I could see he was worked up about something and when he asked for Ernesto I knew he'd found out. Ernesto came in from the yard and I stood back against the wall and looked around the room and saw my little geologist's hammer on the table. But when the Frenchman spoke his voice trembled. He was almost crying. He would choke every once in a while and he'd have to stop talking and swallow.

"Señor," he said, "I understand that you desire the woman who lives with me. I have come to give her up to you."

That was what he did. He said that he had a beautiful woman but that he did not deserve a beautiful woman, that he, Ernesto, deserved her more, that he would be a better mate for her.

"When a man has a beautiful woman, *señores*," he said, "he must be ready to hold her against others. Is that not so? He must be able to fight for her. I am not able to do that, *señores*. I should not have a beautiful woman. I should have an old and ugly woman with whom I can live in peace. I love my peace, *señores*, and I love my freedom. I love La Guayanesa, also. That is why I will yield her to you. Three times I have almost had to use my knife because of her beauty. The men feared me and that is all that saved me. Do you understand what it would mean for me to use my knife, *señores*? Do you understand my situation? I would be condemned immediately. I would not even be heard. I would bring suffering to the woman I love and I would lose my life. In my situation, *señores*, I should not possess a beautiful woman. It does not become my situation. An ugly woman becomes it better."

It was the next night that we heard all that screaming in the walled-in yard back of the obeah woman's hut where she had her meetings, and we ran out with flash-

lights and saw La Catire running down the street. We followed her to Julio's hut and saw all the blood pouring from her mouth and saw Julio holding her and crying.

La Catire had tried everything the obeah woman had told her. She saved all the money she could and gave it to the obeah woman for charms to make herself unattractive to other men. She marked her breast with saliva from the mouth of a boa. She wore a bag of monkey teeth and some of Julio's hair around her neck. She drank from Julio's shoes and she ate a piece of his shirttail. She did a lot of things that you couldn't tell about to make Julio love her and to make herself ugly to other men. And all the time Julio kept worrying about her beauty and saying that he'd have to give her up, that he ought to have an ugly

woman. Nothing worked. Then the German had come to her and Julio learned of it and said he was going to give her up to him. La Catire went to the obeah woman again, then, and agreed to have her upper lip cut off at the meeting that night.

V

Julio got his house finished out in the clearing on the logging trail and took La Catire there to live, and one day I went out to see them. It was a very white house with lots of hibiscus and bougainvillea around it and the sun always set into the clearing behind so that the glow washed it.

"We are very happy," Julio said. "She is more beautiful to me than before. Can you understand that, *señor*?"

OUR WEAKLY PRESS

BY ALBERT S. KESHEN

TRADITION has long cast a false halo of eminence about the American weekly newspapers. They are romantically depicted as champions of the public weal, their editors courageously defending the interests of the perennial down-trodden taxpayers against rapacious politicians, pointing the way to needed improvements, or advertising the progress of their individual Main Streets. These editors, in story book and screen, have also been pictured as boldly defying the selfish land developer and unscrupulous gangster. They are the little tin gods of the Fourth Estate.

The prolificity of these jitney St. Georges, especially in the metropolitan district, in the past few years has been nothing short of amazing. Despite hard times and the difficulty of obtaining advertising accounts, let alone collecting on them, they have taken root in increasing numbers and in most cases hung on tenaciously.

In my own Essex County, New Jersey, I am aware of at least ten such new publications in the past three years. Bergen County, with less population, boasts of eleven new journalistic babies. Throughout other sections of the northern part of the state the same heavy birth rate has prevailed. Long Island, already clogged with weeklies, seems a fertile incubator also. All one needs apparently to go into the business is a town with a bank and a few stores, plus enough capital to induce a gullible printer to start the ball rolling.

A variety of reasons has been advanced

for this rapid growth. In most cases, it will be found, an unemployed newspaper man will essay to go into business for himself. Sometimes an established printer will found a paper with the hope of building up a steady job for his shop and perhaps attract additional trade. Politicians easily succumb to the bug. In large centers of population shopping guides, disguised as *bona fide* journals, spring up easily, although their mortality rate is heavier than their paid subscription brothers. But the most compelling lure is the bait of legal advertising. The rate for this fodder is set by state law and it is generally fixed at about four times the price of display advertising. And woe unto any legislator who attempts to lower this rate!

Publisher associations, with both daily and weekly affiliations, are common in every state and they usually appoint as chairman of their legislative committees an incumbent state official, an ex-incumbent, or one well versed in the goings on at the state capitol. He rings the tocsin at the first sign of tampering with the legal advertising rates, and the alarmed publishers immediately warn the threatening dumper of their apple cart to lay off. That failing, they communicate with the legislative representatives of their county. And in most instances the publishers win. The immemorial power of the press has been shown, and the national welfare is safe once more.

In recent years the heaviest legal adver-

tising has come from sheriff sales on foreclosed property. One sheriff, I have been informed, has gone into the weekly newspaper business on the side and has diverted all of the county's sales, approximately \$50,000 a year, to his sheet. The county's long-established daily, with a large A. B. C. circulation, has been cut off from this paper because of a long-standing feud between its publisher and the county's political boss.

Still more rank is the sheriff who transferred the fat and juicy legal business from a weekly which had been advertising such sales affecting its own particular community, to a semi-weekly five miles away. The latter publisher was on the county's tax board and of the same political allegiance as the sheriff. He has never been known to differ editorially from the party's orthodox gospel, and he piously prints, alongside of his nameplate, this unctuous legend: "With Justice to All and Malice Toward None."

Legal advertising, to the political mind, is just as much patronage as the handing out of an assistant file clerk's job at the court house. *Newsdom* not long ago reported the following incident:

Legal advertising, long the rock supporting weekly newspapers throughout the country, has become a burning issue in Bergen County, New Jersey, where the newly-elected Democratic sheriff has been linked to an intention to withhold all "legals" from those weeklies which opposed him during the recent political campaign. . . . When he assumed office he gave no legal advertising to a large number of the stronger weeklies in the county. Each of these had opposed his candidacy.

This is a typical example of the *mores* of our modern Boss Tweeds. There can be no deviation from party discipline. To the court house gang an editor is in the same category as a district heeler. If he

"plays ball," prints the party's handouts, ignores the rival ticket and virtually commands his readers to vote "right," he is doing his duty. But if he attempts to give both sides of the story, plays up opposing candidates and maintains an impartial editorial policy, he is accused of sitting on the fence and is in line for a "knifing" or at least a temporary "spanking" when the victorious party holds its caucus and the spoils are distributed. The surest method of reprisal is to withhold his share of this coveted municipal advertising.

An undersheriff told my brother that he had cut off his weekly from publishing foreclosure notices, even though it was the only one in the municipality. "Look up your editorial last week on the proposed regional high-school," he said. As a sideline, he furnishes supplies for buildings of this type, and he did not like the editorial in which "opposing interests" were criticized.

II

Unless a weekly is actually subsidized by a political group, and a good many are, the editor does not feel that he is an integral part of the organization. Usually he realizes that political ascendancy is never permanent, that another election will tell a different story, and that he cannot be too hard on the other gang. The role of the editor is always a difficult one. It is especially trying during the heat of a political campaign when the air is filled with bombast and the dirt flies thick.

The average urban weekly editor may be classed as one of three types: author-reporter, printer, or advertising man. Many first-class daily newspaper men have failed when they attempted to become their own publishers. They usually are too timid or too proud to solicit advertis-

ing, and they lack the all-around experience of the weekly field. Their news stories are written in the brief, summarized style of the dailies with no embellishment of personal details. When they try the role of editor instead of reporter they miss contact with the populace and their news stories are flat. But their greatest weakness lies in poor business management, their inability to stop leakage in expenditures and failure to build up revenue. I know of an experienced Washington correspondent, successful in his field, who took a fling at running a Long Island weekly. Although his personal column was a gem, he soon gave up the enterprise for fear of landing in the poor house.

The printer-editor is a common species. Having the physical equipment to go into the business, he thinks the rest is a cinch. Without adequate editorial training, he inevitably puts out an atrocious sheet, horrible in make-up and news content. Because he is his own boss he is apt to become careless in his work, and produce a messy newspaper, smeared and hard to read. In very small towns the entire editorial, business and printing departments are combined in the person of one man, because the newspaper can't afford any extra help.

The advertising man-editor is content to run news only on the first page and to cram the rest with ready-made rubbish. He will publish puffs of his advertisers on the least provocation and pad his circulation lists, disdaining to cut off delinquent subscribers.

The average weekly consists usually of four pages of "home print" material and four pages of "ready print." The latter is made up of patent insides with a miscellaneous assortment of "features," such as Sunday-school lessons, beauty talks, cheap fiction, worse comics, and the like. Urban

readers, unfamiliar with this material, are likely to pass it over hurriedly to digest the local news, if they are that much interested.

When the printer has a "hole" to fill on the page, he will grab the nearest piece of boiler plate handy. This is type matter already set and supplied by the same syndicate which furnishes the patent insides. This plate is popular because of its convenience and is cheaper to use than matter to be set at the linotype machine. But the results are disgusting to the reader. After one has finished perusing an account of the Elks' bridge party, one may find below it a canned item on where sugar cane grows, or why the sea is salty. Such plate material is sometimes used over and over again to save the expense of purchasing a new supply. An editor friend of mine told me that one day he was stopped by a subscriber on the street, who begged him to desist using the item on "Negroes Dislike Hounds." She already knew the lines by heart.

Balanced make-up is unknown to many weekly editors. The delicacy of adjusting the front page is left to the compositor and he will slap together whatever stories are nearest his palm, regardless of their importance. Picture boiler plate is popular, and rarely a Lincoln's birthday goes by that I am not reminded of Honest Abe by seeing his homely countenance splashed generously across the top center of the front page of at least a half dozen weeklies which come into my ken.

It is an unquestioned axiom of the journalistic trade that the right-hand top column of the front page be reserved for the most important news. Yet an editor of a well-established suburban weekly has consistently used this space for a double-column "social" photograph without a caption. As far as I know he has followed this

policy for the past five years. If the name plate of the paper should be inadvertently left out some week, I imagine most of the readers would recognize its identity immediately by the familiar photograph.

The forgotten man of the weeklies is the proofreader. More often than not he is only a legendary figure. One paper recently printed that the local bank would guarantee deposits up to \$25 under the new Federal law. Another created titters with this headline: "Ezra Meeker Is Seriously Ill in Trunk Sewer," next to a headline entitled "Union May Go in Rahway Valley Western Hotel." The bottom lines had been transposed. Misspelling of names is so common as to be accepted as a necessary evil.

Editorials, if they are used at all, usually steer carefully clear of controversial subjects for fear of giving offense. In two weeklies I received recently the editorial subjects were "The Nation's Capital," "A Japanese Prince," "The Modern Atlas," and "Endurance." Many weeklies haven't published editorials in months, sometimes years. In case of heavy advertising, the most common method for compressing space to avoid going into extra pages is to kill the editorials.

A pair of scissors and a paste-pot are vital tools in the weekly newspaper man's kit. It is so much easier and convenient to clip the dailies which blanket the town than to spend a lot of unnecessary time digging up original news.

III

Advertising rates are as variegated as Jacob's coat of Biblical lore. The unsuspecting new merchant is given the highest rate but he soon learns the tricks of the game and it is not long before he forces the paper to give him a substantial cut.

Taking it out in trade is common practice. This bartering of advertising space and subscriptions for commodities is an old weekly newspaper custom and accepted in the best of newspaper families. The arrangement is sometimes given the dignified title of "reciprocity agreement," and some editors take keen delight in seeing to what outlandish angles they can go in putting over deals. One fellow took a course in swimming lessons and had all of his teeth fixed *via* the exchange advertising route. Another keeps his family alive by giving a grocery store heavy and exclusive space. A third was successful in persuading a well-known short story school to give him a course on an exchange basis. But so far as I know all the morticians pay for their copy.

Mr. and Mrs. Suburbanite look with no such zeal toward next week's edition as do followers of the country press. Most of the community's news has already been read in the metropolitan dailies when the suburban paper appears. Outside of the politicians, few of the citizenry take keen interest in their local journals.

The Lilliputian weekly alongside of the Brobdingnagian daily suffers from a malignant inferiority complex. The newly arrived city dweller is often ashamed to be seen reading the little paper and thus be taken for a hick. He will laugh at the countless typographical errors, and—what is worst of all to the small town publisher—will refuse to pay five cents for such a little paper when the daily costs only three cents.

Successful weekly publishers have learned that their primary duty is to their readers and not to their advertisers or political bosses. Since the dailies have already published the highlights of the week's news, the shrewd weekly editor plays up what is known in the parlance

of the trade as "features" or "human interest" copy. The field for this material can never be saturated and most dailies haven't the space for it. A platform of civic goals for which the paper consistently hammers away and sometimes helps to achieve, does much to win widespread respect.

A few editors have learned that politicians are influenced more by fear than through servility. Criticism and exposure are far more effective toward insuring general respect for a newspaper than puffs and platitudes. Crooked politicians are afraid to molest an unbought, independent newspaper, particularly if they are aware that its editor knows plenty and will not hesitate to print the facts. I am aware of the success of one such policy which stands out sharply because of its rarity.

Several years ago a rapidly growing suburb instituted a widespread paving pro-

gram in keeping with those times. But the streets resembled a corrugated washboard and wide cracks and rents in the concrete soon appeared. The town's editor made his own inquiry, discovering that an inferior grade of material had been used and that the depth of the pavement did not conform to standard. The contracting firm was local and its president influential in the town. But that did not deter the editor from printing his news and consistently advocating that payments due the firm be held up. As a result, the town's engineer resigned, the streets were torn up and the proper paving mixture used. The contractor fumed and threatened. He withdrew his advertising and called a conference of his friends to establish a competing sheet. But they abandoned their plan and to date the independent newspaper is alone in its field, one of the few which has a well-deserved monopoly.

THE CLINIC

In Defense of Uncivilized Drinking

BY MALCOLM LOGAN

LESS than two years ago everyone was talking about something quaintly called civilized drinking. Yet none of those who discussed it so interminably in the days before Repeal has put it into practice, and even the phrase itself has been expurgated from our vocabularies. Indeed, I may even be accused of bad taste for bringing up something most of us would prefer to forget. For that phrase expressed all the illusions with which we invested the end of Prohibition, and no one likes to be reminded of forgotten credulities.

During those months when good liquor was just around the corner we began to believe the anti-Prohibition propaganda, just as we had swallowed the arguments of the Prohibitionists fifteen years before. The drys had promised that Prohibition would make teetotalers of us all. When it did not, the wets asserted that the Eighteenth Amendment was the cause of our deplorable drinking manners. We drank, they said, out of sheer contrariness; if drinking were made legal, they argued, we would turn to light wines and beer, thus becoming mild, respectable tipplers. This was smart politics because the American's desire to improve himself is overpowering and those who drank hardest deplored it most. But no sensible person should have believed that Repeal would usher in an alcoholic millennium. However, as I have said, we all did.

Pre-Repeal conversation revealed an almost unanimous conviction among

Americans, who had put away enormous quantities of hard liquor without complaint during the previous decade, that secretly they had always hated the stuff. All of us, it appeared, had drunk cocktails and highballs solely as a lofty gesture against the tyranny of Prohibition. It was amazing and inspiring to discover how many martyrs to liberty had lived among us, quietly ruining their livers in the sacred cause of freedom. It should have made even Mrs. Ella Boole happy to think that as soon as Repeal came, we could all indulge our frustrated desire to drink like gentlemen and cultivate what was left of our palates.

It was a magic phrase—civilized drinking. It conjured up a delightful picture of the future. We were all going to amaze and humiliate our friends with a profound knowledge of the mysteries of wine. We could picture ourselves, looking rather like Adolph Menjou, holding grave and learned converse with a wine waiter or, having tested some fine vintage, pronouncing the considered judgment of one who had obviously made a fine art of dining. It took an unusually strong character to resist this temptation. Very few of us did.

The newspapers and magazines were quick to exploit this popular vanity. They printed articles, seductively illustrated, calculated to make theoretical connoisseurs of all readers with reasonably good memories. We were instructed in the names of the choicest wines and the best years; what to serve with the soup, roast and dessert; the

specifications for a wine cellar; the kind of glasses from which sherry, champagne and Rhine wine should be drunk. Of course, we city dwellers had no cool, musty, cobwebbed cellars in which to store anything save our trunks, and it was rather discouraging to compute the cost of all the stemware necessary for the equipment of a true gourmet. But, ignoring these practical considerations, by the time Repeal arrived anyone interested in acquiring it had all the necessary knowledge except an acquaintance with wine.

Let me admit here that this is written in humbleness of spirit by one who succumbed to the current delusion. Doubtless I would be a connoisseur today had I been able to afford the tuition fee for the practical part of my education. But, being one of the Repealists' horrible examples—a man who learned to drink during Prohibition—I was childishly ignorant of the cost of civilized drinking. It never occurred to me, when I was memorizing those mellifluous names, that I could not afford Château Mouton-Rothschild, Château Yquem or Romanée Conti. So, with thousands of others, I felt swindled when the first bottles of imported wine appeared in the alluring windows of the liquor stores and I discovered that the lowliest Burgundy would be a rare luxury. And with these same thousands I inveighed against the tariff, forgetting that not even Frenchmen of my own modest station in life drink vintage wines with every meal.

As the débris of my fine dreams cleared out of my mind, I began to realize that even before Prohibition, civilized drinking must have been a luxury as far out of reach of most Americans as dinner every night at Rector's. I resolved, therefore, to cultivate an appreciation of native wines. Here I was entering unexplored territory, with

only my taste as guide, so at least I would not have to swallow things I really did not like because the experts said they were good. My explorations did not carry me far. I was soon convinced that American wineries were taking shameful advantage of my ignorance, or that I was not by nature a wine drinker. In one of my notebooks I have the results of my research. As I do not flatter myself that it will be of assistance to anyone, I have substituted letters for the trade names of the native wines in the record:

Brand	Type	Price	Quality	Remarks
A	Sherry	\$1.65	Poor	Too sweet
A	Sauterne	1.50	Poor	New and sour
A	Burgundy	1.65	Excellent	
B	Burgundy	1.05	Terrible	Demanded money back
C	Burgundy	.79	Fair	

My investigation stopped at Brand C, but I went quite thoroughly into its merits. In sampling it I had the assistance of a friend who had lived long in Europe and was one of my few acquaintances who qualified as a *bon vivant*. We drank five bottles in rapid succession one afternoon, ending in a pleasant state which reminded me strongly of some of the happier moments of my life as an uncivilized drinker. In this temporary glow, I decided to buy this wine for half a dozen guests who were coming the following evening.

But the next day when I computed the amount and cost of sufficient wine for half a dozen, I realized that I had reached the end. If two persons could drink five bottles, six could drink fifteen, and fifteen times seventy-nine cents was—Summoning all my moral courage I faced the ugly facts. Not even semi-civilized drinking, i.e., drinking American wine, was within my means. So I put on my hat, went around to the drug store, bought a gallon of alcohol and in my kitchenette mixed up a batch of

gin. My guests drank cocktails that evening and the last one went home at five o'clock the following morning. The bad old days were back again.

Since my fall from grace, I have consoled myself with the thought that I have plenty of company. Americans, I suspect, are not the stuff of which civilized drinkers are made. I saw no great revolution in drinking manners when Repeal came. The iron grille and the buzzer disappeared from the entrances of the speakeasies; a framed license was displayed behind the bar; and you could get more drinks for the same money, even though the quality did not noticeably improve at first. But everyone continued to drink with the earnest idea of getting the maximum effect from his liquor. When anyone made a critical inspection of a bottle, it was to discover whether the contents assayed 200 proof or only a paltry 180.

During the first few weeks, hotel after hotel opened bars, celebrating these occasions with free cocktail parties. To these were invited writers, commercial artists, radio announcers, stylists, Broadway columnists and others whose favor the deluded innkeepers considered of value. These were the very persons who had done most of the talking about civilized drinking, so there was plenty of opportunity to observe how they were putting their doctrines into practice. The drinking I observed at these functions was of heroic proportions, but it was not high in the cultural scale. Cocktails and highballs, Scotch and rye, brandy and bourbon, were consumed in ruinous quantities, but not so much as one glass of sherry.

The worst vice of drinking Americans is the cocktail party. Theoretically, guests come around five and leave for dinner in

two hours or so. Actually, things do not work this way. The cocktail hour, coming at the end of the day's work, is the precise time when we are able to carry our liquor with the least grace. Generally everyone miscalculates his capacity, gets tight on a few drinks and remains until carried out, missing his dinner and awakening the next day ravaged by hunger as well as a hang-over. The advent of Repeal has not, according to authorities who should know, ended this blight on civilization. A recent article in a New York newspaper quoted Oscar of the Waldorf as saying that his hotel, which sold hundreds of cocktails a day before Prohibition, now sells thousands. And Louis H. Wagner, wine and liquor steward of the Commodore, told the reporter that the cocktail hour was the longest hour known to any time-reckoning devised by man. "It starts," he said, "at 2 P. M. and ends at 2 A. M."

Well, we might have known it. I recall certain complaints made during Prohibition concerning the behavior of visiting Americans in Europe, Canada and other wet spots. The only wine for which these tourists had any respect was champagne, because one could get tight on it in a pleasingly brief time. Reflecting upon their behavior, which we will all agree was deplorable, I am surprised that anyone believed Repeal was going to sober us up. It is about time for us to admit that Americans will never drink like Frenchmen. We are not moderate in any of our other habits, and we should stop expecting ourselves to be in this one. It has always been our way to drink hard liquor with the idea of getting drunk without delay. I doubt that Prohibition, Repeal or the millennium will ever change us.



The Present State of Television

BY THOMAS COULSON

THE announcement that the British Broadcasting Company is about to open a station for the transmission of television programs has provoked considerable speculation upon the condition of the new art in this country. The absence of an undertaking to provide similar facilities here has aroused the uneasy feeling that the British have advanced their development beyond the achievements of American engineers. To questions as to why we have lagged behind, there have been many replies, but their variety only serves to confuse the issue. The reasons offered vary from the pessimistic assertion that television is still in its experimental stages, to the other extreme, equally tinged with pessimism, that manufacturers are awaiting a more favorable opportunity for exploiting the purchaser of receiving sets. The truth lies midway and beyond these extremes.

The lag in America cannot be attributed to deficient engineering, for our engineers have established a comfortable lead over their foreign competitors. In order to achieve successful transmission of an image, a device is required which will rival the human eye in ability to register a picture. This has presented immense difficulties in overcoming inertia and in securing adequate light for the fractional periods of exposure, and it was not until mechanical methods were replaced by vacuum tubes and fluorescent surfaces that satisfactory progress was made. Now we have an electric eye represented by a vacuum tube containing an electron-emitting gun and a photo-sensitive surface. The picture to be transmitted is broken up into about 70,000 portions or elements, which are scanned individually twenty times a second by the

electron-beam gun bombarding the photo-sensitive surface. Thus the engineer has overcome the difficulty of furnishing illumination for an exposure lasting only $1/1,400,000$ of a second. In its present stage of development the sensitivity of the electric eye is equal to film operating at the speed of a motion picture camera.

What most concerns the prospective customer, however, is the device for reproducing these transmitted images. The present television receiver resembles in size and appearance the now discarded floor type of phonograph. The cabinet contains a power unit, a cathode ray unit, two radio receivers (one for sight and one for sound), and a loudspeaker. The cathode ray unit represents the greatest advance in the art. The impulses from the transmitter are conveyed by short waves and modulate the electron beam in the cathode tube. This, in turn, is transformed by a fluorescent screen into variations of light that make the picture visible. The reproduced image is viewed in a mirror mounted in the lid of the cabinet. Since the whole unit is electrical it is absolutely noiseless and as simple to operate as a modern radio receiver. Such a reproducing set could be placed upon the market today at a price between \$350 and \$500.

The perfection of the most recent models is sufficient to allow the picture to be observed without first plunging the room into darkness and the detail is, at first, astonishing. Owing to the efficiency of the electric eye, any scene now within the range of the motion picture camera may be transmitted. Where ordinary street scenes are broadcast, the accuracy of reproduction is so perfect that numbers on automobile plates may be identified. In the transmission of a football

game it has been possible to read the numbers on the backs of the players.

The two great technical difficulties remaining are the transmission of pictures over long distances and their reproduction upon larger screens. Although there is no justification for assuming that these defects will not be overcome, we are now restricted to transmission over a distance of approximately fifty miles and projection upon screens about three feet square.

To seek a reason for the delay in American television broadcasting we have to look further afield than the laboratories, and bear in mind that the British possess solutions to two of our difficulties. In the first place they have a public already reconciled to a self-supporting broadcasting system and, second, their geographical compactness liberates them from the engineering difficulty confronting America—the duplication of broadcasting stations due to the limited radius of television transmission.

One of the main obstacles is the need for capital resources. The financing of television would be relatively simple if it were not the logical outcome of radio. The infant radio had no competitor. It began in a humble way, boomed prodigiously, and never paused to take breath in its dizzy progress. Television has a competitor in radio and must begin where that leaves off. At present the radio companies are deriving revenues from both manufacturing and broadcasting. With vast capital invested in a profit-bearing enterprise, those in control are reluctant to abandon their profits in order to engage in a highly speculative venture. And television has many unknown quantities.

The financing of television will require more capital than is invested in the American radio industry. The British have incontestable advantages in the known source of

their revenue and in their restricted territory. Through their system of taxing receiving sets, they know within reasonable accuracy what their income will be, and if the owners of sets demand better programs they are told that their demands can be met only by higher taxation.

Moreover, since the range of television transmission is still limited to fifty miles, there will have to be a huge network of stations to cover our 3,000,000 square miles of territory. Programs can be "pumped" from station to station over land wires but the existing telephone lines, which have answered radio's purpose, are unsuitable for television's more exacting standards. Although the telephone engineers have accepted this challenge and proposed a suitable land line, it is neither manufactured nor laid. The cost of placing this line in operation must be defrayed from the revenues of television. How great this cost will be, when coupled with the additional engineering service, tolls, and operating expenses of the numerous stations, may be gauged from a comparison with radio. One station in a national network now pays an annual telephone bill of \$2,000,000.

The provision of suitable programs spells another great difficulty. Any spectacle which now offers a source of revenue to the promoter will be automatically barred from television for the all-sufficient reason that no one is likely to pay admission to a spectacle if he may witness an accurate reproduction at no cost. Thus we cannot expect to receive broadcasts of plays, operas, movies, boxing contests, baseball or football games unless they are financed by the broadcasting companies. Which indicates that sooner or later, when public pressure becomes strong enough, these companies must undertake the wholesale production of our amusements and sports.

Apart from revenue-producing spec-

tacles, what remains for television? Amateur productions, studio programs and public events are about all. The B.B.C. is relying heavily upon studio programs. However, these will pall as soon as the novelty of the new television receiver has waned. A portion of the gap may be filled with motion picture film—but only a portion. If television were to operate upon a fifteen-hour schedule as does radio, the yearly output of Hollywood would be exhausted within two weeks of broadcasting. Furthermore, the broadcasting companies might be called on to supply the cash now provided by the movie theater patrons.

There seems little prospect that the American owner of a receiver will submit to taxation in order to support programs. The Briton pays his tax but in return is

spared from the clamor of blatant advertising, to which we must submit. Because we entrust the whole responsibility for the programs to the broadcaster, we are daily exposed to commercial exhortations of all sorts. It is a matter of dispute whether the television enthusiast will tolerate further intrusions of advertising, or whether the advertiser will consent to further expense in providing programs.

The outcome may be a change in the manner of recompensing the broadcaster. If the owner of the receiving set is taxed to pay the cost of transmission, then one must add a substantial sum to the cost of the apparatus. However, if the owner will not and the advertiser can not bear the additional expense for home entertainment, why not restrict television to movies?



The Gentle Art of Selling Manuscripts

BY BERTON BRALEY

THIS is a brief, practical discussion of the commercial side of The Poetry Business. A salesman's talk on methods of placing his product. It is sordid only if you think the poet is fed on honey dew and drinks nothing but the milk of paradise. This writer has made a living for twenty-five years writing verse. Not all of it out of verse, but the verse alone represents a living. Sometimes an affluent, oftener a thin, always a precarious living, but it was his means of sustenance and he is still among us.

To make that living he has produced ten thousand separate pieces of verse. The shortest was written at the age of twelve for a now defunct magazine for boys. It was as follows: "Don't Shirk; Work!" It brought the writer a year's subscription to

the magazine, which died in two months. The longest is a twenty-eight-hundred line narrative ballad, written at the age of fifty, "Morgan Sails the Caribbean," which hasn't yet brought in even a subscription. The Writing Business!

The average length of those ten thousand verses is probably thirty lines, making a total lineage of approximately 300,000. Which, if you figure a line at about three inches, makes 75,000 feet, linear and metric, of verse. Or say fifteen miles. Laying those lays end to end—which is no way to treat verse—you could rhyme your way from the Battery to Van Cortland Park.

To get that fifteen miles of verse into magazines and newspapers has required tremendous travel for the verse and an outlay for postage totalling something like

five thousand dollars. There are not a few fairly lucrative businesses that have paid less postage to Uncle Sam than this Braley Verse Shop.

One of the reasons for this outlay is the—uncopyrighted—Braley Persistent Plugging System of Salesmanship, which grew out of the writer's pestiferous inability to understand why editors shouldn't buy what he thought was good enough to sell. He had spent several years as an apprentice versifier before he became a journeyman. He thought he knew when he'd done a good job. When a piece looked that way to him he sent it out. If it came back he sent it out again, as routine, and often by the next mail. Since he usually had forty or more pieces on the road it was easier to keep them in action than to let them pile up and be remailed in flocks. After three or four trips, if a manuscript failed to land, he went over it with a stethoscope to see whether he agreed with the editorial diagnosis. Once in a while he did—and the manuscript traveled no more.

But generally he discovered no symptoms of heart or lung trouble, distemper or mange, and persisted in the idea that here was a perfectly healthy goldfish to be swimming in a magazine bowl—and never mind the mixture of metaphors. So out it went once more, twice more—X times more; in one case, one hundred and ten times more, till it was sold. The average number of submissions was—and is—nine. There are records in the Braley card index—for each manuscript has its card—of at least a hundred manuscripts which went to forty or more markets before they sold, but which sold. And a part of most of these records is that the eventual sale was made to an editor who had rejected the manuscript from one to six times.

Either Braley was right about the stuff, or the editor wore out.

It was a slow, and maybe not particularly inspired method of marketing but no agent ever did as well for the writer unless he followed the same technique. Nine submissions to a sale—but something like ninety-eight per cent of the production sold.

In the course of these shuttlings to and fro the average manuscript must have traveled not less than five hundred miles. A manuscript mileage of five million or so, or enough to girdle the earth two hundred times or to tour to the moon and back ten trips. And if you are a celestial mathematician, you might get amusement out of estimating how many copies of those Braley verses have been printed. They have, regularly or irregularly, appeared in nearly all the magazines you've ever heard of—and probably a number that you wouldn't believe existed, together with several that don't exist any more. A statistician would probably be approximately right in guessing the average circulation of the magazines to which it pays a versifier to sell his verse at 100,000. To that he would have to add an average syndicate circulation of a daily versifier—of whom Braley was one for several years—at 3,000,000. Multiply these circulations by 10,000 and you get two or three light years or something.

This is not meant as a boast. It is intended merely to show that in order to make a living out of the Writing Business as a specialist in verse, you have to sell a lot of verse in a lot of places. And the way the writer sold a lot of verse in a lot of places was by sending it to a lot of places.

The history of a hundred and twenty-five manuscripts as taken from the writer's card index, shows that twelve had been to more than thirty markets each, and then sold—nine of these twelve to markets which had formerly rejected them. The

total number of manuscripts sold, where formerly rejected, was eighteen. Two had been rejected three times by the final buyer. Two had been twice rejected.

When editors tell an author to "study the magazine" the answer is "Sez you?" For this author recently made an experiment. He wrote ten verses designed to fit the special requirements of ten different magazines. He sold all those manuscripts, *but not one of them to the editor of the mag for which it was originally designed*. Maybe some author is bright enough to dope out that kind of market. After twenty-five years *this* author has stopped trying—he just "keeps 'em going."

Perhaps there is a better way, but this writer doesn't know any other that works for him. And he doesn't believe, while editors are as they are, that any other method will work for him. Once in a while somebody hands him a job on a silver salver, but not very often. And when one of those jobs does come his way he figures it comes because whatever reputation he has is due to his Persistent Plugging System, and to doing even the most commercial kind of job with as much Art and honesty as he knows how.

It is the purely commercial market from which this verse factory gets most of its definite and dependable orders. Either because of office rules or personal qualms, editors are infrequently persuaded to promise cash on delivery. You lay your manuscript on a number and hope it comes up. But the Business Man lays lucre on the line and says "do me a job." And that lucre is often what the gross-minded folk call Important Money. For example, the top price this author has received for magazine verse is four dollars a line—and that was once in a lifetime. But fifteen dollars a line was the rate at which one series of advertising verses worked out, to a total of

\$4500; and on various occasions quatrains have earned one hundred dollars apiece and once a series of five couplets brought five hundred dollars. True, none of this stuff was signed, but you can forego a good deal of kudos for fifty dollars a line.

Some of this writer's ten thousand verses have appeared on billboards, and some in the *Atlantic Monthly* (which it took him twenty-eight years to make). He has sold them for valentines, greeting cards, bridge scores, mottoes and copper plaques. To newspapers, syndicates, trade papers, house-organs. He has wired rhymed baseball stories over leased wires, cabled war-verse across the Atlantic. He has rhymed for radio, lyricized for musical comedy, balladized for ballyhoo. Not a small per cent of his small revenues comes from anthologies and textbooks that more or less regularly reprint "The Thinker" (tailored to order for *American Machinist* some years ago), "Business is Business" (similarly fitted to the *Nation's Business*), "Opportunity" (also a custom-made job), and several others which—as it chances—however Inspirational they may now seem, were purely perspirational when written. In other words, he peddles his wares. Poets have always peddled their wares. Poets, like all other worth-while artists, have always been a busy, hardworking and generally practical lot, who had neither the time nor the patience to worry about Art for Art's sake. They did the best job they knew how and got as much as they could for it. They didn't write only for money, but they tried—and with a higher percentage of success than is generally believed—to make a living by it. It was their business.

It is this writer's business. Which doesn't prove him a poet, but does enable him with some pride to share their attitude, and feel that he has been in pretty good company all the time.

Tropical Weather at the South Pole

BY LINCOLN ELLSWORTH

ICE-SHROUDED Antarctica comprises some five and a half million square miles. The ice masses are so extensive that but few rock surfaces are exposed, and then only where steep cliffs or mountains appear. There are no flowing rivers or lakes, flowers or trees. In fact, the glacial conditions are so overwhelming that man finds it difficult to explore even in the summer season when temperature readings are near the zero mark. Fossil remains, however, tell a different story of the weather in the past. They indicate that the polar climate was once sub-tropical.

While waiting for seasonable flying weather at Snow Hill Island last January, we collected numerous fossil specimens dating back to Cretaceous times, 100,000,000 years ago. Being numerous, they were easy to collect and we secured some 150 specimens, representing twenty-eight species, two of which are new to science. Fourteen of the specimens represent portions of giant coniferous trees, closely related to the living *Araucaria* of central Chile, which indicates that once upon a time Antarctica was blessed with a rich and varied fauna. Ten of these silicified wood specimens contain borings made by the marine mollusk *Teredo*, indicating that the wood was already in the water before the holes were bored. The groups represented include corals, a sea urchin, numerous pelecypods, gastropods and cephalopods and a marine crayfish. The cephalopods are well represented by various species of ammonites, which became extinct by the end of the Cretaceous period. Most of these specimens are coiled chambered shells of medium size, while some are partially uncoiled, but of large size.

All have been identified. Scientists who have studied this material, and that gathered by the Swedish expedition under Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, say that the specimens once lived on the shores of Antarctica under climatic conditions that might be termed warm-temperate to sub-tropical in character. That was 60 to 100 million years ago, according to the radioactive scale used by geologists.

In general, we interpret the past from our knowledge of the geologic processes that are in force today. Antarctica is a land beset with snow and ice. Glaciation is paramount and it has been so for a long time. It is, therefore, natural for us to assume that it has always been so. The ancient rocks and fossils, however, which lie beneath this ice cap tell a different story. They reveal that the land was once studded with coniferous and deciduous trees, which lifted their tall trunks and cone-shaped tops of green branches over a verdant landscape drained by streams and lakes and surrounded by warm seas filled with abundant shell fish.

This partial lifting of the curtain that hides the Antarctic's prehistoric past unfolds a stage with a setting that intrigues the imagination. But, except for the setting, the stage is empty. The make-up of the weird and vanished characters which trod those prehistoric paths in the long-ago has not as yet been determined. There is every reason to believe, however, that those ancient forests were populated by living, moving things, even as the seas had a large population.

One of the odd features of this picture is that not a single trace of fossilized bones of vertebrates, outside of birds, has

been found in the Antarctic. As for man — it is doubtful that he ever left his imprint there until men of the sea led the way to Antarctica. The Nordenskjöld expedition discovered bird-bones believed to be those of a species of prehistoric penguin which must have been almost six feet tall. One of the magnets of interest which is drawing me toward the Antarctic again is, among other things, my desire to make a search for fossil bones of animals.

I shall, for instance, try to find an opportunity to visit Hope Bay which lies on the northern tip of Graham Land and ninety miles north of Snow Hill Island. It was here that the Nordenskjöld expedition discovered a rich fossil flora containing numerous species of well-preserved ferns and coniferous trees of Jurassic age (120-165 million years ago). These trees, related to our present-day sequoia, were found in folded slates on the slopes of Mount Flora at an elevation of about 300 feet. Professor T. G. Halle has said that the Jurassic climate in Antarctica, judging by its flora, was evidently the same as the Jurassic climate of Yorkshire, England, and the Gondwana region of central India. Such a widespread flora indicates a warm, equable climate. It has also been noted by Wright and Priestley that the Hope Bay Antarctic flora surpasses, in the abundance of its species, all of the Jurassic floras known in South America.

One of the most extensive formations in Antarctica is the Beacon sandstone. It forms an integral part of the table-shaped mountains of South Victoria Land, and it is believed to extend southeastward to Mount Fridtjof Nansen in the Queen Maude Range. It is regarded as Permo-Carboniferous to Rhaetic in age, that is, embracing a time 190 to 250 million years ago. In the upper part of this formation, coal seams appear. Exposures of this coal

have been noted in various places, especially along the margins of the Beardmore glacier within 300 miles of the South Pole. Professor Seward, who examined the specimens brought back by Captain Scott from this place, says that in Carboniferous times the hills of Antarctica had a little vegetation, and the lowlands were covered with *Glossopteris* (fern-like plants) and its associates. In Queen Mary Land, 90° to 100° East of Greenwich, Lat. 67° S., Commander Wild observed seven seams of coal separated by sandstone and shale partings. The total thickness of the coal was twenty-five feet. Though the Antarctic is a barren and forbidding place — hard to get to and difficult to live in — man may some day put these rich resources to his use.

In the Terra Nova Bay district, South Victoria Land, Priestley reports fossil stems 12 to 18 inches in diameter and fragmentary impressions of larger trees, which have been identified as forest trees belonging to the genus *Rhexoxylon*, a conifer. Ward and Priestley have stated that the Antarctic climate during Carboniferous times must have been comparatively mild and humid.

What did the Antarctic look like before King Frost turned it into a kingdom of his own? Was it flat and rolling or a land of tall mountains and deep valleys? No one knows — as yet. But it may be noted from the fossil finds which have been cited, that the climate of Antarctica from Carboniferous to the end of Cretaceous times, that is for about 150 million years, was mild and uniform and thus favorable to a rich land vegetation and warm sea faunas. The sixty millions of years which have elapsed since the end of Cretaceous times, that is, the Cenozoic era, are represented by varied phenomena. This is what we find:

Gunnar Andersson of the Nordenskjöld Expedition established the fact that southern South America and Graham Land have the same geologic aspects. In early Tertiary times, mountain folding and, perhaps, glaciation took place in both regions. Great masses of dioritic magma were erupted in both areas.

In Upper Oligocene and Lower Miocene times, sandstones were deposited in the northern part of Seymour Island which contain plants and pelecypods. The flora includes beech leaves, which indicate that the climate must have been temperate. Bones of penguins found in the same beds show, however, that the coastal temperature was cooling down.

During Middle and Upper Miocene times, great volcanic eruptions occurred, for extensive deposits of basalt and basalt tuff were formed in Graham Land, in southern South America and in the Ross archipelago. Towards the end of this period, a series of great faults was developed and it is believed by some geologists that the present Antarctic plateau surrounding the South Pole is the upthrow side of one or more of them.

In Pliocene to recent times, there developed the great glaciation of Antarctica. On Seymour Island, Nordenskjöld found evidences of Pliocene glaciation in

a tufaceous breccia with numerous foreign blocks of schist, slate and gneiss which must have been carried by ice for a distance of 30 miles. Similar evidence has been noted at Cape Adare and elsewhere. In various parts of Antarctica, moraines and erratics on mountain peaks at levels 200 to 2000 feet higher than the present snow line, indicate that the terrain, during Pleistocene time, which extends backward from the present for about 1,000,000 years, was more heavily glaciated than it is now. But, although the great ice-cap may be smaller than it used to be, there is plenty of it left. The 5,500,000 square miles of Antarctica is one solid sheet of ice with an average thickness of from 7000 to 8000 feet. It would take all the picks and blow-torches in the world to make a sizable dent in that Gargantuan chunk of ice, but, as I said before, if man really makes up his mind to get to the bottom of it, he will probably find a way.

And if he does, I venture to predict that under the blanket of ice he will not only find great natural resources, but also such a wealth of information about our planet's prehistoric past that he will feel amply compensated for all the hardships and dangers he must inevitably face in order to obtain them. For there is no place left on earth so rich in possibilities.



The Truth About Hangovers

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

THOUGH the magic prescription to cure every type of hangover has yet to be invented, the investigation of this popular subject has been widespread. Scientists have labored in their laboratories, and lay researchers, including bell boys, head wait-

ers, drugstore clerks, and the bartender at Tony's, have all spent lifetimes over crucibles and cocktail shakers, only to differ, in the end, about their conclusions. Some favor the tomato juice theory. Others believe no treatment is complete without a

dose of bromo-sizzle. Still others belong to the hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you school. To complicate matters further, a score or more of manufacturers, via billboard and radio, proclaim the merits of their own particular Boon to Mankind. With so many remedies offered, it might be logical to conclude that none is much good. Mr. Westbrook Pegler, indeed, assures his large audience that only Time and Nature can be expected to cure. Mr. Pegler is probably right. But something can be done by way of prevention and something by way of palliation.

The action of alcohol on the human system is in some respects one of the most obscure problems in all medical science. That alcohol in excessive dosage does cause the characteristic symptoms of the "morning after" will become obvious to anyone who cares to make the experiment; how or why it should do so is a different matter, which takes on some of the aspects of a mystery. Many of the old theories, ascribing to it direct toxic action on various internal organs, have now been abandoned. There is no evidence to support the horrific pictures that used to be printed in the school textbooks. Contrary to opinions expressed by the uninformed, especially by prohibitionists, alcohol is a food. It is not an ideal food (it cannot properly replace ordinary foods), but a food nevertheless it is.

Physiologically, what happens when you take a cocktail? First of all it increases the secretions of the mouth and the stomach. It sharpens the appetite. That is incidental. The important thing is that absorption of the alcohol into the blood begins almost immediately (most other foods are not so absorbed till after a complicated process of digestion has taken place). By means of the blood the alcohol is carried to all the organs and tissues of the body. This absorption is rapid and explains the "kick" in which the entire body shares.

But if absorption is rapid, elimination is slow. A small amount is removed through the lungs, the kidneys, and the skin, but 95% or more is eliminated by oxidation or combustion in the body. In this process alcohol releases energy, just as do other foods. Many studies have been made as to the rate of elimination. It is apparently constant, no matter how much has been imbibed. While the actual rate is still the subject of some controversy, it is virtually agreed that in a person weighing 150 pounds the rate does not exceed 10 c.c., or about one-third of an ounce, of absolute alcohol *an hour*.

Now this is a momentous fact, worthy of deep pondering by all serious and not-so-serious drinkers. In the opinion of Dr. Martland of the Newark City Hospital it explains why the "morning after" frequently takes most of the day to wear off. As the average drink of 100-proof whiskey contains nearly twice the amount of alcohol that can be eliminated in one hour, it is obvious why cumulation occurs. Thus, if a convivial gentleman, in the course of a large evening, should happen to imbibe the equivalent of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pint of whiskey, it would require 17 hours to free the body from the dose. For a fat man the time would be somewhat curtailed; for a small man it would be longer.

The first point in prevention, then, is to calculate the dosage that can actually be eliminated within a reasonable time. If the party begins at 7 p. m., then this period might be fixed at about 12 hours, assuming the celebrant does not belong to the leisured classes, idle rich or idle poor. How many drinks would this allow? A little calculation will show that in 12 hours the body can normally oxidize—

6 drinks of whiskey (about 8 ounces) or
1 bottle of "light" wine or
8 bottles of beer.

Now it is not contended that with such indulgence no after-symptoms will appear. Individual tolerance varies greatly. But it may be pointed out that many people in Latin countries consume, on the average, a quart of wine every day of their lives without noticeable ill effects. As each gram of alcohol furnishes about 7 calories, it is estimated that these people obtain about 500 calories, or one-fifth of their daily quota, from their wine ration. Where wine is cheap, alcohol is an inexpensive food. However, we are not concerned with the question of alcohol as part of the daily diet. What is clear is that remedies for the "morning after" will be rendered more or less inefficacious so long as there is a large accumulation of unoxidized alcohol still left in the system.

There are, of course, other factors beside the alcohol itself—and how innocent *that* seems when you merely consider its formula: two atoms of carbon, six of hydrogen, one of oxygen, perfectly ordinary substances without which, indeed, life would be impossible. No wonder Omar exclaimed over the miracle performed by the vintners. It would doubtless be a comfort and a supportive of alibis if the pure article could be held guiltless of damage. Very likely Omar himself, like so many before and since, blamed his headaches on "bad" liquor or mixing his drinks or "something he ate." Confronted with an alibi of this character, sympathetic wives will restrain a natural tendency to undue laughter. There may be something in it. Not much, perhaps, but something. Even total abstainers have hangovers. Heavy, rich, or unaccustomed food, the thick smoky atmosphere of a crowded night club or Manhattan apartment, late hours, the strain of "company behavior"—all these, without a drop of C_2H_5OH , will inevitably take their toll.

And some liquor is better than others.

Better in flavor, without any doubt. Whether better from the standpoint of our inquiry is perhaps a moot question. The United States Pharmacopoeia requirements for *spiritus frumenti*—medicinal whiskey—call for aging "in charred-wood containers for a period of not less than four years." Certain tests for purity and age are prescribed. The vast majority of commercial products will not meet these tests. "Bonded" liquors, however, usually do. According to Dr. Martland, "raw alcohol may contain toxic substances, chiefly the aldehydes, such as formaldehyde, acetaldehyde, butyl aldehyde, amyl aldehyde, also propyl, butyl, and amyl alcohols. During proper aging, these aldehydes are converted into the corresponding acids. The acids so produced combine with the alcohols present and form the relatively nontoxic, nonirritating esters of pleasing taste and odor." On the other hand other investigators have contended that the much-maligned beverages of the Prohibition era (aside from canned heat, ginger jake, and wood alcohol) were little if any more toxic than the better products of today. Indeed some of these iconoclasts have had the audacity to claim they were *less* toxic because the bootleggers adulterated them to the limit of acceptability with the safest and cheapest of all adulterants—water.

Against the arguments of the iconoclasts, however, we must place not merely the solemn warnings of ancient scriptures from the Sanskrit to the Greek, but the accumulating wisdom of the ages and the authority of the Pharmacopoeia. If you are going to drink whiskey, let it be "medicinal," that is, sound and well-matured. That is the second point in prevention, and no great novelty. Oddly enough, people who balk at any whiskey less than 12 years old think nothing of consuming gin (in cocktails) possessing a ripe age of hardly more than

12 weeks, if in fact it was not made the day before yesterday. Gin is rarely aged. Whatever purity it may boast, it owes the method of distillation. Good gin consists of flavored neutral spirits, concerning the merits or demerits of which we cannot stop to inquire. Suffice it to say that college psychology professors, when studying the effect of alcohol on man, usually give their subjects neutral spirits. One fact, if it is a fact, has been discovered: that neutral spirits leave no imprint on the breath. So-called alcoholic breath is due to constituents other than ethyl alcohol, according to George B. Wallace, M.D., Professor of Pharmacology at New York University.

Even in "good" beverages, these other constituents produce somewhat varying effects, as is well known. Thus beer has an undoubted sleep-inducing quality, which is attributed to a hypnotic, lupulin, derived from the hops. (Hop pillows were once much prized as an antidote for insomnia.) Wine, with its varying sugars and acids, is more exhilarating, and, if you believe the medicos of France, good for almost anything that ails you. Cordials, which are said to warm the heart, contain many flavoring essences. In view of these differing constituents, there may be some slight plausibility in the warning against mixing your drinks. Mostly it is a superstition. One of the most popular of cocktails is the Martini, a mixture of gin and wine (vermouth) which is far from deadly, as many will testify. No doubt many persons have awakened with distressful symptoms after taking various assorted libations. But it was the number of them, not the assortment, that probably caused the discomfort.

The third point in prevention is dilution, whether with carbonated water, ginger ale, or plain water. Water is always good for the system and may help to "float off" toxic effects. Food is also good, since it helps to

delay absorption by the blood and thus may check any incipient tendency to pass out. Milk and fats are excellent for this purpose. He-men, at least as portrayed in the movies, take their liquor neat. If narcosis is the goal, that is the best means of achieving it, though capacity varies beyond a shadow of a doubt. What is a hollow leg? Nobody knows. Professor Hyman of Columbia learnedly states the situation as follows: "In terms of pharmacology a moderate dose (of alcohol) is from 20 c.c. to 40 c.c. [in ordinary parlance, one to two cocktails]. So striking is idiosyncrasy, however, that this might be excessive to one and a mere 'snifter' to others. The reason for tolerance to alcohol is certainly not understood, but it is definitely not the result of an acquired immunity." However, old soaks can stand up under it better than abstainers, which is perhaps a different matter (abstainers merely get a greater *immediate* kick). In any event dilution is an advantage, except perhaps in the case of a fine brandy, which is properly taken at the end of a meal, anyway—and sipped. When consumed in a concentration of 50% or more — 100-proof whiskey *is* 50% — alcohol has a decided tendency to irritate the membranes of the stomach. This increases the gastritis often associated with the "morning after." Beverages containing 20% or less of alcohol—these include wines, most highballs, and all beers—are said to be free from any immediate deleterious effect of this kind. It should be noted that most cocktails average about 30%.

With these varied data well in hand, treatment ought to be unnecessary. But unfortunately, accidents will happen. The strong-willed suffer in silence, knowing that 24 hours of abstinence (or 48 at most) will bring sure relief. Others grasp at straws or call for ice bags. The Germans

have a name for it (now enshrined in the comic strips), as Dr. Emil Bogen, the California pathologist, points out. *Katzenjammer*, he says, is a series of symptoms pointing "mainly to an acute gastric catarrh and perhaps to a functional neuritis." This "syndrome," if any one in the audience happens not to know, may include headache, coated tongue, anorexia (loss of appetite), nausea, gas, constipation or the reverse, muscular pains, and a general feeling that life is not worth living.

At any rate, elimination is the first concern. For best results, treatment might well begin before going to bed. In biliousness, the classic remedy is calomel followed by citrate of magnesia or seidlitz powders the next morning; the calomel acts on the small bowel (and perhaps on the liver), while the saline acts on the large bowel, according to Clendening. While not recommended as a habitual practice, this simple treatment will perhaps do more than anything else to restore normalcy. Castor oil, in spite of the odium that has been heaped upon it because of its taste, is probably the best alternative agent for catharsis, though it has somewhat less reputation in "liverish" conditions than the old-fashioned calomel. It is however safe, powerful, and reliable.

Catharsis, in spite of its undoubted value, does not eliminate alcohol as such, since most of it is absorbed before it reaches the lower intestine. Hence, exercise is also called for, which is the best and perhaps the only means of hastening the oxidation of whatever alcohol is left in the system. Turn on the radio and do the setting-up exercises; then take a brisk walk.

Doubtless this sounds like counsel for supermen, especially if the head seems to be on the point of bursting, but a little will power will pay large dividends. Besides, you can do something about your

head. Choose the anodyne that works best for you. The two medicated "seltzers" now so widely exploited owe their analgesic effects to acetanilid and aspirin, respectively. More efficacious, perhaps, is the common "APC" tablet — aspirin, phenacetin (acetphenetidin), and caffeine — which may be regarded as harmless for two or three doses.

That sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach is another symptom that will probably demand attention. It sometimes yields to soda bicarbonate, but one of the numerous soda-bismuth combinations will probably give better results. But do not run away with the theory that you have "acid stomach"; on the contrary, there is probably no excess acidity there. The gas that people complain about (and this applies to all belchers, alcoholic and otherwise) is now believed to be due largely to air swallowing; the more liquids you drink, of course, the more you are likely to swallow air. However, the antacids do act as stomach sedatives and are of value in counteracting acidosis.

What the doctors call a "stomachic" may also be grateful. Here is where the Worcestershire sauce comes in handy, a teaspoonful or less to a glass of tomato juice. Or you can take a few drops of tincture of capsicum (cayenne pepper!) in a glass of water or milk: so-called tabasco sauce is a good substitute. With these aids, the prospect of breakfast and some good strong coffee (for stimulation) ought to seem a bit more rosy.

If, after all this, a jittery feeling persists, recourse might be had to a dose of bromides (not to be confused with advertised "bromo" preparations). It can be repeated once or twice. One doctor, with much experience in the matter, says (quite privately) that one stiff eye-opener, say a whiskey sour, plus a dose of bromides is as good as anything. This might be re-

garded as the homeopathic theory, *similia similibus curantur*, and undoubtedly a little alcohol tends to mask the symptoms of too much, but such therapy cannot be recommended, except perhaps *in extremis*. It cannot be desirable to add to the alcohol already in the system; however, just as in seasickness, a few teaspoonfuls of champagne will sometimes dispel nausea when nothing else can.

William James once said that the sway of alcohol over mankind is "unquestionably due to its powers to stimulate the mystical faculties of human nature." The psychoanalysts, less poetic, ascribe its attraction to its power to release our primitive *Id* from the tyranny of our more or less civilized *Ego*. On this view, a hangover is nothing more nor less than the *Ego* punishing the *Id* for getting out of control, in which endeavor the *Superego*, once known as conscience, is likely to take a hand. Sandor Rado, a European specialist who discourses learnedly on such matters, is of the opinion that all euphoria-producing drugs, including alcohol and morphine, are essentially erotic substitutes. With the advance of synthetic chemistry, he believes it is only a question of time when even "better" euphoric substances will be discovered—better because relieved of all unfortunate after-effects. What then, he asks, will happen to the human race?

NOTES ON PRODUCTS AND TREATMENT

Cathartics.—"Candy laxatives" are too inefficient for this purpose. The only objection to calomel is that it is a mercury preparation and, while quite harmless for occasional use, it should not be taken indiscriminately or habitually. The usual dose is about 2 grains, best taken in divided dosage (consult your doctor!). It should always be followed by a saline laxative the next morning. The C.C. pill of army

fame contains calomel. As suggested in the text, castor oil is a good substitute.

Analgesics.—Aspirin stands first for harmlessness. Perhaps other analgesics should be taken only on a physician's advice.

Antacids.—Sodium bicarbonate or "soda mint" tablets are convenient to take. Bismuth subcarbonate, also obtainable in tablets, is likewise a useful stomach sedative. Many proprietary products contain both soda and bismuth. Milk of magnesia may sometimes be serviceable.

Stimulants.—Coffee is probably best. Some like a dash of aromatic spirits of ammonia in water, or other soft drink, which is permissible.

Sedatives.—These should be used with caution or not at all. The bromides are perhaps least objectionable for not more than a couple of doses.

Turkish Baths.—These are debilitating. It is impossible to "sweat out" any appreciable quantity of alcohol. The copious water drinking of the steam room may of course help, but the cure is probably worse than the disease.

Literature.—There is an enormous literature on alcohol, but little regarding the common or garden variety of hangover, possibly because the exact nature of the condition is still somewhat obscure. Moreover, the medical profession has been largely concerned with alcoholism, acute or chronic, in its less polite and more severe forms. For the general background, the most useful compendium is *Alcohol and Man*, edited by Dr. Haven Emerson (D. Appleton-Century, 1932). The subject may be pursued further in such works as Sollman's *Manual of Pharmacology* (1932), Bastedo's *Materia Medica* (1932), Beckman's *Treatment in General Practice* (1934), all published by W. B. Saunders, and medical textbooks generally.

THE LIBRARY

Down the Rabbit Hole

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, 1917-1921, by William Henry Chamberlin. Two volumes. \$10. 6¼ x 9¼; 1101 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

IF THE Russian people are the heroes of Chamberlin's fine history, then Lenin is the plot. This man who proposed to conquer the world and divide it like so many squares of fudge was a stocky little Russian with an Oriental cast of feature and reddish hair. The visitor to Russia will find countless portraits and sculptures of Lenin, the best of these presenting him in cap and sack coat, arguing pleasantly (with fatherly dogmatism) some point of dialectical fineness, like a village doctor confounding the rustics with his disbelief in the mercy of God. Best of all likenesses of Lenin, however, is the man himself in death: he lies on view, forever pickled under glass, before the noble red wall of the Kremlin. In waxen death the man is serene, seeming to await with waxlike patience the coming of another capitalistic war, when the hateful rich will again cut their own throats. The fanatic did not survive the undertaker's art, only the realist is embalmed there upon Lenin's ruddy countenance. The touch of fierce inscrutability has vanished; there is no wisp of the clenched smile. Lenin, the realist, is resigned to the ages. He sleeps sweetly with a ruby satisfaction, having died before Mussolini and Hitler scorned his dream but embraced his technics; Lenin, the great intellectual, the

adventurer who made his cast and lost the dice, at the battle of Warsaw, August 17, 1920.

As Soviet Russia is a country where a historian who loses his argument also loses his country, Lenin's decision to test his dream of world revolution and shatter it upon the fortifications of Warsaw has never been fairly argued. Trotsky, who was Lenin's generalissimo, was against the Polish invasion. Various Red Army commanders, who took to their heels when young Tukhachevsky's troops were routed by Pilsudski, were orthodox for once in their Bolshevik careers for they passed the buck, in the approved style of imperial staffs, after taking a beating at Warsaw.

Chamberlin, the historian, unwisely allows no more to the battle than he must, possibly because he finds the records too clouded by contrast with the sure visibility of his other chapters; nor does he dramatize — as he might have with propriety — the factors which led Lenin to make his inauspicious bid, there at Warsaw. Lenin had seized the Russian power in 1917, winning a state which, after centuries of misery, had dissolved itself under the blows of Hindenburg. He had made himself First Lord of Chaos and had — in the three years he was preparing for Warsaw — shot, stabbed and cajoled one hundred and sixty millions of people into a semblance of national unity.

How was it possible, asks Chamberlin,

for Lenin, with his relatively small band of followers, to conquer this people and hold power against the fierce resistance of former ruling classes supported by the Allied governments? The historian answers his question, perhaps too easily. There were two basic causes of the Bolshevik Revolution, without which Lenin's genius for leadership would have been in vain. Firstly, Lenin seized a country of dispossessed and masterless men. Secondly, these men were bled to exhaustion by war. They accepted Lenin with pathological frenzy; "a terrifically violent and swift change of life and work" (which could never have appealed to normal people) was a relief from chaos.

"The holding of power by the Bolsheviks, once they had seized it, was a far greater achievement than the taking of it." This is the central theme of Chamberlin's splendid history. As he has to deal with Militant Communism, his work must be of an essentially military character, though it must suffer many asides from the battle narrative. For Lenin's communism embraced war on all fronts, nation against nation, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother. That he regarded himself as a war-leader there can be no doubt: he instructed the briefly-powered communists in Hungary, for example, to shoot all bourgeois and farmers who objected to the dictatorship of the proletariat, characterizing these dissenters as "cowards in time of war." But all such organization of a new order—the business of instructing peasants, shooting liberals, torturing patricians—however fanatical it might be, held little of the heroism occasioned by the pressure from armies outside the canon of debate, armies in martial array contesting Lenin's dream. Chamberlin is forced to give a running account, not only of a great state at war on many complicated fronts;

he must also parallel this story with an accompanying narrative of Lenin's difficulties along interior lines, even to the trivial business of household economies and workshop dissensions, in a state which was being reorganized into something new upon the earth. He mercifully spares us most of the internal dissension, touching only the highspots of the oratory, sensibly condensing the volumes of rancid verbiage which attended the Augean work of the Bolsheviks in their efforts to construct a state out of a chaos. He is properly matter-of-fact, for no irony of the historian can match the bald recitation of actuality. At heart, however, Chamberlin is chiefly interested in Lenin, (his *plot*) yet is constrained to give a chapter to Trotsky as the orator who could inspire but not lead an army, and another to Dzerzhinsky, the Chekist whose organization, the author with great charity estimates, judiciously put to death only 50,000 prisoners without trial during the whole course of the Terror. But the historian, throughout his narrative of small facts, remains fascinated by, and thrall to, Lenin. If his two volumes lack any fulness of conception, it is that this theme is never brilliantly enunciated, and must be read between the lines: that Lenin held an Early Napoleonic conception of a United Europe.

Lenin came into power, succeeding the Kerensky government, with a party of 25,000 Bolsheviks. With these he proposed to overthrow a planet. There was never, at any time, the slightest easement for his position, which was precisely that of a great captain who had issued a declaration of war to the death, the opponents being the rest of the known world. Yet, in the first mention of his achievements, there must be accorded him a matchless sense of leadership, not only fanatically among the poor and dispossessed, but grimly realistic

among his peers. The redoubtable and steel-like Stalin, for example, has not been able to control his compères, for Trotsky, the chief lieutenant, the bloodthirsty right arm of Lenin's revolution, now prowls among the great democracies of Western Europe, seeking a place to lay his head. Lenin, however, in holding power with the Marxian Bible under his arm, in the welter of one hundred and sixty millions of people who were suffering a complete stoppage of all social functions, did not once rid himself of the services of a first-rate man. And, it must be pointed out, they were all fanatics, from the waggish crucifier, Dzerzhinsky of the Cheka, to Budeney, the peasant cavalryman.

Among the opponents of Lenin, only one had a plan — a gospel. This opponent was the German. He knew where he was bound; he was bound for Odessa, through the rich and fertile Ukraine; and he was stopped, not by Lenin's army, but by armies in France under Foch. Among the Russian leaders, the significant ones were Denikin and Kolchak and Wrangel. These three, with Allied support, really had a stake in the matter. Denikin was an acrimonious and selfmade commander, not of the nobility, who could hardly have won had the Allies given him ten times over the support he asked; for he was a softy in a country of iron despair. When he crossed over to Constantinople and gave up the fight, no one regretted his absence. Kolchak, the second of these commanders, was an earnest and brave sailor, at home on the quarterdeck of a ship and capable of exercising pushbutton control over a floating machine, but hopelessly stranded when left alone with an assortment of valiant but landless aristocrats and their lackeys, bereft of all save courage and gaiety and desperation. Wrangel, the third Russian opponent of Lenin, was a military

man of genius, a member of the nobility, and a sincere patriot. Though he lost his fight in the Cossack Vendée, it was his thrust from the south which made Warsaw a northern catastrophe. Wrangel failed to save Russia for his class; he may have saved nothing. But Soviet Russia, at bay in 1920, missed his services more than could be compensated for by any of Lenin's fanatic lieutenants. A man who swore by Clausewitz could have leavened the sourdough of Marx.

Chamberlin admirably attempts to carry on these three narratives in the midst of Lenin's troubles with his home secretariat, in the welter of partisan and guerilla uprisings, in the fury and voracity of the organized German assaults, in the easily understood resistance of Ukrainian *hetmans* to the oratory of the Moscow commissars. He must perforce interweave all the elements pressing on Moscow; that he succeeds at all, in writing for Western eyes, is a feat in itself. Several times I found it more the part of perseverance than of eagerness to trace the courses of the various fortunes at stake, and felt instinctively that Chamberlin's difficulties arose out of the limited space he had allotted himself. His history might easily have gone six volumes instead of two. Wrangel's command, with the implications of Allied support, and the temper of such things as the Frenchman's refusal to lose his own life at Odessa after having saved it at Verdun, cannot be compressed into a chapter without losing much of the grace such an account deserves.

Not one of these three of Lenin's opponents proposed to restore the monarchy; they knew, in the teeth of their sentiment, that Old Russia was dead. Not one of them could hope to match Lenin's matchless cry of "Bread! Peace! Land!" for starving men to shout in battle line. The temper of

Soviet literature is not yet calm enough to write well of these White Russians who twice-fought three bitter years, first against the Germans, and then against their brothers, but they, with traditions of Tolstoi and Turgenev, have accounted for themselves. Just why, in the core of them, they fought so well, no historian has yet explained. Chamberlin searches into the plans of the three Whites, Denikin, Kolchak and Wrangel, and can find nothing worthy of a battle cry against the Reds. Soldiers who deserted from the Bolsheviks were disgusted at the drunkenness of the White camps, at the disorder of their commands. It is one of the enigmas of history that they held out so long.

The Bolsheviks and these Whites were stoutly matched, says Chamberlin, for cruelty; one cannot find in modern history a parallel for their gratuitous administering of death. Lenin, the fanatic, could pardon the bloodiness of Trotsky, though he once intervened after that inflamed general had shot every tenth man and all the officers of a defective regiment. Lenin, the realist, must have known that no body of men could act with the élan required of shock troops when such military character was the pith of leadership. He, in the Kremlin, might find it in his fanatic's heart to pardon all the cruelties—he brooded over a society which had just sent to death ten million men, maiming twenty million more. The fanatic might regard these deaths in the same category as the reprisals and atrocities between his generals and the armies of Wrangel. But the realist, the leader of a people, would recognize a subtle distinction in leadership, and deplore the lack of a quality which is tantamount to victory when inspiring men to win battles. Chamberlin, who has lived long in Russia, strives to be fair to all his subjects. He sets down every side of the ques-

tion and spares no one, not even the man Lenin, in this bloodiest of revolutions.

The historian arduously dismisses the schemes of the White Russian leaders, only to face an equal task in recounting the confusing wars of the partisans. Many of these were mere gory rogues, such as Petlura in the Ukraine; though their guerilla character must have been the most cruel thorn in Lenin's side. In the midst of a war-torn country, with armies of bureaucrats and orators seeking to bring plenty out of famine, the Bolshevik still had to face the partisan. And the latter, with no background of Czarist snobbery, could closely approximate the Bolshevik's own battle cry. Such a one was Nestor (Batko) Makhno, a worthy as yet unsung in folk literature, who cries for a Paul Bunyan saga. This Makhno was an anarchist, jailed, who had in his fighting qualities something of Nathan Bedford Forrest's ability to "git thar fustest with the mostest." His plan for the liberation of mankind was simplicity itself, and it was an admirable *reductio ad absurdum* of Marxism. Nestor Makhno was a rustic dreamer; supremely the farmer, he hated city men and all the thoughts of city men, knowing full well that the metropolitan mind enjoys the fruits of the earth because it uses that organ to vastly more profit than does the anarchist, the hick who hates the sheriff. He printed his own money, but in apology stamped on the back of it a clause authorizing anyone to print as much as he liked with impunity. He attracted many fuzzy peasants in the Ukraine with such huey. His favorite victims were telegraph operators, railroad men, and all other servants of communication systems between cities, and, whenever he captured a conglomeration of such tenemented rats, he hanged them with an unvarying absence of charity.

Makhno's wife kept a diary of his ex-

plots, and Chamberlin supplies us with some of her entries. Thus we learn that the General, in his less warlike moments, — seeking relaxation after having thoroughly dispatched a sheaf of telegraphers — played the concertina and danced well, frequently doing so for the edification of his troops; and that, after one victory, he gave a benefit performance in the captured town square, made speeches, told jokes, played, danced, sang, and eventually curled in the gutter for a nap. At one time he had with him forces comparable in number to Grant's at Chickamauga in that other civil war, and he waged his fratricidal strife with a gaiety worthy of Jeb Stuart. Chamberlin does not apprise us of his demise. Nestor (Batko) Makhno walks out of the Revolution by way of Rumania, carrying with him only 250 of his men. If he lives, he should be exhibited as the sole practicing humorist among a set of generals who proceeded on Leon Trotsky's theory that the only way to correct the posture of an indifferent soldier was to shoot him, his wife, and all his children.

It would be difficult for a philosopher to distinguish greatly between the humanity of Gen. Trotsky and Gen. Makhno. The one believed the world should be run for city men and that farmers were to be treated more or less as dolts. The Nestor of Czarish gaiety had the same argument from the other side, believing that city men, scurrying about to bell the cat, were the rats.

Chamberlin is at pains to point out that the quality of military opposition to the Bolsheviks was never very high, with nothing like the élan, say, of the fraternal strife at Gettysburg. The Whites, as he demonstrates, had no direction, actually no battle cry — *God Save the Czar* had become a mere stirring piece of music with religious undertones. The Reds, while they held brave and desperate men in ranks, could

hardly be expected to follow with intelligent initiative field officers who might be shot on the morrow for a minor offense against some new interpretation of a Marxian postulate. Men without a cause, meeting men indifferently led, rarely carry an issue to the ultimate detail on any given battleground. It is not difficult to find the explanation for the relatively light casualties of so bitter a conflict as the Civil War in Russia.

Lenin, if he was Chamberlin's super-realist, must have known afterwards that his troops would be cast back if ever they met the spirit and dash of the Western countries. The measure of his desperation in 1920 is in his insistence upon the fight at Warsaw. His pressure for a victory there, in the teeth of violent opposition from his commanders, is almost tantamount to an admission that his dreams were chilling. The captains of Tukhachevsky's well-organized brigades at Warsaw must have wondered why Lenin staked his throw for world revolution on such an inauspicious star. Chamberlin estimates that only one out of every hundred Russian soldiers in the Bolshevik forces was on that field of battle.

Lenin's attempt to conquer Poland was accepted only when offered to the Soviet on a silver platter. A new and relatively feeble state also under a dictatorship, Poland had struck first. Pilsudski, who had refused to cooperate with the Allies in restoring the Russian monarchy, had later seen an opportunity to carve himself a slice of the Ukraine, invading that unhappy country in belief that Petlura and Makhno might be of assistance. For Lenin, it was an opportunity not to be missed. According to the canon of international relations, Russia might swallow its aggressor. "We shall break the crust of Bourgeois resistance with the bayonets of the Red

Army," Lenin shouted joyously to regiments departing for the front. The Red answer was "Give us Warsaw!"

It was the perfect opportunity to form a bridge between Russia and Germany. Troops were addressed with the evangelical fervor of Woodrow Wilson's demand for war with the German. It was a "war against war" which the Red Army was to make, a crusade for the proletariat, in which the Polish militarists were to be ousted, but with no lack of good will towards the victims of the Red Army, the Poles. Chamberlin duly records that Trotsky "severely disciplined" a hapless editor who referred to the Poles as being inferior to the *moujiks*. Thus Lenin's first thrust for world dominion started perfectly. Red troops which had crushed Denikin and Kolchak, had measured Petlura and Makhno, victoriously advanced upon the brash Pilsudski, soon driving him back upon his own frontier. That dictator, seeing he had inopportunistly struck his fellow dictator in the back, promptly sued for armistice and awaited Lenin's terms. They were as promptly given: Poland was to become, virtually, a part of the proletarian network of communism with Germany, the country of Marx the Prophet, the next state in line.

Lenin must have known that Pilsudski could not accept such terms; that he must fight. It was the true Napoleonic touch. Within Lenin's state the revolutionary flame was fading fast, with an unhappy and half-starved people galling under dictatorship, while along the frontier and facing an active enemy was an army inflamed for world conquest, for boots and shoes. Never was a situation better turned for a dictator's hand. Despite the wealth of arguments — Chamberlin can only mention them in passing — it is impossible in the light of analysis to conclude that Lenin acted without due reflection when he urged

the capture of Warsaw. His plan was world revolution, and a dictatorship of the proletariat which would govern the earth. The world of 1920 was so badly led that a true gambler, in the Napoleonic sense, would seize the first opportunity to extend his winnings.

Doubtless Lenin the fanatic believed beyond all reason that Germany would join the Red revolution. Lenin the realist knew that, at home, war-communism must either sustain a war or lose its core in a newly-patchworked state. Chamberlin, in his deep respect, never refers to Lenin as a gambler. He stresses the man's two-fold quality, that of arch-realist and high-fanatic; but neither quality — when so perfectly attuned to the other, as in Lenin's nature — could have sponsored the advance into Poland when a world was still largely under arms. There was a third quality in the stocky little man with reddish hair. It was a faculty of perceiving the value of the stakes, not of calculating the chances. To conquer Europe as a revolutionist, Lenin cherished no nonsense about the power of an idea, unless it was backed by bayonets. One needed, in the Napoleonic sense, a willingness to risk all to a decision of arms and, if loser, quit the field a beggar — as Napoleon, the last European with ideas universally feared, had done at Waterloo. There are many minor Waterloos. Certainly the fighting around Warsaw was Lenin's, though he was not upon that field, and had never led a platoon.

The Red armies (quartered in Moscow they had sold their ordnance-shoes in the thieves' market for black bread) advanced towards Warsaw with high hopes, buoyed by World Revolutionary spirit, considerably stimulated by information that the Poles were now victualled by the French. Even old Czarist generals, thinking of Veuve Clicquot, 1911, and formerly re-

maining aloof from the hurly-burly of dialectical materialism, came out of the moth balls to resume the old sport of kicking the Poles into the Vistula. It mattered little to officers or men that France had sent Marshal Pilsudski a strategist in the person of Foch's staff genius, General Weygand; for even the great Napoleon had stuck his snout into a Russian cabbage patch only to come to grief. And with no disrespect to Commisar Trotsky, who had "severely disciplined" a foolish editor, a Russian could lick a Pole any day, especially on the eve of offering him the hand of fellowship in the brotherhood of the dispossessed. . . . If ever a dictator had a better situation to hand, history has not recorded it.

The plans of the proposed Bolshevik reduction of Warsaw, which would fire Germany and Italy at once into a revolution foreseen a hundred years by Karl Marx, were the accepted military procedure. They had been used a hundred years before by an orthodox Russian Czarist general, before the invention of the machine gun, the airplane, the tank, gas. Lenin, fanatic and realist and gambler, waited the moment to spring upon Europe in that cap and sack coat, a wisp of clenched smile masking the shrewdness of his oratory. In Moscow, he first heard that the attack had begun with dash and spirit. Tukachevsky's Red infantry, proceeding along lines of military assault coeval with the economic postulates of their prophet, fought their way past superior numbers through the outer fortifications of Warsaw. Budenny, who had been sulking, came to life in the South with his cavalry and began his circling dispositions. When the Red infantry reached the inner fortifications, Lenin's highwater mark—the pitch of the Russian Revolution—was attained. Then the Poles began their counter attacks, and one

by one the Red commanders were crushed. Whatever may have been the cause of the defeat—lack of reserves, a bad plan, poor paper work—in the end it was all over with World Revolution. Lenin had made his cast and lost, quitting the international field a beggar, with the Polish crust undented by Red Army bayonets. He did not live long enough to hear the states of Germany and Italy announce that his century was a century of Fascism; but he was a shrewd man with the spirit of a conqueror, and his ironic comments on their use of his technics would have made wondrous reading for Hitler and Mussolini.



The New Fiction

By FRANCES C. LAMONT ROBBINS

The Dark Glass by March Cost (Knopf, \$2.50) is a welcome successor to *A Man Named Luke*, the first of this English writer's books to be known here; a considerable gain in the technique of motivation marks the new novel. *The Dark Glass*, a mirror hung on All Soul's Eve in the hall of an English country house which has been made by its owner into a convalescent home, is the axis about which the characters whirl in a spiritual universe. For a few hours, past, present and future become one. The characters move backward and forward, some to their own deaths. They know as they are known. Then tea is served and time quivers back into equilibrium.

By the excellent, familiar device—the ship, the bridge that breaks, the inn, the accident, anything which brings together unrelated characters—diverse people and tales are united without mechanical creaks. Permeated as it is with Eastern philosophy,

the novel nevertheless leaves its readers at liberty to take or leave its occult elements, the author offering no argument. Even readers to whom mysticism is befuddling can enjoy the fine writing, exquisite wit and luminous imagination of the novel. Some of the descriptive passages are particularly fine, notably one in which the pageantry attending the funeral of a Scottish peer, last of an old race, is fraught with a significance transcending its visual splendor. And the chatelaine's dream-vision of her past contains pages really memorable for their beauty. At the end of the book, with the death of Miss Verity, the cripple who needed no mirror to show her truth, there is a reference to Strauss' *Allerseelen*, as if in acknowledgment of music as the ultimate expression, "One day in the year the dead are free — Come to my heart as once in May." All the anguish of loss is in that last phrase.

Cat Across the Path by Ruth Feiner (Lippincott, \$2.50) and *The Wolf at the Door* by Robert Francis (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) are taken together, not because of their zoological titles, but because they contradict their origins. The German novel might have come out of prewar France, the French one out of Germany. After the war, while France was busy turning swords into plowshares for her devastated area, unravaged Germany was taking the palm for night life away from Paris. It is against the background of Berlin cabarets, to the rhythms of jazz, that Miss Feiner sets her *Cat Across the Path*, a Teutonic *Design for Living* in which two men possess one woman — as mistress, mistress and wife, wife and mistress again, and so on with a dizzy pace. But this is no rollicking comedy ending with three people on one sofa. Life pops in here with horrid logic and brings a piece of virtuosity to a tragic end. This is the book which

might have come out of prewar France. On the other hand, except for a hint of tongue-in-the-cheek on the part of its accomplished young author, Robert Francis' *The Wolf at the Door* is marked by German, or perhaps Scandinavian influence. The young Frenchman is scarcely older than the three pretty girls of his *Grange à Trois Belles* (original title), and he trails clouds of glory from his childhood, acknowledging Hans Andersen, among others, as his master. I do not believe that Mr. Francis' soul is honestly quite as guileless as the Dane's. But his book is suffused with the spirit of the incomparable tales. As Havelock Ellis says, in an introduction which takes the wind out of a reviewer's little sails, Francis' dream fairyland transgresses "physical laws, so dear to our century — the better to respect those of the heart." The book has that delicately balanced mixture of realism and fantasy which makes truth. It is the product of an obvious talent not yet fully disciplined. Ellis also says: "Robert Francis is sometimes carried away by a somewhat awkward fairy." A lack of clarity results. Anyone who remembers the limpid quality of the Andersen tales will know that this defect is by no means essential to a fairy story. The translation of this charming book, by Françoise Delisle, is a model.

Only the Fear by Lenore G. Marshall (Macmillan, \$2) brings us from the fitful fever of *Cat Across the Path*, the white magic of *The Wolf at the Door*, and the occult overtones of *The Dark Glass* to an old-home-week of suburban adultery. Those who know their Connecticut will have no difficulty in recognizing the pretty village, background for artists and writers. Only the redhaired conductor is missing. Gabrielle is almost wrecked by her husband's affair with another woman, and it is only after breaking the brittle Seventh

that she can see life whole again. The novel is competent but out of style. Sauce for the goose butters no parsnips in 1935.

Three Englishmen by Gilbert Frankau (Dutton, \$2.50) is a record of English life since 1898, as shown through the lives of three men: upper middle class, I believe they are called. Soldier, doctor-scientist, and business man start off quite properly at Eton and end in character as aging men, the soldier courageously selling the paternal acres, the scientist modest in the triumph of a revolutionary surgical discovery, the business man carrying on after a jail term for fraud. Even the author's expert hand has not been able to keep the plot from ticking too loud. Soldier, scientist and financier must always be brought together under circumstances which show the character of each. Such disciplined writing would be excellent training for most of our young novelists, but it goes a little stiff in an old hand. Mr. Frankau's business man is a frequently used type—sensual, sentimental, bold, “a bit of a bounder,” his friends say; his scientist, too, is the usual gauche, untidy, absent-minded, generous figure. The soldier is Mr. Frankau's pet, and provides him with an opportunity for some angry words about pacifists and unpreparedness. Gallant, stupid, honorable, he is the perfect “officer and gentleman.”

Mr. Frankau tries to be perfectly honest about his three Englishmen and see all around them. What he seems not to see is, to me, the most striking, and perhaps the most typical thing about them—that at sixty they are the same little boys we first met on the playing fields at Eton.

Second Hoeing by Hope Williams Sykes (Putnam, \$2.50) is the story of a Maud Muller of the Colorado beet fields who gives up her rich suitor because he will not marry her whole Russian family.

This little household drudge is so credible and appealing a figure that the reader is glad when she gets a second chance. Miss Sykes' unpretentious novel is noteworthy only for the character of Hannah, always a rebel, her spiritual aspirations defeated by her loyalties.

Tortilla Flat by John Steinbeck (Covici-Friede, \$2.50) is a diverting book. The engaging inhabitants of Tortilla Flat are not Nordic Blonds. In fact, they could scarcely pass any sort of blood test, for the *paisanos* of Monterey are a haphazard mixture of Southern European, American Indian and what not. Nothing could be more casual than their morals. Toward the Curse of Man, they are nonchalant if not oblivious. They have much of the innocent, direct, endearing amorality of cats and dogs. Their chronicler has written their short and simple annals *con amore*, in a series of touching and humorous episodes.

The Loom of Justice by Ernst Lothar (translated by Edwin and Willa Muir: Putnam, \$2.50) has for its motive what the tabloids call Mercy Murder. Although on dangerous ground, the author has not descended to controversial or sensational levels. Salzburg at festival time, as the background of an original and provocative book, gives an additional fillip of fantasy and irony to this story of a pompous martinet of a judge, a little colorless, unimagined robot of a man who has lived by legal platitudes until the moment when he gives poison to his suffering wife. In spite of its macabre theme, the novel is lit by pity and tenderness, and a rich humor.

The Last of Mr. Norris by Christopher Isherwood (Morrow, \$2.50) is something new in crook stories, for Mr. Norris is an ingenuous and puzzled little crook, always politely regretting the exigencies of his profession. He belongs to the race of mild-

mannered men who cut throats and scuttle ships. The oblique, inconsequential humor of this book is delightful; there is much between the unpretentious lines which would bear rereading.

The appearance of *The Lodger*, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' *chef d'oeuvre*, in a dollar edition (Longmans) gives lovers of suspense a fine book to read, and admiring reviewers another chance to praise a first-rate story. The tale has to do with a few days in the lives of a London lodging house keeper and her husband, to whom a boarder has come just in time to save them from starvation. London, outside the somber house, is agog with horror over the Avenger (Jack-the-Ripper) crimes. How Mr. and Mrs. Bunting find out who their lodger is and what they do about it makes an excellent tale, crisply written, vivid and convincing, touched with chilling draughts of suspense and fright.

Hedwig by Vance Randolph (Vanguard, \$2) is a novelette by an author who has won a reputation for his Ozark folktales and hunting and fishing stories. Here he tries his hand at reporting the story of the life of a German peasant girl transplanted to Oklahoma and Kansas, as told by herself. Hedwig's days are full of ugliness, brutality and suffering, endured with stolid, earthy patience. Her story, told in the awkward phrases of an uneducated foreigner, is alive and touching; but not quite as touching as it ought to be. Hedwig's resilience under buffetings is somehow transmitted to the reader who, after the first blow or two, bounds back undented from all successive blows. There is no question of Mr. Randolph's ability or sympathy for his character. But it seems to me a pity that an accomplished folklorist, of which we have too few, should care to become a reporter-realist, of which we have too many.

Creating the Modern American Novel by Harlan Hatcher (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3) is reviewed in these columns for obvious reasons. A sort of superior reference book without hint of dry-as-dust, it is remarkably free from prejudice and the bias of personal taste. Believing that with the advent of realism, fiction took its present leading place in American letters, Professor Hatcher makes a bow to Emerson, who spoke for "a literature of the poor—the child—the streets—the household," and opens his section on "The Rise of Realism" with chapters devoted to the novelists of the nineties—Crane, Frank Norris, Herrick and others—and the effect of their work on the public taste. Dreiser follows; then Willa Cather, "the most talented of our escapists," included here on the strength of her earlier books, and also because Professor Hatcher sensibly arranges his growing, changing writers on the basis of the "vivid center" of their work which "suggests one affiliation rather than another." The "post-war reassertions" of Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow and Gertrude Atherton; Fitzgerald and Floyd Dell for the "Young Generation"; and such "newer arrivals" as Dorothy Canfield and Ruth Suckow, complete the first section. "Satire and Social Protest" is devoted to Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Dos Passos, and the black and white exploiters of the negro as material for fiction. "Freudian Psychology and the Sex Age" opens with Sherwood Anderson, who is properly placed with Dreiser and Lewis as the major American contemporary influences, and includes Waldo Frank, Evelyn Scott and Conrad Aiken. Cabell, Hergesheimer and the writers of fantasy, Morley, Nathan, Elinor Wylie, come into the section on "Romance in a Realistic Age." The chapter on the "War Generation" reaches through Thomas Boyd, Dos Passos and Stallings to

its biggest figure, Hemingway. Faulkner, whose work "defines the farthest limits to which the innovations and revolt which were at one time necessary to the continued wellbeing of our literature can be carried without final self-defeat," has the last chapter in this section.

If Professor Hatcher has been over-generous in his inclusions up to this point, with "New Modes for the Thirties" he becomes expansive. No one will quarrel with the space which he gives to the "poetic realists," Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Glenway Wescott, and Thornton Wilder (poor man, his hopelessly misunderstood *Heaven's My Destination* gets its umpty-umpty stupid notice from the Professor); but surely the "hardboiled realists" might have been grouped by schools—Hemingway school, Faulkner school, etc. And the same suggestion applies to the writers grouped under the chapters on "The Proletarian Novel" and "Toward a New Romance." "Great Expectations," the last chapter, wary as it is, might better have been omitted.

Professor Hatcher's book is useful as it stands to those who know something about contemporary fiction. Others must beware of it. It should not be mistaken for criticism. Its inclusiveness should not be allowed to confuse. Space is given to many writers of current fiction whose names cannot possibly interest anyone but themselves and their publishers. Professor Hatcher ignores the vast influence of nineteenth century European fiction on the contemporary novel. He scarcely mentions such modern Europeans as Proust, Joyce, Lawrence and Maugham. He ignores Henry James, intimating that, so far as American writers are concerned, the psychological novel sprang full panoplied from the brain of Freud, and forgetting the wary imp who danced around all Freud's

problems in the nineties. And he pays far too little attention to the function of prose style in writing. (His own constructions, by the way, are often so faulty as to be confusing.)

For the general reader, the most useful impression to be had from the book is that America produced no philosophical novels during the period just passed; that its fiction was of great social influence; and that originality faded quickly. Add to this a fact which Professor Hatcher does not so plainly suggest—that America in the past forty years or so has been full to bursting with creative talents all too rarely associated with literary gifts—and you conclude that the literary historian of the future will lump our period into a chapter on tendencies and effects, rather than put it into separate chapters on names, lives and works.



The New Poetry

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

NO THANKS, by E. E. Cummings, \$2. 5¼ x 7½; 72 pp. New York: *The Golden Eagle Press*.

COLLECTED POEMS, by C. Day Lewis. \$2.50. 5¼ x 8¾; 256 pp. New York: *Random House*.

VIENNA, by Stephen Spender. \$1.25. New York: *Random House*.

PITTSBURGH MEMORANDA, by Haniel Long. \$2.50. 6½ x 9½; 87 pp. Santa Fe: *Writers' Editions*.

DANCE OF FIRE, by Lola Ridge. \$2. 5¼ x 8¾; 104 pp. New York: *Harrison Smith and Robert Haas*.

E. E. CUMMINGS is far more incomprehensible than his poetry. He cannot make up his mind who or what he wants to be. Besides the private person—for there probably is a private E. E. Cummings—

there is in him a sensitive commentator and an ornery boy, a skillful draughtsman and a leg-pulling cheapjack, a subtle musician, a silly theorist, a lyric poet, and a clown. Often he tries to be all these creatures at one time, often in the same poem. The result is as madly mixed a collection as this decade has seen. Cummings' previous volumes have scarcely been distinguished by orthodox arrangements, but this one is even less traditional. Here are, naturally, the little eccentricities we have come to expect of the author—the purposeful misspellings, the cutely disrupted syllables, the nose-thumbing vulgarities, the interpolation of a comma or a parenthesis or an arbitrary capital in the middle of an unimportant word, the dismemberment of a passage and its *dissecta membra* strewn over the page—but Cummings has thought up a new stunt or two. For one thing the title: *No Thanks*. There should be a comma between the two words—Cummings has a comma complex—for the title means that the manuscript was returned (with straight-face thanks) by fourteen publishers, to whom the author now dedicates his book, beginning with Farrar & Rinehart and ending with Covici, Friede. For another thing: the physical book itself. It opens, not in the usual way from right to left at the side, but lengthwise, from top to bottom.

The first poem begins:

mOOn Over tOwns mOOn

A bit childish? Perhaps. But after all, you say to yourself, a poet has the right to play with his material, and Cummings is attempting to evoke the moon not only sensuously but visually, depicting that ripe round circle by the employment of the not quite round but full capital O. Then, a few lines later, Cummings inconsistently writes:

ONLY THE MOON

and the pretty theory goes quietly to pieces. So do most of the poems, some quietly and some noisily. There are a few comprehensibly pornographic verses and several jokes effectually disguised in a malformed vernacular, such as the piece beginning:

when muckers pimps and tratesmen
delivered are of vicians
and all the world howls stadesmen
beware of politisions

And there are—as there always are in Cummings' volumes—a few clear and unaffected lyrics; an almost sentimental tenderness is not quite elbowed out by the grimaces. Cummings evidently finds it amusing to spell the word *why* as *whoy* and *whie* in one poem, but readers will be more likely to cherish such an unacrobat poem as “death (having lost) put on his universe”—if they ever get as far as page 66.

C. Day Lewis' publishers speak of him as one of a “triumvirate of living English poets,” a characterization which, with its implication of rulership, is somewhat exaggerated. Even the linking of Lewis with Auden and Spender is a little misleading, for the three have only a technique and a political attitude in common. Actually they represent three different types of poet. Auden is satirical and, except to those who understand his private parables, almost unintelligible; Spender is rhapsodic and, on the whole, forthright; Lewis is almost continuously lyrical and candid. Lewis is the smoothest, but, it should be added, the least original. He has not yet outgrown his influences; one does not have to read closely to recognize the accents of Gerard Manley Hopkins, Wilfred Owen, T. S. Eliot (to all of whom Lewis pays credit), and the wry rhymes of Emily Dickinson. There are even moments (as in the poem

"You'll be leaving soon and it's up to you boys") which sound strangely like Robert W. Service and Rudyard Kipling's "If" turned upside down. It should also be said that his political sentiments have little to do with the final effect of his poetry; it is, poetically speaking, unimportant that Lewis has chosen communism for his faith rather than the more profitable fascism. He knows that in the end a poet is measured by his poetry, not by his politics; that, although Southey was an ardent believer in the French Revolution, Southey means nothing to us, and readers of the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" do not care when or why Wordsworth ceased to be a liberal. But Lewis also knows that a poet must have a creed; and a belief in the dignity and possible brotherhood of man is no more to be deplored than a belief in the sacredness of the Georgian squirearchy and its incorporated nightingales. As a matter of record, the best of Lewis' poems are the least protesting ones.

This poet is, as I have intimated, still fluctuating between a tradition which he distrusts but in which he is quite at home, and a conviction which his mind applauds but his imagination has not yet fully accepted. From the conflict no less than half a dozen serene, illuminating, and indignant lyrics are born, lyrics which will inevitably find their way into even the most cautious anthologies.

Lewis' volume ends with an essay entitled "A Hope for Poetry." This essay, which was a book of almost one hundred pages, is by far the best analysis of post-war poetry that has yet appeared. And it is more than that. Besides preparing a background for his own group and its "ancestors," Lewis manages to say many things about the poetic art which reveal an unpretentious and clear authority.

Stephen Spender's wellwishers will be

happy that he has written *Vienna* and happier that he will not have to write it again. It is the sort of poem which is easier to write than to read. The mélange of broken narratives and conversational fragments, of freely associated metaphors and bulletins from the Socialist front will confuse every type of reader. The communist will be annoyed by the seemingly irrelevant digressions; the traditionalist will be bored by the propaganda. "One can say that propaganda verse is to be condemned" — I am quoting from Lewis' "A Hope for Poetry" — "when the didactic is achieved at the expense of the poetic." Unfortunately *Vienna* is didactic. (It would be superfluous to say dull.) Its mingling of the ecstatic and the banal, of highly-charged images and hackneyed phrases, does not accomplish the desired effect of aesthetic shock or any surprise unless it is the surprise that a man of Spender's power and clarity should have been satisfied with so thickened an utterance.

Haniel Long was once a lyric poet. In *Pittsburgh Memoranda* he, too, experiments in the limbo between flat statement and ecstasy. His documents are interesting — he offers copious data concerning those who grew up, came to, or died in Pittsburgh — and his pages are alive with Frick, Carnegie, Stephen Foster, John Brashear, the astronomer, the escaping Biddle brothers, Westinghouse, Henry George, Duse. It is, as I have said, interesting, but it would have been more effective in a novel or a loose saga of the city. The pages of Long's book shift from prose to verse; but the prose facts are often more impressive than the poetry.

There can be few reservations or differences of opinion concerning Lola Ridge's *Dance of Fire*. Miss Ridge has always been an important poet; here she surpasses her best work in *The Ghetto* and *Firehead*.

Her gift of unusual but accurate metaphor, her undeviating integrity, and her passion for social justice have never served her better; here they are fused and concentrated in the clean fire which she celebrates. Miss Ridge is a revolutionary in a technical as well as spiritual sense; yet it is a curious thing that, whereas her first published work was wholly in free verse, *Dance of Fire* is cast almost entirely in regular patterns, the peak of the volume

being the three-part section "Via Ignis," a series of twenty-eight sonnets. These sonnets reveal a discipline and distinction which make them worthy to stand with the best sonnet cycles produced in this period; they are more eloquent than William Ellery Leonard's and Arthur Davison Ficke's, more impersonal but more deeply impassioned than Elinor Wylie's or Edna St. Vincent Millay's. No lover of American poetry can afford to miss them.



Check List of the New Books

BIOGRAPHY

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

By Rowland Hill Harvey.

Stanford Press

\$3.75

6¼ x 9¼; 376 pp.

Berkeley

The story of Samuel Gompers is the story of the American Federation of Labor which he founded, and to the best interests of which he steadfastly devoted his life. It is also the story of a born leader of men and a fearless fighter. Born in the East Side of London in 1850 of Dutch-Jewish stock, he came to America as a child and went to work at his father's trade of cigarmaking. While still a boy, he saw the need for a diligent study of social and economic conditions among workers, and when later he quarreled with the principles of the Knights of Labor, he withdrew from this group and established a labor organization of his own — one which soon overshadowed its older rival. It was Gompers' pet belief that voluntarism was essential to the life of any union: men must be free to choose between working and not working. As a result he made many additional enemies as he went along waging his tireless war against unreasonable capitalists. Mr. Harvey has presented a brilliant picture of this colorful fighter, one which permits the reader to see him in all his moods, and one which carefully weighs his virtues against his faults. Gompers, according to this capable biographer, rose to leadership by sheer zeal and activity; he was, as his enemies said, an opportunist who drew his strength from the crowd about

him, shifting constantly back and forth from economic to political action, looking for a way out, shunning all politicians and intellectuals who might have helped his cause, holding firmly to a non-partisan policy which was conspicuously barren of worthwhile results. But he was honest to the end, a man who never betrayed a friend or ran from an enemy.



AMERICAN MESSIAHS.

By the *Unofficial Observer*.

Simon and Schuster

\$2

6¼ x 9½; 238 pp.

New York

This is a portrait-gallery of American Messiahs — "the mavericks, the wild men, the reformers, the men with Plans and Formulas, the fellows who have it in their power — if they can hold their following — to wreck the New Deal, with the very best of intentions." There is Huey Long, whose political methods "are the methods of orthodox American politics of the machine school, plus a little gaudy drama." There is Coughlin, who "gargles his ideas and is easily carried away by his own stream of oratory." There is Sinclair: "a sort of Socialistic Tarzan, swinging rapidly out of the reach of the great reptiles and carnivores which haunt our jungle economy." Other Messiahs in the volume are: Townsend, Olson, the La Follettes, Wheeler, Thomas, Holt, and Gen. Johnson. Estimating them as a group, the author says in a brief intro-

duction: "They may be doctrinaires, visionaries, mountebanks or plain unvarnished political opportunists, but they resolutely hew to the line of thought developed by Tom Paine, Tom Jefferson, Andy Jackson, Abe Lincoln and Bill Bryan, and give voice to American dreams rather than European nightmares." A good sequel to *The New Dealers*, an earlier work by the same author.



MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO, *A Liberal Mind in Action*.
By Joseph P. Pollard. The Yorktown Press
\$3 5¼ x 8¼; 336 pp.

Dean Roscoe Pound in his foreword, after listing the immortal names in American judicial history, says "When the future historian of American law comes some day to add a tenth name to the list of our greatest judges, we may be sure it will be that of Mr. Justice Cardozo." Justice Cardozo's position in our jurisprudence is both unique and secure, and this study of Mr. Pollard's is the forerunner of many that will follow. It is, of course, too early to expect an adequate appraisal of one who is still a vital, growing force in contemporary life; the author has contented himself with going to the law reports and compiling a readable digest of Justice Cardozo's more important decisions in the New York Court of Appeals and the United States Supreme Court. The bare statements of the cases show vividly the development of law as a living organism, and the author reveals forcibly how much our welfare is dependent upon the liberalism and vision of those who interpret our laws.



THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

By Akiki K. Nyabongo. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3 5¼ x 8½; 312 pp. New York

Nyabongo, a bona fide African prince educated at Yale and Oxford, writes skillful and amusing propaganda in favor of the unique civilization and culture of his native Buganda in Equatorial Africa, painting an idyllic picture alongside which Western civilization seems a barbarous and eccentric outgrowth. The book opens with an account of Stanley's visit to Buganda in 1875, which was followed by an influx of missionaries, Catholic, Protestant and Arab. After giving a quietly ironic and factually exact recital of the quarrels of these Chris-

tian and Arab proselytizers who plunged the once peaceful country into bloody civil war, the author describes in fictional form what is evidently his own boyhood and his early education in a British missionary school. There are many stories illustrative of Africa's deep intuitional wisdom and an uncritical but informative account of the social organization of the Buganda people. The writing is straightforward and simple, but far from naïve.



THE DISTANT PRIZE.

By Charles J. Finger. D. Appleton-Century Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¼; 330 pp. New York

This is a book about rovers, rangers and rascals: men who throughout the ages have had a common goal — namely "fullness of life". Among the numerous figures mentioned and described by the author are Eric the Red, De Soto, La Salle, Thomas Morton, William Phipps, Daniel Boone, Jesse James, William Cody, John Colter and William Sturgis. Mr. Finger approaches each of these, and many others, with an almost child-like enthusiasm and fervor. His style is vigorous and his treatment light and thoroughly entertaining. There is an index.

HISTORY

WAR CLOUDS IN THE SKIES OF THE FAR EAST.

By Tom Ireland. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2.75 5¼ x 8¼; 452 pp. New York

It is Mr. Ireland's belief that Japan is not entirely unjustified in regarding the United States as her relentless persecutor. We have excluded her people on the one hand, and have forced our way into the Far East on the other; we have opposed her territorial claims in two major wars; we have blocked her ambitions toward the Philippines and Hawaii; we have supported the idea of a strong and independent China which would endanger her very existence; in 1934 we violated neutrality to the extent of providing bombing planes for China; we have stubbornly opposed neutrality on the seas in the naval conversations; we have even molested her immigrants in the Salt River Valley of Arizona. On the other hand, all that Japan has been doing in the way of expanding has been necessary for the physical welfare of her over-crowded population. Unless America can understand this

trend, war is inevitable. Manchuria and China are the only places in the world where Japan's expansion is a practical possibility without trespassing on the white man's domain. And while America could eventually crush Japan in military conflict, it behooves us to moderate our unrelenting attitude toward her expansion, and to discuss political issues in a friendly fashion, for war would only result in paralyzing an important customer of this country and in delaying our own recovery. A clearheaded presentation of a vital problem in international relations. There are illustrations and an index.



POLICIES AND OPINIONS AT PARIS, 1919.

By *George Bernard Noble*. Macmillan Company
\$3 6 x 8½; 465 pages New York

The chief addition made to our knowledge of the Peace Conference by Prof. George Bernard Noble's new book is provided by his careful survey of press opinion on the various questions that had to be considered, notably the League of Nations, provisioning Germany, reparations, German armaments, the Saar, the left bank of the Rhine, the general problem of security, and relations with Russia. The author quotes mostly from the French and British press, and thus does not give a conspectus of world opinion during those months. He does, however, provide an adequate summary of the public opinion which mattered most at the moment, because it most immediately affected the Conference. Otherwise, he has written a handy short history of the peace negotiations. There is an adequate index.



BRITAIN AND THE BALKAN CRISIS: 1875-1878.

By *Walter G. Wirthwein*. Columbia University Press
\$5 6¼ x 9; 433 pp. New York

This book is a comprehensive examination of the part played by Great Britain in the Balkan crisis, written in such a way as to throw light upon the sentiment and opinions of the British public at the time. Dr. Wirthwein is a member of the Department of History at New York University; his work is obviously the result of patient and exhaustive research. Separate chapters deal with the insurrection in Herzegovina, the concert of powers, the atrocity crusade, the Serbian campaign, the Constantinople conference, the failure of diplomacy, the Russo-Turkish War, and the Congress of Berlin. Dr. Wirthwein's chief contention is that public opinion

played a more important role than has been realized in the affairs of Britain during the years 1875-1878. "The national mind was throughout in a state of hectic flush. Though ever swaying like reeds before each cross-wind, the British public, nevertheless, left their imprint on the course of events." There is a bibliography, and also an index.



HISTORY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Second revised edition.

By *Louis M. Sears*. Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3.50 5¼ x 8¾; 706 pp. New York

Professor Louis M. Sears, of Purdue University, has revised and brought up to date with the Roosevelt Administration the excellent *History of American Foreign Relations* which first appeared eight years ago. Various blunders have been corrected, and Professor Sears has somewhat altered his view of the World War. Otherwise the principal change is to be found in his discussion of foreign policy during the "new" era and during the Hoover Administration when it proved not to be so "new" after all. The chapter on the Roosevelt Administration is naturally incomplete. There is an extensive bibliography, a useful chronological table, and a table of American Secretaries of State, together with an index.

MISCELLANEOUS

LET'S GET WHAT WE WANT.

By *Walter B. Pitkin*. Simon and Schuster
\$2 5 x 7¾; 285 pp. New York

Mr. Pitkin is with us again, more hysterical and absurd in his generalizations than ever. This time he has made the startling discovery that our country is filled with millions of morons, perverts, and good-for-nothings; with unregenerate hooligans of the lowest degree; with weaklings, cowards, and self-sufficient suckers. We like to be deceived, he says; we sit back quietly and let the retailer put it over on us and then wonder why we don't get our money's worth. In short, we are a stupid lot — and, judging from the tremendous sales of Mr. Pitkin's own wares, one is almost ready to believe him. But the point is that Mr. Pitkin has not as yet despaired of our salvation. All we have to do, he says, is to cease being morons and illiterates and imbeciles, and we can be saved. We must cease fulfilling our present unhappy destinies and become shrewd,

practical people, and in this way help the government bring back prosperity, and at the same time avoid a very unpretty social revolution. There is no reason why dupes have to be dupes; if they do not like being what they are, they must change themselves. It is all very simple — as are most of Mr. Pitkin's schoolboy economic notions, deriving as they do from Utopian fancies instead of from a sound understanding of the inevitable behavior of human beings.



AMERICA'S DESTINY.

By C. Reinold Noyes. *Whittlesey House*
\$1.50 5¾ x 8¼; 205 pp. *New York*

In this highly stimulating book, Mr. Noyes addresses himself to all clear-thinking Americans. The time has come, he says, for a second declaration of independence. To date, this nation has been satisfied to regard itself as part of Europe, with no independent existence as a civilization, whereas actually, in many respects, it is the greatest nation in the world. What we must do is to develop the native trends of young America — trends which have been predominantly Anglo-Saxon in origin. Other elements in the population must be assimilated; alien minorities must disappear. Great nations in the past, Mr. Noyes reminds us, have been mixtures of many stocks, but all of them nevertheless have had a distinct character, a definite culture. Amalgamation, therefore, must be our goal in the future; a single dominant American culture must be stemmed from the original one. In short, "colonialism" must cease if we are to be protected from the desperate social philosophies of decaying Europe. A frank presentation of a vital problem.



THE SPIRIT OF LONDON.

By Paul Cohen-Portheim. *J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$2.75 5½ x 8½; 116 pp. *Philadelphia*

The only fault to be found with this book is that there is not enough of it. The style throughout is exquisitely polished and discriminating, the approach is intelligently critical rather than simply descriptive, and there are nearly one hundred and fifty excellent illustrations of the city. Separate chapters are devoted to the arts, celebrated streets, famous hostelrys, fashionable and unfashionable night life, places of historic interest, and traditional London as it has existed through the centuries.

The author writes with a warm feeling of admiration for his subject. "In a world," he states, "growing more uniform every day, where travelling will soon have ceased to have any object, London has remained a thing apart, different, and with an enormously strong character of its own." There is a brief preface about Mr. Cohen-Portheim written by Raymond Mortimer. Altogether a fascinating little volume.



WOMEN ON THEIR OWN.

By Olga Knopf. *Little, Brown, and Company*
\$2.75 6 x 8¾; 306 pp. *Boston*

Although competently trained in the medical sciences, the author of this book has confined herself to a strictly sociological approach to the problems confronting the modern woman. The result is a series of sweeping generalities and hasty conclusions unworthy of the practical intelligence of a shopgirl. In its radical expression of feminism, the book is both misleading and decadent. It is no longer forgivable to identify progress with freedom, any more than it is forgivable to believe that a woman's voluntary submission to domesticity is either "retrogressive" or "disheartening." Indeed, Dr. Knopf is about as modern in her outlook as Henrik Ibsen, and by far less penetrating. She may someday learn that it is just as absurd to talk about a woman becoming President of the United States as it is to discuss the possibility of a man giving birth to a child. In short, *Women on Their Own* betrays an extraordinary ignorance of the simple facts of anthropology. There is an index.



TUBERCULOSIS.

By Fred G. Holmes. *D. Appleton-Century Company*
\$2 5½ x 8½; 312 pp. *New York*

This book, written by the director of the National Tuberculosis Association, is an excellent work for the patient with tuberculosis. It gives the reader a clear picture of the disease and allows him to understand the rationale of the treatment he is undergoing. The author believes that a patient with tuberculosis should know the nature of his disease; in no other way is it possible to get him to cooperate adequately in the long and tedious regimen which is essential.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

BERTON BRALEY is widely known as a journalist, poet and humorist. He was a correspondent in France during the World War and later went to the Far East on newspaper missions. His chief fame rests on the fact that he has contributed about 10,000 poems to various newspapers and magazines. He now lives in New York.

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS, a native of Nebraska and now a New Yorker, has been an airplane pilot for seventeen years, as well as a novelist, flying instructor and airport manager. For some time he has operated an insurance agency in addition to his other activities, and has written articles for many magazines, including *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

ARLINGTON B. CONWAY is an expert on aviation matters and a student of military science. A veteran of the World War, he has written articles for various magazines in this country and abroad. He has been a frequent contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* in the past.

THOMAS COULSON has been in the business side of sound engineering for ten years. However, he reveals the incongruous fact that he is the author of *Mata Hari* and the forthcoming *Queen of Spies*. Mr. Coulson at present is director of radio programs at the Franklin Museum, Philadelphia.

CHESTER T. CROWELL has for many years been both a writer and newspaper editor in this country and abroad. He is now a resident of Washington, from which city he contributes timely articles to the magazines.

LINCOLN ELLSWORTH is the famous American explorer and organizer of many expeditions. He was the navigator on the Amundsen-Ellsworth polar flying expedition, played a leading part in the Nobile journey to the polar regions, and was a member of the Wilkins trans-

Arctic submarine expedition in 1931. He maintains homes in Switzerland and Italy.

JEROME W. EPHRAIM, a resident of New York, is an authority on consumers and their purchasing habits, maintaining a manufacturing and technical service for subscribers. He is a constant contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. Other articles by Mr. Ephraim will appear in forthcoming issues of this magazine.

S. S. FIELD is 28 years old, a resident of New Orleans and holds down a job on a small monthly newspaper. Although he studied engineering and architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, he has turned now to writing, and at present is occupied in the composition of a novel, a play and short fiction. "*Torrent of Darkness*" is his first published story.

FORD MADDOX FORD, the English novelist and critic, has recently completed his annual visit to New York. His latest book, *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*, was reviewed in the June issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

ALBERT S. KESHEN is editor and publisher of the *Wallkill Valley News* in New Jersey, a post he has attained after some years spent in the journalistic business. His article in this issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* is his first to be accepted by a magazine.

NEWMAN LEVY, New York lawyer, has written essays, verse and articles for various magazines, and is the author of *Opera Guyed* and *Theatre Guyed*. He is a frequent contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, his article "The Right to Be Let Alone" having appeared in the June issue.

MALCOLM LOGAN is a newspaper man of considerable experience, having practiced his art in several cities, meanwhile contributing essays

and articles to magazines. A resident of Rye, N. Y., he reports that his hobbies are ping-pong, writing detective stories and bridge.



MARGARET MARKS is a native New Yorker, whose poems have appeared in a number of magazines. She has more recently turned her hand to the composition of dramatic dialogues.



DAVID McCORD is a resident of Cambridge, Mass., and the author of several books of poems and essays. Two additional volumes, *Bay Window Ballads* and *H.T.P.: Portrait of a Critic*, are scheduled for publication this fall.



THOMAS ROURKE, novelist and civil engineer, has worked in South and Central America with various oil companies. He began to write during lonely sojourns in the South American bush; and for the past two years has been living aboard his 38-foot cruiser along the Atlantic coast, with a spaniel for company. His latest novel will be published this fall.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the distinguished dramatist, wrote the playlet "Indemnity for War" in 1920 for his friend, Frank Harris, then editor of *Pearson's Magazine* in New York. Harris, years before, as editor of the *Saturday Review* in London, had been among the first to appreciate Shaw's talent and had bought his first theater reviews. The playlet "Indemnity for War" was never published in *Pearson's* because, shortly after its receipt, the magazine was suppressed,

and barred from the United States mails. The original manuscript was purchased by George S. Hellman of New York, who, by arrangement with Mr. Shaw, allows *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* to publish it for the first time.



RICHARD SHERMAN was born in Iowa, reared in Montana, and graduated from Harvard in 1928. For several years he was on the editorial staffs of *Forum* and *Vanity Fair*, before becoming a free-lance writer. Mr. Sherman has contributed fiction and articles to various magazines.



L. A. G. STRONG is the well-known English author, poet and journalist. A graduate of Oxford, he was for twelve years assistant master at Sumner Fields. In addition to his volumes of verse, he is the author of *Dewer Rides*, *Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow* and *Corporal Tune*.



DR. W. BÉRAN WOLFE, well-known psychiatrist now practicing in New York, is the director of the Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic, and the author of *How to Be Happy Though Human*, *Calm Your Nerves* and *A Woman's Best Years*. Dr. Wolfe is a frequent contributor to scientific and lay journals.



KATHRYN WORTH of Vanderbilt University has appeared in print with The Fugitive Group of Nashville, and has published poems in various magazines.



THE ESSAY CONTEST

All American undergraduates are invited to enter *THE AMERICAN MERCURY's* prize competition, by writing what they think about the way their elders have managed the federal government in the past few years. The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. The best essay received prior to September 1, 1935, on any subject related to the present troubles of the country, will win its author \$500. No paper received after midnight, August 31, will be considered.

2. No essay may be more than 2500 words in length.

3. All undergraduates of American colleges and universities are eligible to compete.

4. MSS. should be addressed to Contest Editor, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

5. The judges, whose decision will be final, are H. L. Mencken, Laurence Stallings, and Paul Palmer.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXV

- Anonymous: A Schoolteacher Talks Back 286
 Anonymous: Life on Relief 419
 Benson, Sally: Love Affair (A Story) . . . 52
 Braley, Berton: Gentle Art of Selling MSS. 482
 Broome, John: The Need of Life (A Story) 154
 Carlson, Oliver: The Sad Fate of World Communism 15
 Carskadon, T. R.: Sally Rand Dances . . . 355
 Cash, W. J.: Genesis of the Southern Cracker 105
 Check List of New Books . . 119, 244, 373, 506
 Clinic, The 101, 219, 373, 477
 Collings, Kenneth B.: Life Insurance Frauds 451
 Coulson, Thomas: Television 480
 Contributors, The 127, 255, 383, 510
 Conway, Arlington B.: Wings over Japan 429
 Crowell, Chester T.: The Old Army Game 458
 Daniels, Earl: Address to Sirens (Verse) . . 204
 de Ford, Miriam Allen: The Japanese in Hawaii 332
 Ellsworth, Lincoln: Tropical Weather at the South Pole 485
 Ephraim, Jerome W.: The Truth About Foot Remedies 108
 The Truth About Sleep 231
 The Truth About Sunburn 364
 The Truth About Hangovers 487
 Farrell, James T.: The Open Road (A Story) 212
 Faulkner, William: Golden Land (A Story) 1
 That Will Be Fine (A Story) 264
 Fiction, The New: No. 137, iv;
 No. 138, iv; No. 139, iv; No. 140, 499
 Field, S. S.: Torrent of Darkness (A Story) 405
 Ford, Ford Madox: Conrad and the Sea; The Small Producer 169, 445
 Forum, The Open: No. 137, 124;
 No. 138, 250; No. 139, 378; No. 140, iv
 Frazer, Hugh Russell: The State Can Do No Wrong 316
 Gard, Wayne: Hot Oil from Texas 71
 Gerould, Katharine Fullerton: Sons and Daughters of the Depression 353
 Gordon, Myron: The Strange History of Babington's Curse 226
 Gorodinat, Dragoslav: Hail the Queen . . . 346
 Grossman, W. L.: What Price Life Insurance? 142
 Hamilton, Clayton: The Poor Pulitzer Prize 25
 Hickey, Preston L.: America's Backyard Coal Mines 358
 Hoke, Travis: Sixty Billion Dollars—Tax-Exempt 222
 Kernan, W. F.: Our Reception for Bombers 205
 Keshen, Albert S.: Our Weakly Press . . . 472
 Kolodin, Irving: In Memoriam: Gattic-Casazza 33
 Propaganda on the Air 293
 Recorded Music: No. 137, x;
 No. 138, xiv; No. 139, xiv; No. 140, xiv
 Levy, Newman: The Right To Be Let Alone; The Unwritten Law . . . 190, 398
 Library, The: No. 137, 113;
 No. 138, 236; No. 139, 368; No. 140, 493
 Logan, Malcolm: In Defense of Uncivilized Drinking 477
 Lyons, Eugene: The Customer Is Always Wrong 301
 Marks, Margaret: Lady with Arrows (Verse) 404
 Masters, Edgar Lee: Histories of the American Mind 341
 McCord, David F.: The Social Rise of the Comics 360
 McCord, David: A Double Star (Verse) . . . 428
 Mosk, Morey Stanley: The Road to Dictatorship 63
 North, Sue: Damyankees in Negro Schools 198
 Padover, S. K.: A Model Dictator 147
 Peffer, Nathaniel: The War to Start War . . 257
 Poetry, The New: 241, 503
 Recorded Music: No. 137, x;
 No. 138, xiv; No. 139, xiv; No. 140, xiv
 Robbins, F. C. L., The New Fiction: No. 137, iv; No. 138, iv; No. 139, iv; No. 140, 499
 Root, E. Merrill: Beyond Anger (Verse) . . 176
 Rourke, Thomas: Guayana Gold (A Story) 464
 Schappa, William C.: Harvest At Night (A Story) 310
 Seaman, H. W.: Don't Bow Down to the English 129
 Shaw, George Bernard: The War Indemnities 395
 Sherman, Richard: Don't Give It a Thought (A Story) 438
 Sigaud, L. A.: Can France Survive? 177
 Stallings, Laurence: The Library: 113, 236, 368
 Stern, Edith M.: Contest-Crazy 88
 Stevens, James: Partners in Eden 324
 Strong, L. A. G.: English Poetry Since Brooks; James Joyce and the New Fiction 56, 433
 Turano, Anthony M.: Contraception by Rhythm 164
 Turner, H. E.: The Shaky Case Against Absinthe 103
 Ulman, Joseph N.: Perjury in the Courts . . 95
 Untermeyer, Louis: The New Poetry, No. 138, 241; No. 140, 503
 Van Doren, Mark: Walt Whitman, Stranger 277
 Villard, Oswald Garrison: The True Story of the Lusitania 41
 White, E. B.: Lady Before Breakfast (Verse) 285
 Wolfe, W. Bérán: The Twilight of Psychoanalysis 385
 Wolverson, Charles: Carnival Language . . 277
 Worth, Kathryn: To a Child Watching Spring (Verse) 457
 Zeisler, Karl F.: Newspaper Authors . . . 101
 Zinberg, Len: Lynch Him! (A Story) . . . 84
 Zweig, Arnold: Otto Temke's Good Luck (A Story) 184

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front Advertising Section, p. vii)

tions, undertaken so that certain policies may prevail. The experience of centuries has proved a thousand times that politically any sort of frightfulness is a disastrous boomerang. It angers the enemy and tends to antagonize neutrals. The old eighteenth century rules of war were not only matters of honor, they were also matters of enlightened self-interest. In the Revolutionary-Napoleonic wars the wholesale looting by the French armies was a most effective form of anti-French propaganda and contributed materially to their final defeat. Conversely, in the allied invasion of France in 1814 the mistreatment of the countryside by the Prussians stiffened the resistance of the French, especially the peasantry. In 1914 the invasion of Belgium brought England into the war and the unrestricted warfare of 1917 involved the United States.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Oyster Bay, N. Y.



SIR: Cheers for Captain Kernan, and his stout counterattack on the air terrorists, published in your June issue. Even if we reserve judgment on the precision of his high-angle gunfire, we must admire his skill with the long bow. But it seems to me that Captain Kernan evades the main issue of gun vs. plane. Let us admit that the automatic anti-aircraft gun directors have greatly increased the probability of hitting. But still, for them to work, the airplane must continue flying on the same course it took when the director made its prediction. Captain Kernan did not give the total time between the finish of the prediction computation and the explosion of the shell in the air. Estimating this at fifteen seconds for an airplane at height 20,000 feet, let us see what chance of hitting the anti-aircraft guns would have if the airplane altered its course. By turning only 45° left, right, or down, the machine flying at 200 m.p.h. might be anywhere in a segment of a sphere which would have a volume of 313,000,000 cubic yards. And the Archie shells would burst where the plane would have been if it had kept flying straight ahead—that is, they would do so if the automatic director, gun, fuse and personnel all functioned perfectly.

But why should the plane alter course? The

answer is that the fliers would have to be pretty imbecilic *not* to do so when they were approaching an area known to be defended. It would be a routine precaution, as the zigzagging of surface ships in submarine-infested waters was during the World War. I should be vastly surprised if Captain Kernan's colleagues of the air service have not already perfected a drill for the maneuver.

The Sperry Company, I believe, is permitted to sell their universal director to anybody. If the system is so infallible, why does distracted Europe not seize this simple means of putting an end to the air menace? Why do French, British, Germans and Italians spend their money on aircraft, which, according to Captain Kernan, can be brought down as easily as clay pipes in a shooting gallery?

The truth probably is that the anti-aircraft gunnery of today and tomorrow will make it much harder for aircraft to bomb a defended area than it was in the World War; but, in spite of increased casualties, a determined air attack will get through. Captain Kernan's interpretation of the results of air-ground maneuvers, i.e., that attacking bombers can be annihilated by a sufficiently powerful ground defense *alone* is, I believe, directly opposed to the views of responsible military authorities.

Finally, may I suggest that to interlard an informative article with such truffles as "the release of 80,000 foot-tons of energy" and the "exponential" sound locator, without explaining the actual significance of these esoteric matters, tends to make the name of military expert a byword. If Captain Kernan considers this an insult, I shall be happy to afford him satisfaction — with anti-aircraft guns at 45,000 feet.

A. B. CONWAY

Ottawa

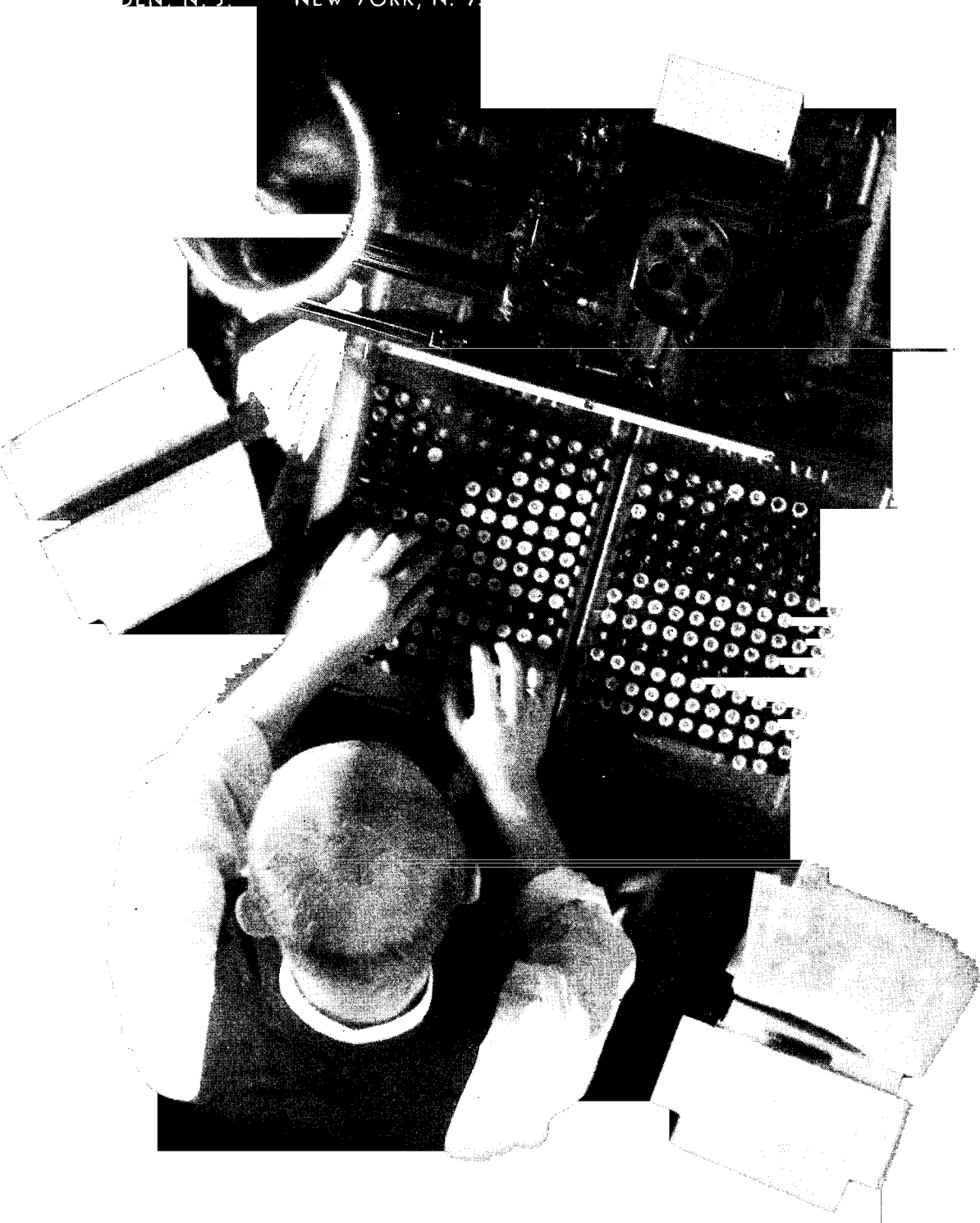


HE BOWS DOWN

SIR: Mr. Seaman is no disciple of the Buy British movement. After reading his article in the June *MERCURY*, I am almost convinced that everything in England is tawdry and blatant

(Continued on page xii)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page x)

and everything in America fresh and pure. But why didn't Mr. Seaman remark, even casually, that perhaps a lot of the manifestations of vulgarity which he deplores in England welled from American influence?

His description of Leicester Square, with its gaudy movie palaces, public lavatories, decrepit taxis, neon signs, peep shows and flea circuses, is depressing enough, but where, for the sake of accuracy, did these eyesores originate? I will wager a five-dollar bill to a pound note that at least 75 per cent are imitations of money-making enterprises which some itinerant Britisher first saw on the sidewalks of New York.

To quote from Mr. Seaman: "There was a time when London had a measure of decency and dignity."

Fair enough. But the time he mentions was prior to that day when British entrepreneurs, cheapjacks, barkers, concessionaires, racketeers, etc., noted how the gullible shelled over their money in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-Second Street. And can any one base a sound criticism of English taste on this fact? I doubt it. The yokels and suckers are pretty much alike the world over. It is only the methods of rooking them which progress with the times.

As an American, I notice that my fellow citizens, irrespective of class or means, are in a constant rush to acquire something either of British manufacture or influence. In these categories I might list the following: houses, clothes, shoes, luggage, fabrics, whiskey, Rolls Royces, magazines, sports, novels, cutlery, and leather goods. What American suburb is not modelled after a realtor's idea of the English countryside? What American man wears a suit which is not cut to the "Bond Street" style? What of men's hats, and ties (regimental stripes), and shoes, and socks, and suspenders, and topcoats? From the earliest Colonial days most Americans have aped the manners, morals, and garments of their alleged cousins across the sea. I dare say they will continue to do so forever.

All this, of course, doesn't prove anything. I don't intend it to. Nor do I insist that we Bow Down to the English. I merely suggest that in any dispute over the question at hand, we use balanced judgment. If Mr. Seaman wants to belittle his own country at the expense of mine,

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



THE OPEN FORUM

that is his affair. But as for myself, I still prefer London to Chicago, Brighton to Coney Island, Scotland to the Blue Ridge, or Piccadilly Circus to Times Square.

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REAL FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

SIR: The scholarly AP reports that May 30 was a red letter date for newspapermen in Honduras, when the populace joined in observing Journalists' Day, established by governmental decree in 1930 to celebrate the centenary of the first newspaper in that country. The Honduran scribes took the day off, all papers declaring a holiday and not publishing.

Swell for Honduras! But is America going to lag behind in this great liberal movement? I propose that the newspapers of the United States establish Journalists' Week, during which all editorial shops shall be closed. This would not only be a break for the reporters, but it would also be an immense boon for the nation at large. If one week is not sufficient, then decree a full month of silence. Or a year. What bliss that would be!

LARRY DUNCAN

Philadelphia

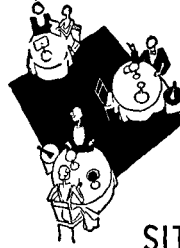


A HUMANITARIAN THOUGHT

SIR: I hereby offer a law aimed at the timely execution of writers past their prime. Under my plan there would be an Academy of Fingermen — similar in membership to the Académie Française; it would meet once a year to decide which writers should be put on the spot to stop them from further damaging their own reputations by writing piffle. The executions could be carried out decently in some good library. If this system had been in general use ten years ago, several of our ex-leading literary lights would have been dispatched, skinned, stuffed, and mounted in a glass case in the Museum of Natural History. And American literature would today be much better off.

F. L. MASON

New Orleans



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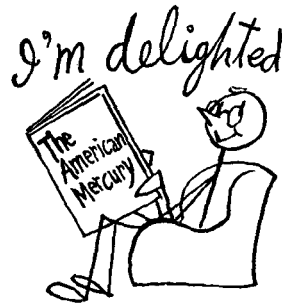
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SALOMÉ—FINALE.

By Richard Strauss. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8682-3)
\$4 4 parts; 2 12-inch records Camden, N. J.

Though scarcely the most imposing music on the month's lists, the first adequate recording of the *Salomé* finale deserves nevertheless the place of honor. The designation "adequate" is not intended as disparagement of the previous Ljungberg records which were in their way admirable. But this set introduces a new and excellent soprano, Marjorie Lawrence, whose fame in America has been non-existent; however, if she commands a repertoire to support the impression of these records (and *Salomé* is scarcely the first role that a soprano would study), she will not long remain in the comparative obscurity of l'Opera Paris. Her feeling for the music is of the finest, and her voice supports its exacting demands extraordinarily well. Piero Coppola conducts the Pasdeloup Orchestra with rare sensitivity and power. Purists may object to the use of a French text for Lachmann's German version of Wilde's French original, but the blemish is not serious. The foreign Victor engineers may congratulate themselves for this job.

TRIPTYQUE.

By Alexandre Tansman. Columbia (Nos. 68298D-9D)
\$3 4 parts; 2 12-inch records New York, N. Y.

Columbia continues its valuable work in the field of modern music with one of the more plausible contemporary scores, this *Triptyque* which Tansman wrote for string quartet and converted to usefulness for string orchestras through the addition of a part for double-bass. The work is decidedly better in its first and last *allegro* movements than in the somewhat pathetically lyrical slow movement. Particularly, the rhythmic animation and variety of the finale recommend the work. Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra are responsible for a first rate performance. The mechanical details of the recording have been well-achieved.

SYMPHONY NO. 3—EROICA.

By Beethoven. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8668-8673)
\$12 12 parts; 6 12-inch records

Koussevitzky, alas, remains Koussevitzky whether the orchestra is his own Boston Symphony or, as in this instance, the excellent London Philharmonic. The first two and a half minutes augur a sober and

straightforward performance, but with the second theme the vagaries set in and thereafter it is just a reading. Which is regrettable, for the orchestra obeys him with fine precision, if little discreetness.

SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE.

By Edouard Lalo. Columbia. (Nos. 68288D-68290D)
\$4.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records

The personality of the solo violinist, Bronislaw Huberman, imparts a value to these records that the mere musical stuff alone scarcely matches, even though this creation of Lalo's is one of the more listenable of the minor violin concerti. Huberman, however, possesses the rare ability to integrate the obvious pyrotechnics into a consistent musical pattern, and there is great charm in his performance of the *Scherzando*, as well as amazing facility in the first and last movements. The violinist's predilection for a bow strung with steel wire instead of the conventional horsehair (bad enough in the concert hall, but worse on records), is scarcely a boon to the aural qualities of his tone. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under George Szell assists competently.

EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK.

By W. A. Mozart. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8588-8589)
\$3.50 4 parts; 1 12-inch, 1 10-inch record

LA GAZZA LADRA—OVERTURE.

By G. Rossini. Columbia (No. 68301)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record

Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, who seem to spend a large part of their non-public time in the recording studio, add another highly accomplished performance this month to their mounting list. Though a recent Bruno Walter version of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* had its points of merit this newer set is less embellished by the personality of the conductor, thus nearer to the essential Mozart. Further points in its favor are the excellent string recording, and the integrity of the manufacturers in putting the work on the minimum of record space. One of the better Rossini overtures (perhaps it seems so merely because it is one of those less-frequently played in movie theaters), receives excellent treatment from Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra on this list. Sir Thomas has a way with Rossini which is wholly irresistible, and the orchestra is at its best.

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of the 2,913,600,000 nickle and dime fares taken in by the subways, elevateds, surface cars, tubes and all buses in the City of New York is a ten cent fare paid by a passenger on the Fifth Avenue buses.

From the point of view of visibility and taking into consideration the length of the subway car, the fact that the car has an exit in the center as well as on each end, and that passengers are allowed to stand at the time that the subway accumulates its largest circulation figures, the advertisements in the subway are visible to only about one out of thirteen passengers. It is quite obvious that advertisements in the Fifth Avenue buses are visible to a much larger percentage of the passengers because the Fifth Avenue buses do not allow passengers to stand. You can better understand these figures when I tell you that each subway car carries 328,000 passengers per year and that each bus carries 160,000 passengers a year. On this basis advertising rates per thousand are practically the same.

Fifth Avenue bus passengers pay a ten cent fare to reach the same destination they could reach at the cost of five cents on other transportation lines. It is a recognized fact that it takes longer for passengers to get to their destination on the Fifth Avenue buses than it does on the subway or elevated, yet our millions of passengers are willing to take the time and pay the extra five cents for a clean, comfortable, seated ride. We believe that it is fair to assume that this proves that bus passengers have a larger than average income and that they can afford to buy in greater quantities than persons in the lower than average income group. You are failing to cover one of the best purchasing groups in the City of New York when you do not advertise in the Fifth Avenue buses. We feel sure that you could afford to spend \$400 a month for the result that you could obtain from advertising to bus passengers. I would appreciate the opportunity of sending one of my representatives to discuss the matter with you.

Let us send you our presentation

Agency commission 15%

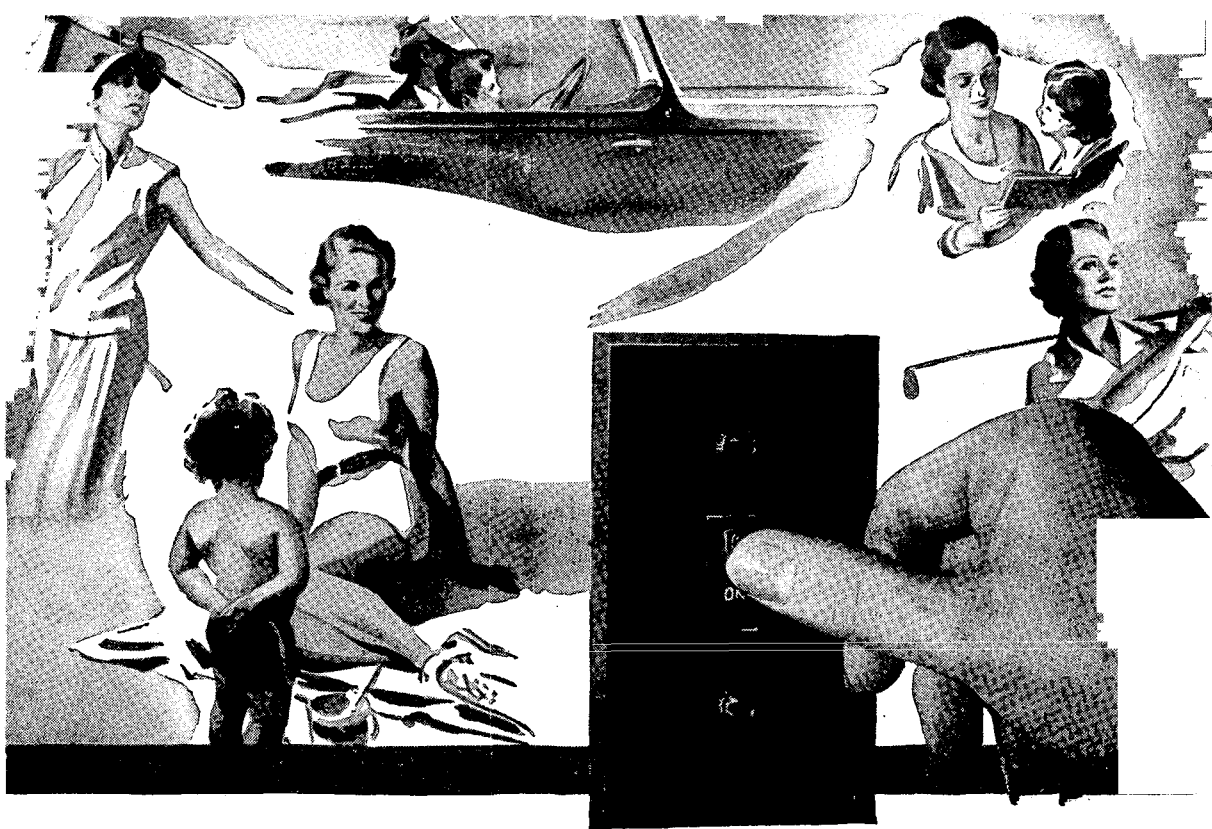
Cash discount 2%

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, Jr.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Ave. Buses

425 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

Caledonia 5-2151



HOURS OF FREEDOM

BEHIND THE ELECTRIC SWITCH

BEHIND the electric switch are hours of freedom—time for the occupations and pleasures that you enjoy: books to be read, sports that you love, social contacts, long drives in your car.

When you turn over hard household tasks to electricity—sweeping, cleaning, laundry, cooking, heating, refrigerating, and all the rest—your time is your own for the things that have been barred by the mechanical domestic round. They are all awaiting you—behind the switch.

General Electric research has developed home appliances that put you in command of all this electrical service. Among them are electric cleaners, washers, ironers, ranges, refrigerators, air-conditioners, heaters, and a host of smaller appliances. These point the way to the good times that lie behind the electric switch.

96-98HH

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**